THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

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FIRST EDITION

2 O'CLOCK

For later telegraphic and local news see Second Edition.

BARBED WIRE FENCES

MAY TURN OUT TO HAVE A POLITICAL SIDE.

What Representative James Stuart Murphy Has to Say of His New Bill—He Wishes to Kill a "Barbed Atrocity"—Two Sides to This Fence Other Men Say.

As was stated in THE SUN yesterday Rep. James Stuart Murphy introduced a barbed wire bill. Here are the strong points in it, and what the Lowell man says:

The present statute, he thinks, would justify a man in tearing down a barbed wire fence and testing the law in the matter, whether a barbed wire fence is a legal and suitable line boundary.

Chapter 36, public statutes, reads as follows: "Fences 4 feet high and in good repair, consisting of rails, timber, boards or stone. . . . . or other things which the fence viewers within whose jurisdiction the same shall lie shall consider equivalent thereto, shall be deemed legal and sufficient fences."

The danger of barbed wire fences to a horse, he says, is so great that no intelligent horse owner will pasture his horse where he can come against one.

Chapter 272, acts of 1884, reads: "No barbed wire shall be hereafter build or maintained within

Six Feet above the Ground

along any sidewalk located on or upon and public street or highway." The offence calls for a fine not less than $20 nor more than $50.

This law is to prevent accidents to passers-by and to runaway horses, that often try to leap low fences and get caught when half way over.

The bill was introduced in the last session by Mr. Murphy, but failed to pass, though, says Mr. Murphy, there were from 25 to 30 members of that house who had horses injured by barbed wire fences.

He said that the horse breeding interests in the state had very greatly increased, quadrupling in the past 10 years, while the value of the cattle had decreased.

Cattle respects a barbed wire fence after one tussle with it more than any other kind. Their method of breaking down a fense is to hook it with their horns and press against it with their heads.

They only try this once against barbed wire. They are not seriously injured by the effects, hence farmers prefer it to keep their cattle within bounds.

When there are horses on the other side of the fence the question changes. A horse always attempts to leap a fence, and when caught half way he always leans his weight on the fence, hoping to crush it to earth.

Many horses are seriously injured in this state every year by the barbed wire ripping them along the stomach or under the fore legs. Every horse paper has inweighed against what is termed "the barbed wire atrocity."

A cattleman on one side of the fence, it is readily seen, and a horse breeder on the other, may thus have diametrically opposite opinions as to what is a suitable kind of fence.

The bill introduced provides, that, hereafter, no person shall use barbed wire in the construction of alteration of line fences, unless the person on the other side of the fence agree to its use.

LOCAL NOTES.

This is the kind of weather the shoe dealers call delightful.

It is said that petty peculations are worrying teachers and pupils at the high school.

In a collision between an electric and a sleigh on Bridge street, near the corner of Seventh street, yesterday afternoon, the sleigh was badly wrecked.

Secretary Harlow of the Y. M. C. A., severs his connection with the Lowell Association on Feb. 25th, and he assumed his new duties at Joliet March 1.

Manager Cosgrove of the Opera house expects to secure the amateur production of "Automaton," an opera written by Mr. E. T. Collins of Lawrence, and successfully brought out at Lawrence and Haverhill, next week.

Have you seen Dr. Morris' ad. in this paper. He is having excellent results in predicting events in people's affairs. He is a good man to consult if you want advice in business or domestic affairs. Office at 58 Church street.

Highland Chapter, No. 592, Epworth League, has introduced into its regular meeting a very impressive service for the reception of members. The league has secured 75 subscribers to the Epworth Herald, the official organ of the society. A sleigh ride is planned for next Monday evening.

Whist Club Meeting

The Pansy whist club, formerly called the Lawrence whist club met last evening at the home of Miss Flynn, of Andover street, the first prizes being awarded to Miss Mamie Condon and Miss Lilian Smith and the booby prizes to Miss Nellie Murphy and Mr. M. Kennedy. At 10.30 refreshments were served followed by a song by Miss Dollie Leclaire, Miss Katy Condon, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Campbell and and piano duet by Miss Hattie and Miss Emma Murdock. Among the out of town guests were Miss Nellie Flynn of Pelham and Miss J. Fury of Lawrence and Miss Lilian Smith of Boston. The party broke up a late hour after having spent an enjoyable evening.

First Street Extension.

Supt. of Streets Crowley will probably put 100 men at work on the First street extension Monday morning. This will afford employment for many men who are not working.

Granulated Sugar

Sold at cost to our tea and coffee customers. We buy direct from the refinery. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

WANTED.—Reliable man to open small office near here and handle my goods. Stamp and references, A. T. Morris, care this office.

FOUND.—A bunch of keys of over a dozen in number found in Belvidere this week. Owner can obtain the same at this office by proving property and paying for this ad.

ANOTHER LOVER

Intimation of More Developments in Howe Case.

ALLEGATION THAT HUSBAND AND WIFE ARE UNITED

In an Attempt to Make Capital Out of the Suit.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10. Ithamar Howe was under cross examination yesterday before Justice Ingraham in his action to recover $50,000 damages from Isaac O. Woodruff for the alleged alienation of the affections of his wife, Mary O. Howe.

The cross examination showed that the defense will not only contend that Mrs. Howe is interested in her husband's side of the case, but that an effort is made to shield the conduct of a more prominent member of the club than Woodruff.

When Howe brought his 18-year-old wife in 1888 along with him to become stewardess of the Megantic fish and game club in its preserve of several miles in extent in a wilderness of Quebec, she was the only woman there.

She had not been there long when she collected subscriptions from the members and bought a piano for the club.

She was always singing or romping about.

Dr. Heber Bishop of Boston, who was one of the organizers of the club, took extended trips to the preserve during the periods covered by this action, but it was not supposed by the other members that he took any greater interest in the girl than most of the other members, who considered her a godsend in such a wilderness.

Dr. Bishop practiced as a physician for a number of years and then retired, having made a fortune.

In a letter of Mrs. Howe to her husband, while she was on the three weeks' trip to the home of Woodruff on Willis av. this city, she told about the great time she had playing with "the boy," a son of Woodruff by his first marriage, who was 11 years old.

"Did you object to her playing with this boy?" asked lawyer Taylor for the defendant.

"O, no," said the witness. "She played with all the boys."

Woodruff grinned askance at two or three Megantic club sportsmen back of him, and slapped his brother on the back and chuckled.

Several letters which Howe wrote to Woodruff after, as he admitted, he had discovered his wife's relations with Woodruff ended with "Very truly yours."

He said he had corresponded with Woodruff on matters connected with the club.

He admitted that his wife had threatened to leave him several times before she got to know Woodruff well.

GRAND JURY LIST.

LOWELL OFFENDERS WHO HAVE SERIOUS CHARGES TO ANSWER.

The Docket is a Small One Compared With Previous Session of the Grand Jury for the County—Names of the Defendant.

The following are the Lowell cases to come before the grand jury at the February session:

Atchison Taylor, assault with a dangerous weapon; Joseph McDonald, attempt to break and enter; George Somers and Melissa E. Willard, adultery; John T. Brosnahan, unnatural act; Lewis Monroe, adultery; Thomas Clark and James Hines, breaking and entering; Patrick Fells, escaped from workhouse; Frank Connelly, assault and battery; Jos. S. Radcliffe and Matthew Cunningham, manslaughter; Thomas Silverthorne and Bridget Wilson, adultery; M. J. Garvey, violating election law; George Ford, breaking and entering; Patrick Magoon, breaking and entering; Cornelius Crowe, assault with attempt to rape; John C. Tolman, rape; John Barry, breaking and entering; William H. Clark and Nellie Monahan, adultery; Fred Harrington and Herbert Todd, breaking and entering.

Rev. Mr. Montgomery's Bill.

Rev. Hugh Montgomery's liquor bill presented to the legislature provides for a vote on the liquor question by counties.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

The Indian school at Pine Ridge Agency was burned.

The Capen block, Spencer, Mass., was destroyed by fire.

John G. Sprague, architect and builder, New York, has assigned.

Hon. R. P. Kingman of Brockton, Mass., was stricken with paralysis.

The English coal strike cost the Midland railroad about $3,000,000.

It is rumored that Lord Rosebery, British foreign minister, wishes to resign.

Train wreckers succeeded in derailing several passenger coaches near Houston.

H. H. Judkins, proprietor of the Elmwood hotel, Waterville, Me., has assigned.

Superintendent Radel of the Bridgeport (Conn.) Traction company has no fears of a boycott.

The remarkable sagacity of a dog saved a Woburn (Mass.) family from being burned to death.

In a Republican caucus at Burlington, Vt., W. J. van Patten was unanimously chosen as candidate for the mayoralty.

New York banks lost $40,000,000 on the week's currency movement, due to payments for the new government bonds.

George Fife of South Norwalk, Conn., fell into a trough of scalding glue, and was so badly burned that serious results are feared.

There are evidences in parts of Boston that tramps are leaving signs for their comrades, designating houses where they receive or are refused assistance.

It developed in the Reading hearing that F. H. Prince & Co. of Boston got $186,000 in commissions on McLeod's Boston and Maine and New England deal.

It is stated that T. A. Mackinnon has been invited to accept the position of general manager of the Boston and Maine, and will give his decision in two weeks.

In a Tight Place.

LONDON, Feb. 10.—The Times in its official article says: It is announced that the Bank of Bombay is unable to lend any more money, and a squeeze is therefore in prospect.

Big Cut In Wages.

RICHMOND, Me., Feb. 10.—A reduction of wages, amounting in some cases to 25 per cent, was made in W. F. Morgan's shoe factory yesterday.

EARTH'S LAST HONORS

PAID TO THE REMAINS OF JAMES J. KEEFE TODAY.

An Impressive Service at St. Patrick's Church Attended by a Large Body of Mourning Relatives and Friends Great Mass of Floral Tributes.

The funeral of James J. Keefe occurred this morning, the remains being borne from his late home to St. Patrick's church, where services were held. When the cortege reached the church the bell tolled solemnly, and as the remains were borne tenderly down the aisle and placed on a draped catafalque at the sanctuary rail a funeral march was rendered on the organ.

The church was crowded with the relatives and friends of the deceased.

Solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Burke, assisted by deacon, Rev. Fr. Gleason; sub-deacon, Rev. Fr. Leonard, and master of ceremonies, Mr. O'Hearn. The choir was augmented for the occasion, and Schmidt's requiem mass was rendered under the direction of E. F. Faulkner, the solo parts being sustained by Mr. David O'Brien. At the offertory, the beautiful hymn, "Pie Jesu," was effectively rendered by Miss Hattie Faulkner. The "Libera" was sung by the full choir, the solo parts being taken by Messrs. E. F. Faulkner and Daniel O'Brien. At the conclusion of the services, "Rest Spirit, Rest" was beautifully rendered by Misses Faulkner and Cronin, and Messrs. Calnin, Daniel O'Brien, Thornton, and David O'Brien, Miss Faulkner sustaining the solo. The last musical selection, the "De Profundus" was feelingly rendered by Mr. Daniel O'Brien as the casket was borne from the church. M. J. Johnson presided at the organ. The casket which was of black broadcloth appropriately draped, was covered with floral tributes while in the church.

The ushers at the house and the church were: Messrs. Peter Savage, Thomas J. Mulligan, Michael J. Kelty and John J. Saunders.

The bearers were. Messrs. Joseph Edwards of Boston, James Hornby, John J. Savage, William J. Garvey, Chas. Mitchell, and John J. Tobin.

Mr. James Kelley had charge of the funeral arrangements.

The casket was beautifully trimmed with smilax and white carnatous, the floral offering of Florist McMaunon.

There was a profusion of floral offerings, the display consisting of large and beautiful pieces. Among the tributes were: A large scroll, about four feet high, with a heart worked in the center, enclosing the inscription, "A Faithful Son," this was the gift of his widowed mother; a large arch, surmounted by a star, standing on a base, which also supported a large cross. On the base were the words, "Loving Brother," from the brother of the deceased; a standing anchor, made of choice flowers, inscribed "Jim," from Charles Mitchell and Wm. J. Garvey; a beautiful lyre, standing on a base with the inscription, "We Will Miss You, Jim," John J. Saunders and Thomas J. Mulligan; a crescent sickle on base, and word "Jimmie," from Messrs. John Holland and James O'Brien; crescent and star, "Jimmie," Mr. and Mrs. E. Mooney; anchor on base, inscribed "Friend," Mr. D. Dapontes; a harp, from Miss Ella Kelly; spray of roses, Mr. and Mrs. James Fitzgerald; spray of pinks, Frank Sherwood; a standing cross and crown, from the Savage family; spray of palms, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brady; spray of calla lilies, Mrs. J. J. Donovan of Fall River; spray of lilies, Mr. Erwin McKee; wreath, the Cummiskey family; spray of roses, Master Frank Brady; spray of hyacinths, Mr. P. F. O'Donnell; basket of flowers, from the Crescent club; standing cross with word "Rest," from the White family; basket, Mr. and Mrs. Luke H. Clark; harp, Rep. D. J. Murphy; open book, inscribed, "His Last Order," Mrs. Mahoney and Miss Nellie Fisher; wreath, marked "Rest," Michael J. Kelly; standing lyre, inscribed "Uncle," from Dennis, Nellie and Mennie Keefe; a lyre, Charles and Joseph Denohoe, crescent and star, with word "Friend," F. M. Bill; cross, "At Rest," Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius E. Collins; cross, Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Whelton; wreath, James Hornby; standing crescent and sickle, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Donovan; pillow, "Companion," from D. J. Donovan's clerks; star on base, Misses Maggie and Minnie Hickson; star on base from the Driscoll family; pillow, worded "Jimmie," Mr. and Mrs. John J. Donovan; beautiful "Gates Ajar" surmounted by a dove, from Messrs Joseph Counhlin, Timothy Haggerty, Fred Smiley, Edward Powers and George Garland, clerks for Keefe Brothers; basket Mrs. Kearney; a large piece, consisting of cross, anchor, heart, "Faith, Hope and Charity," from Hugh J. Maguire and John J. Garvey; spray of roses Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Patten.

The funeral procession was reformed and proceeded through Market and Central and Gorham streets to the Catholic cemetery. The cortege was preceded by a large wagonette, bearing the many floral tributes, and draped tastefully with flowers. The procession was very lengthy.

At the cemetery, Rev. Fr. Burke performed the last sad ceremonies, and the remains were laid in their final resting place.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of the late Hattie Noyes took place yesterday afternoon from her residence, 4 Tyler street. Rev. R. A. Greene conducted the service. There was a large number of floral tributes. Interment in the Edson cemetery.

The funeral of William P. McAleer occurred yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock from his late residence 34 Chambers street. Interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

PERSONAL.

Mr. A. N. Duval, director of St. Joseph's choir, is to be given a reception on Thursday evening, by Le Cercle Canadien and friends.

Mrs. John Marren, who has been very ill from the effects of vaccination, is reported convalescent. Her friends will be pleased to learn that no serious results will follow the illness.

The Individual Prize Drill.

The following entries have been made for the prize drill which is to take place on Wednesday evening, Feb. 14, at the Putnam Guards fair:

Sergeants F. W. Durgin and C. P. Roberts, and Corporal John E. Williams, Co. I, 8th Regt., Lynn; Sergt. A. F. Brookside, Co. B, 8th Regt., Cambridgeport; Sergeant M. F. Webster and Privates G. P. Smith and A. H. Boyd, Co. F, 8th Regt., Haverhill, Sergeants Cunningham, Wendon and Colby, Co. C, 6th Regt., Lowell; Sergeants Louis Hunton, Frank Dodge, Frank Mealey and Soule, Co. G, 6th Regt., Lowell; and two from Co. E, 6th Regt., So. Framingham; and three from Co. B, 5th Regt., Cambridge.

The judges will be Major Bailey, 8th Regt, Amesbury; Capt. Sweetser, Co. H, 6th Regt., Stoneham; Lieut. Charles F. Ropes, 2d Corps Cadets, Salem.

SOME BOWLING GOSSIP.

CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES SHOULD BE BOWLED OFF IN LOWELL.

In Event the Lowell Teams Win in Their Divisions the Final Struggles Should be at Home Where Their Best Friends Can See Them—Other Comment from Interesting Games.

Only two more weeks of league bowling and the division championships will be settled. It looks very much as though the three Lowell teams will have to bowl off the ties for the league championships. There is not a Lowell man, woman or child who wishes else than success for the three Lowell teams.

It will not do to "crow" until the final games are won but really it looks if Les Miserables and the Vespers are booked for championships. Of the Vespers' work it may be said without exception that the even, steady and strong bowling of the team has been the admiration of the entire state. The Vesper bowlers are certain of being within the first ten bowlers in the individual averages.

The Miserables ought to win in the third division for in total pins they are far ahead of all opponents. Their weakness has been on waxed alleys where twist delivery does not prove effective. Veteran Jim McLaughlin uses a curve on the home alleys, but he has been obliged to discard it for a smooth, cross ball on waxed alleys.

Buntin of the Newtons in commenting upon the defeat of the Miserables the other night, said it was a mistake for them to use the curve on waxed alleys, and expressed surprise that they were not all round bowlers enough to see the trouble and go back to straight rolling. He further said that twist balls on the Newton alleys are not effective.

Jim McLaughlin and Fred Grover bowl just about the same style and speed of a ball, this coming from the latter's association with the former on the Lakeview alleys. It is a cross, medium speed ball.

McLaughlin had a funny adventure with a break on the 999th Artillery alleys, the other night. He got a break of 1 and 7; played for 1 on his second ball to get a spare. He hit it and sent the pin in an upright, rotary manner over to pin 7. Everybody cheered as they expected to see 1 whirl 7 into the pit; but 1 whirled round and round until it stopped in front of 7, and Jim had failed to get a pin or a spare. He says it is doubtful if this was ever done before on an alley.

Officers Hurley and Conners are candidates for the police team. The former made 585 Monday, and the latter 620 on Thursday, strings of 224—104—202. Martin gets the bowling shoes.

THE SUN has expressed on several occasions, as far back as last fall when Les Miserables alleys were opened, wishes of prominent bowlers for a city tournament. Assurances are now given that such a tournament will be started in a fortnight, and will be open to all teams in the city, for prizes aggregating $100. It is promised that the matches will be of sufficient interest to arouse enthusiasm all over the city. From the fact that there are so many strong teams in the city, it will not do for ordinary picked up teams to aspire for membership. A team which cannot put up at least 2350 had bet or stay out. It is understood that the schedule will open the 26th inst.

The L. C. A. A. will probably hold a senior and junior tournament after the present one ends.

The Championship Games.

If it should happen that three Lowell teams should have to bowl off the league championship the question will arise, Where shall the games be bowled? The managers of the league will want to hold the roll-off games in Boston presumably.

THE SUN believes that in such a condition of affairs the games should be bowled off in Lowell.

Here in Lowell the interest will be at 103 degrees—fever temperature—and it will be Lowell friends of the bowlers to be accommodated.

Huntington hall should be secured and alleys put in for the matches. Of course with these teams tied, a regular schedule would have to be arranged, best team to win.

Use Huntington hall as the Casino in Boston was used last February for the Casino-Vesper game, and devote the proceeds to some worthy cause. There is no sense whatever in going out of town, for the reason that fully 400 Lowell men would see the game anyway and this would mean $2000 taken out of Lowell in car fares, etc. At a dollar a head for the series of games, $1200 could be easily raised.

Besides, the out-of-town men who want to see the games, can come to Lowell and return at night on special trains. In event of championship games between Lowell teams Lowell should be the scene of the the final struggles.

Next Tuesday the Casinos bowl at the Vespers, and the Roxburys at the Miserables alleys. Both games will be worth seeing.

Notes.

With the winning of last night's game with the Allstons, the Highland league team is in the fight for a finish. The team had a great chance to put up a big total, but Chandler failed to distinguish himself with a big score. The rolling of the four other men was worthy of note, especially of Cheney and Shaw Aubin of the Allstons made the highest score of 559.

LOWELL HIGHLANDS.

Shaw	163	212	158	533
Anderson	162	170	151	483
Chandler	153	128	121	402
Cheney	197	163	185	550
Hartwell	161	166	195	522
Totls	836	844	810	2190

ALLSTONS.

Aubin	133	165	161	459
Buckner	170	197	128	495
Weitz	164	194	159	517
Smith	132	165	163	459
Frost	203	179	133	515
Totals	802	899	744	2445

The Pastimes and Lowells met on the private alleys at the Miserables last night, and the former won easily by a score of 2504 to 2195. The individual scores were as follows:

Pastimes.—Brown 492, Wilson 487, Bond 515, Campbell 527, Young 483.

Lowells.—McCurdy 440, Kerwin 468, J. Farrell 462, Murphy 419, Murray 506.

At the Highland clubhouse last evening Teams Two and Eight of the junior class rolled and the former won by about 50 pins. Webster of Team Two was high roller with 413. The totals:

Team Two—Carter 401, Puffer 370, Webster 413, Pierce 390, Spofford 330; total, 1823.

Team Eight—Kilgore 363, King 350, Reed 402, Pevey 300, Nickerson 355; total, 1770.

In the Vesper local tournament Teams Ten and Eleven were the contestants and the latter won by about 150 pins. Hope was high roller with 477, having made 208 in his third string. The totals:

Team Ten—Thompson 458, Swift 437, Marren 459, Lamson 360, Myers 365; total, 2079.

Team Eleven—Weston 420, Tweed 434, Barton 467, Hope 477, Burtt 482; total, 2230.

In the L. C. A. A. tournament last night Team Six defeated Team Three by a score of 2105 to 1954.

The Vesper team composed of Grover, Goulding, Corwin, Thorpe, Steve and John Whittier played a friendly match with the Calumet club Winchester, last night and defeated their hosts by over 200 pins. The Vespers put up a total of 2595, in which Goulding got 567 and Grover 525.

The city tournament to open in a fortnight will be played on four sets of alleys, and not exclusively on the private alleys. Two games a night will probably be bowled.

A Polo Rink.

It is said that before next season the upper part of Les Miserables club house will be altered so as to permit of the erection of a skating rink for polo purposes. If this is done a polo team will be put in the league next season and added attractions given to winter sports in this city. There is a polo club in this city at present, an old established club which all winter plays polo twice a week regularly at Bowers' rink at Willow Dale.

SEEN AND HEARD.

The new dance which Emperor William has declared will replace the old court quadrille at imperial functions in Berlin has reached Lowell, for dancing masters here are teaching it. It is localized as the "Dance Aristocratic" and is not difficult to learn.

The position of the four couples at the opening of the dance is the same as in a quadrille the general instructions are to be followed.

For each step use the right and left foot. For instance, if the gentleman starts with the right foot, the next is to be made with the left foot, and so on. The same rule applies to the ladies. Each step is to be made in time to the music. Hold the hands up high, as in the minuet.

The gentleman first makes a bow to the lady on his left side, then bows to his partner. Gentlemen extend right hand to ladies' left and start with right foot. Ladies like wise.

One step forward, counting one, two, in time with the music. Another step forward, counting three, four, three steps otward counting one, two, three, four.

One step backward—start with left foot—another step, then three steps, counting as before: On counting four the last time, turn one-quarter around.

Gentleman extend right hand to ladies' right hand facing each other.

One step around—to the right—another step, then three steps likewise.

Repeat this once more to places.

First and second couple, three steps forward facing each other, than a low bow to fill out the bars of music, after which the third and fourth couples takes three steps forward, likewise a low bow.

Gentlemen and partners now turn halfway around, gentlemen extending their left hands to ladies' right hand.

One step forward, another step, three steps, then seven steps, forming a straight line, bringing first, second, third and fourth couples one behind the other.

Gentlemen step behind their partners, then take one step to the right, another step, then three steps. Ladies the same to the opposite side, making two lines. Now the gentlemen take on step to the left as before, another step, then three steps.

Ladies the same to the opposite side. Ladies, still in a line, take one step to the right, another step, then three steps, then seven steps forming a circle.

Gentlemen make the same steps to the left, forming another circle, leaving the ladies inside, each gentlemen facing his partner.

Gentleman now take three steps to the left, counting one, two, three.

Ladies three steps likewise, towards the right.

Then a stop, count four, make a low bow to the lady opposite.

Three steps as before and so on till gentlemen are opposite partners again.

Ladies, still in a circle, now hold dresses on both sides.

Ladies make one step towards the gentlemen, another step, then three steps backward. Gentlemen join hands, making the same step towards the ladies, than backward.

This is repeated twice.

Gentlemen now hold their right arms towards their partners.

Ladies hold up their right arms also.

One step forward, another step, then three steps, after which first and third couples turn half way around, take seven steps forming a maltese cross on the right side, second and fourth couples the same, forming a maltese cross on the left side.

Gentlemen join their right hands to ladies' right hands.

One step around to the right, another step, then three steps.

This is repeated once more.

Turn half-way around opposite, take one step to the left, another step, then three steps as before, after which each gentleman and his partner take seven steps, which bring them to their original places, forming a ring, the couples one behind the other.

One step forward to the left, another step, then three steps, and so on until places are reached.

Gentlemen make low bow to lady on his left side, then to his partner.

Gentleman offers arm to his partner and they promenade. End of dance.

DROPPED DEAD.

Representative George W. Houk of Ohio Dies at the House of a Friend.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—Representative George W. Houk of Dayton, O., died suddenly, yesterday afternoon, of heart disease. He was apparently a man of robust condition and the news of his death came as an unexpected shock. He had attended to his congressional duties during the day, and was to all appearances in the full vigor of health

Mr. Houk made a social call on Mrs A. Reynolds and her sister at 127 Connecticut avenue, and at 4.30 o'clock went to the window in the parlor and looked out. At the window he stooped as if to pick up something from the carpet, and then fell forward on his face. Medical aid was summoned, but it was found that Mr. Houk's death was instantaneous.

Mr. Houk was born in Cumberland county, Pa., in 1825, but has lived in Ohio since two years of age. He was a lawyer and has been in politics since 1853, when he was elected to the Ohio legislature. He was elected to the Fifty-first and Fifty-second congresses as a Democrat.

Wool Men Are Hopeful.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The wool men, who are still about the Capitol in force, have not by any means given up the fight against the free wool schedule, and have some hope of being able to secure a change in the bill after it is reported to the senate, if not before.

Fell Four Stories.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 10.—Edward Fritz, 16 years old, fell from the fourth floor of a building on Temple street through an elevator well. He died a few minutes after he was picked up.

DEFEATED

French Troops Meet Reverses in the Soudan.

MANY SOLDIERS ARE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Some Are Literally Cut to Pieces by Natives.

PARIS, Feb. 10.—Premier Casimir Perier admits that it is true that the French column was attacked by natives near Timbuctoo. The premier added that the French would not evacuate Timbuctoo and re-enforcements had already been forwarded to the French commander at that place.

The following facts of the disaster to the French column were given out last evening:

The Tuaregs, Captain Phillipe states, were armed with lances and knives, which they used with terrible effect. They made their first attack upon the leading portion of the French native column. It was so desperate and well sustained that the division was apparently cut to pieces.

The news of the disaster was brought to the second portion of the column, or rear guard, by Captain Nugett, a French officer, who, badly wounded in the head, managed to escape from the crowd of natives which assailed the advance guard.

Retreat Was Ordered.

The second division was encamped a few miles to the rear of the advance guard, which seems to have been surprised during the darkness of early morning. As soon as the rear guards' commander heard of the Tuaregs' ferocity he ordered a retreat upon Timbuctoo, leaving the unfortunate advance guard, which was commanded by Colonel Bonnier, to its fate.

The official report admits that at least nine French officers, including Colonel Bonnier, two European non-commissioned officers and 68 native soldiers were killed.

The unofficial reports, originating in rumors emanating from the minor employes of the war department and colonial office, say that the loss in killed and captured is at least 300.

The rear guard, after enduring considerable hardships and being badly pressed by the enemy, succeeded in regaining Timbuctoo, on Dec. 17, carrying with them a number of wounded. A number of men are said to have been either killed or left dying along the route.

Captain Phillipe sent out several scouting parties with instructions to see if there were any survivors left of the vanguard. These succeeded in finding a few survivors; but the men were in a pitiable condition, suffering fearfully from thirst and loss of blood.

Fighting Was Fierce.

These survivors told terrible tales of the desperate fighting which had taken place after the van-guard was surprised. The French native troops sprang to their arms, and encouraged by the example of their officers opened fire upon the enemy. But the Tuaregs were already within the French encampment and caused a panic, during which the efforts of the French officers to rally the native soldiers were entirely useless. The French officers are said to have fought most gallantly.

The scouting parties would have pushed onward, but the Tuaregs began closing around them, and eventually drove them back to Timbuctoo, following this up by assembling in large masses, preparatory to making a combined attack upon the city itself. Captain Phillipe, upon hearing this, gathered his entire force together and began the work of crowding up the enforcements.

The Tuaregs became aggressive and pushed up close to the French soldiers at work in the trenchments, and killed and wounded several. This caused Captain Phillipe to organize two small parties of picked soldiers to protect the men at work in the trenches. They made several spirited sallies on the Tuaregs, driving them back ward and killing a number of them.

French Troops Exhausted.

But the French troops were badly harassed and became thoroughly exhausted with work day and night, and being compelled to be continually on the alert in order to be ready for some new attack. Especially at night time were the Tuaregs active and audacious, every night they killed or wounded several of the small garrison.

Opposed to an enemy estimated to number from 4000 to 10,000, the French only had 800 men, and this force was only supported by six small field pieces, the famed rapid fire gun, which proved so effective when used against the natives in the different parts of Africa, seems to have been missing.

But admirably commanded and encouraged by Captain Phillipe and the French officers, the native soldiers managed to hold out while awaiting the arrival of the relief column, commanded by Colonel Joffre. When Captain Phillipe was informed by native messengers that the Joffre column was on its way to relieve him he sent a messenger to Colonel Joffre to warn him that they were in danger of being attacked by the tribes. Captain Phillipe also sent a request to the governor of Soudan that the French flotilla on the Niger should not leave that district until the Joffre column had reached Timbuctoo.

Captain Phillipe also reported that the population of Timbuctoo, estimated to number about 12,000 souls, principally negroes and some Moors, were favorable in their attitude toward the French, but were cowed by the Arabs, who make slaves of all prisoners who fall into their hands.

The news of the disaster to the Bonnier column has caused a decided sensation in Paris.

Ruined by Gambling.

LONDON, Feb. 10.—A Vienna dispatch to the Daily News says: An officer of the general staff has been arrested charged with the grave crime of forging checks to the amount of 30,000 florins. The officer belongs to a high family, but he was a persistent gambler.

Wayne MacVeagh In Paris.

LONDON, Feb. 10.—Wayne MacVeagh, the newly appointed United States ambassador to Italy, visited the United States embassy yesterday. He went to Paris last night. He will not take up his duties at Rome until about March 1.

Twenty-Five Years a Soldier.

POTSDAM, Feb. 10.—Emperor William celebrated the 25th anniversary of his entry into the foot-guards. After reviewing the guards the emperor dined with the officers.

Gambling Machines Must Go.

Supt. Eldridge of Boston has ordered all the police captains to see that nickel-in-the-slot gambling machines are suppressed. This week the day policemen have been visiting the billiard and pool rooms, and when the machines have been discovered have asked the proprietors to see that they are removed. They have acceded, many of them reluctantly, as the machines have been bringing in big profits.

One dealer states that his poker machine used to take in from $5 to $6 a day, and that his winnings each day were anywhere from $1.50 to $2.75. Some days the machine used to pay out over 100 cigars, but the loss would be made up on the following. The makers of this machine state that it will take in 10 cents for every five-cent cigar out.

Cured Their Headaches.

A slight blaze occurred in Talbot & Co.'s clothing store this morning. In extinguishing it a bottle of ammonia was upset. As a result the fumes of ammonia cured the clerks of their colds and headaches. The fire did little damage.

Church League Relief Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$2762 04
Feb. 7, Local Union C. E. Worthen Street Baptist church	6 61
Feb. 8, Central M. E. church	10.00
Total	$1778.25

WARREN L. FLOYD, Treasurer.

Selfishness.

Since the morn of the creation,
Since the first dawn of light,
Selfishness has ruled the world,
And hidden truth and right

It has changed the world from a paradise
Into a land of wrong and woe;
And rules to-day with an iron hand
A lesson all true men know

The world is still in darkness,
And the weak trodden down by the strong,
And the banner of self is floating
Over a worldly selfish throng

Hypocrisy, fraud and dishonor
And all that is false and low,
Hold places of trust and power,
And are filling the world with woe.

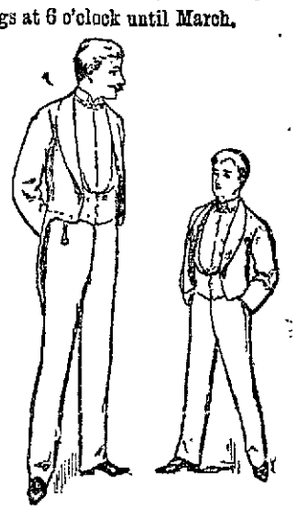
They chase the empty bubbles
That from them quickly fly,
And before they do their duty,
They in their graves do lie.

Let Love and Truth guide our daily lives,
Not gold or a selfish clan,
And into battles we will surely win
For God and our fellow man.

On fame's immortal honored roll
Are the names of the true and tried,
Who conquered Self made free by truth,
And like God's true sons lived and died.

ANDREW SMITH.

Our store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings at 6 o'clock until March.



If your tailor isn't up to the latest idea in evening dress (he's sure to be up in price) we shall be glad to help you out with such a dress suit as you'll see worn by club-men and members of the "smart set" in New York.

These fall dress suits from Rogers, Peet & Co., will fit you better than a suit from the average tailor, and cost not a bit over half what you'd pay for a suit to measure.

"Made as well?"

Yes, the best ones made better than it's possible to get a dress suit made in Lowell.

Fine Twilled Worsteds, Crepe or Broadcloth Full Dress Suits, $12 to $45.

Evening Dress for Boys from $12 to $45.

Evening dress for boys from 8 years to 16. The Eton or Tuxedo Suits are as correct for boys' wear at social functions as the swallow-tail for men. We provide these with long or short trousers.

PUTNAM & SON

ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Corner Central and Warren Streets.

Paper by the Pound.

Today we open 5 cases of high grade Linen Writing Paper, in all sizes, and ruled or plain, as preferred. These papers are perfect and are cheap at 50 CENTS A POUND. We have marked it at 25 CENTS A POUND, and at this price it cannot last long. Come and see us; you will want some. Envelopes to match, all sizes, 3 packs for 25c.; worth 20c. a bunch.

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79 Merrimack and 15 John Streets. - Telephone 373-4.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

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FIRST EDITION

2 O'CLOCK

For later telegraphic and local news see Second Edition.

BARBED WIRE FENCES

MAY TURN OUT TO HAVE A POLITICAL SIDE.

What Representative James Stuart Murphy Has to Say of His New Bill—He Wishes to Kill a "Barbed Atrocity"—Two Sides to This Fence Other Men Say.

As was stated in THE SUN yesterday Rep. James Stuart Murphy introduced a barbed wire bill. Here are the strong points in it, and what the Lowell man says:

The present statute, he thinks, would justify a man in tearing down a barbed wire fence and testing the law in the matter, whether a barbed wire fence is a legal and suitable line boundary.

Chapter 36, public statutes, reads as follows: "Fences 4 feet high and in good repair, consisting of rails, timber, boards or stone. . . . . or other things which the fence viewers within whose jurisdiction the same shall lie shall consider equivalent thereto, shall be deemed legal and sufficient fences."

The danger of barbed wire fences to a horse, he says, is so great that no intelligent horse owner will pasture his horse where he can come against one.

Chapter 272, acts of 1884, reads: "No barbed wire shall be hereafter build or maintained within

Six Feet above the Ground

along any sidewalk located on or upon and public street or highway." The offence calls for a fine not less than $20 nor more than $50.

This law is to prevent accidents to passers-by and to runaway horses, that often try to leap low fences and get caught when half way over.

The bill was introduced in the last session by Mr. Murphy, but failed to pass, though, says Mr. Murphy, there were from 25 to 30 members of that house who had horses injured by barbed wire fences.

He said that the horse breeding interests in the state had very greatly increased, quadrupling in the past 10 years, while the value of the cattle had decreased.

Cattle respects a barbed wire fence after one tussle with it more than any other kind. Their method of breaking down a fense is to hook it with their horns and press against it with their heads.

They only try this once against barbed wire. They are not seriously injured by the effects, hence farmers prefer it to keep their cattle within bounds.

When there are horses on the other side of the fence the question changes. A horse always attempts to leap a fence, and when caught half way he always leans his weight on the fence, hoping to crush it to earth.

Many horses are seriously injured in this state every year by the barbed wire ripping them along the stomach or under the fore legs. Every horse paper has inweighed against what is termed "the barbed wire atrocity."

A cattleman on one side of the fence, it is readily seen, and a horse breeder on the other, may thus have diametrically opposite opinions as to what is a suitable kind of fence.

The bill introduced provides, that, hereafter, no person shall use barbed wire in the construction of alteration of line fences, unless the person on the other side of the fence agree to its use.

LOCAL NOTES.

This is the kind of weather the shoe dealers call delightful.

It is said that petty peculations are worrying teachers and pupils at the high school.

In a collision between an electric and a sleigh on Bridge street, near the corner of Seventh street, yesterday afternoon, the sleigh was badly wrecked.

Secretary Harlow of the Y. M. C. A., severs his connection with the Lowell Association on Feb. 25th, and he assumed his new duties at Joliet March 1.

Manager Cosgrove of the Opera house expects to secure the amateur production of "Automaton," an opera written by Mr. E. T. Collins of Lawrence, and successfully brought out at Lawrence and Haverhill, next week.

Have you seen Dr. Morris' ad. in this paper. He is having excellent results in predicting events in people's affairs. He is a good man to consult if you want advice in business or domestic affairs. Office at 58 Church street.

Highland Chapter, No. 592, Epworth League, has introduced into its regular meeting a very impressive service for the reception of members. The league has secured 75 subscribers to the Epworth Herald, the official organ of the society. A sleigh ride is planned for next Monday evening.

Whist Club Meeting.

The Pansy whist club, formerly called the Lawrence whist club met last evening at the home of Miss Flynn, of Andover street, the first prizes being awarded to Miss Mamie Condon and Miss Lilian Smith and the booby prizes to Miss Nellie Murphy and Mr. M. Kennedy. At 10.30 refreshments were served followed by a song by Miss Dollie Leclaire, Miss Katy Condon, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Campbell and and piano duet by Miss Hattie and Miss Emma Murdock. Among the out of town guests were Miss Nellie Flynn of Pelham and Miss J. Fury of Lawrence and Miss Lilian Smith of Boston. The party broke up a late hour after having spent an enjoyable evening.

First Street Extension.

Supt. of Streets Crowley will probably put 100 men at work on the First street extension Monday morning. This will afford employment for many men who are not working.

Granulated Sugar

Sold at cost to our tea and coffee customers. We buy direct from the refinery. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

WANTED.—Reliable man to open small office near here and handle my goods. Stamp and reference, A. T. Morris, care this office.

FOUND.—A bunch of keys of over a dozen in number found in Belvidere this week. Owner can obtain the same at this office by proving property and paying for this ad.

ANOTHER LOVER

Intimation of More Developments in Howe Case.

ALLEGATION THAT HUSBAND AND WIFE ARE UNITED

In an Attempt to Make Capital Out of the Suit.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10. Ithamar Howe was under cross examination yesterday before Justice Ingraham in his action to recover $50,000 damages from Isaac O. Woodruff for the alleged alienation of the affections of his wife, Mary O. Howe.

The cross examination showed that the defense will not only contend that Mrs. Howe is interested in her husband's side of the case, but that an effort is made to shield the conduct of a more prominent member of the club than Woodruff.

When Howe brought his 18-year-old wife in 1888 along with him to become stewardess of the Megantic fish and game club in its preserve of several miles in extent in a wilderness of Quebec, she was the only woman there.

She had not been there long when she collected subscriptions from the members and bought a piano for the club.

She was always singing or romping about.

Dr. Heber Bishop of Boston, who was one of the organizers of the club, took extended trips to the preserve during the periods covered by this action, but it was not supposed by the other members that he took any greater interest in the girl than most of the other members, who considered her a godsend in such a wilderness.

Dr. Bishop practiced as a physician for a number of years and then retired, having made a fortune.

In a letter of Mrs. Howe to her husband, while she was on the three weeks' trip to the home of Woodruff on Willis av. this city, she told about the great time she had playing with "the boy," a son of Woodruff by his first marriage, who was 11 years old.

"Did you object to her playing with this boy?" asked lawyer Taylor for the defendant.

"O, no," said the witness. "She played with all the boys."

Woodruff grinned askance at two or three Megantic club sportsmen back of him, and slapped his brother on the back and chuckled.

Several letters which Howe wrote to Woodruff after, as he admitted, he had discovered his wife's relations with Woodruff ended with "Very truly yours."

He said he had corresponded with Woodruff on matters connected with the club.

He admitted that his wife had threatened to leave him several times before she got to know Woodruff well.

GRAND JURY LIST.

LOWELL OFFENDERS WHO HAVE SERIOUS CHARGES TO ANSWER.

The Docket is a Small One Compared With Previous Session of the Grand Jury for the County—Names of the Defendant.

The following are the Lowell cases to come before the grand jury at the February session:

Atchison Taylor, assault with a dangerous weapon; Joseph McDonald, attempt to break and enter; George Somers and Melissa E. Willard, adultery; John T. Brosnahan, unnatural act; Lewis Monroe, adultery; Thomas Clark and James Hines, breaking and entering; Patrick Fells, escaped from workhouse; Frank Connelly, assault and battery; Jos. S. Radcliffe and Matthew Cunningham, manslaughter; Thomas Silverthorne and Bridget Wilson, adultery; M. J. Garvey, violating election law; George Ford, breaking and entering; Patrick Magoon, breaking and entering; Cornelius Crowe, assault with attempt to rape; John C. Tolman, rape; John Barry, breaking and entering; William H. Clark and Nellie Monahan, adultery; Fred Harrington and Herbert Todd, breaking and entering.

Rev. Mr. Montgomery's Bill.

Rev. Hugh Montgomery's liquor bill presented to the legislature provides for a vote on the liquor question by counties.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

The Indian school at Pine Ridge Agency was burned.

The Capen block, Spencer, Mass., was destroyed by fire.

John G. Sprague, architect and builder, New York, has assigned.

Hon. R. P. Kingman of Brockton, Mass., was stricken with paralysis.

The English coal strike cost the Midland railroad about $3,000,000.

It is rumored that Lord Rosebery, British foreign minister, wishes to resign.

Train wreckers succeeded in derailing several passenger coaches near Houston.

H. H. Judkins, proprietor of the Elmwood hotel, Waterville, Me., has assigned.

Superintendent Rudal of the Bridgeport (Conn.) Traction company has no fears of a boycott.

The remarkable sagacity of a dog saved a Woburn (Mass.) family from being burned to death.

In a Republican caucus at Burlington, Vt., W. J. van Patten was unanimously chosen as candidate for the mayoralty.

New York banks lost $40,000,000 on the week's currency movement, due to payments for the new government bonds.

George Fife of South Norwalk, Conn., fell into a trough of scalding glue, and was so badly burned that serious results are feared.

There are evidences in parts of Boston that tramps are leaving signs for their comrades, designating houses where they receive or are refused assistance.

It developed in the Reading hearing that F. H. Prince & Co. of Boston got $180,000 in commissions on McLeod's Boston and Maine and New England deal.

It is stated that T. A. Mackinnon has been invited to accept the position of general manager of the Boston and Maine, and will give his decision in two weeks.

In a Tight Place.

LONDON, Feb. 10.—The Times in its official article says: It is announced that the Bank of Bombay is unable to lend any more money, and a squeeze is therefore in prospect.

Big Cut in Wages.

RICHMOND, Me., Feb. 10.—A reduction of wages, amounting in some cases to 25 per cent, was made in W. F. Morgan's shoe factory yesterday.

EARTH'S LAST HONORS

PAID TO THE REMAINS OF JAMES J. KEEFE TODAY.

An Impressive Service at St. Patrick's Church Attended by a Large Body of Mourning Relatives and Friends Great Mass of Floral Tributes.

The funeral of James J. Keefe occurred this morning, the remains being borne from his late home to St. Patrick's church, where services were held. When the cortege reached the church the bell tolled solemnly, and as the remains were borne tenderly down the aisle and placed on a draped catafalque at the sanctuary rail a funeral march was rendered on the organ.

The church was crowded with the relatives and friends of the deceased.

Solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Burke, assisted by deacon, Rev. Fr. Gleason; sub-deacon, Rev. Fr. Leonard, and master of ceremonies, Mr. O'Hearn. The choir was augmented for the occasion, and Schmidt's requiem mass was rendered under the direction of E. F. Faulkner, the solo parts being sustained by Mr. David O'Brien. At the offertory, the beautiful hymn, "Pie Jesu," was effectively rendered by Miss Hattie Faulkner. The "Libera" was sung by the full choir, the solo parts being taken by Messrs. E. F. Faulkner and Daniel O'Brien. At the conclusion of the services, "Rest Spirit, Rest" was beautifully rendered by Misses Faulkner and Cronin, and Messrs. Calnin, Daniel O'Brien, Thornton, and David O'Brien, Miss Faulkner sustaining the solo. The last musical selection, the "De Profundus" was feelingly rendered by Mr. Daniel O'Brien as the casket was borne from the church. M. J. Johnson presided at the organ. The casket which was of black broadcloth appropriately draped, was covered with floral tributes while in the church.

The ushers at the house and the church were: Messrs. Peter Savage, Thomas J. Mulligan, Michael J. Kelty and John J. Saunders.

The bearers were. Messrs. Joseph Edwards of Boston, James Hornby, John J. Savage, William J. Garvey, Chas. Mitchell, and John J. Tobin.

Mr. James Kelley had charge of the funeral arrangements.

The casket was beautifully trimmed with smilax and white carnations, the floral offering of Florist McMannon.

There was a profusion of floral offerings, the display consisting of large and beautiful pieces. Among the tributes were: A large scroll, about four feet high, with a heart worked in the center, enclosing the inscription, "A Faithful Son," this was the gift of his widowed mother; a large arch, surmounted by a star, standing on a base, which also supported a large cross. On the base were the words, "Loving Brother," from the brother of the deceased; a standing anchor, made of choice flowers, inscribed "Jim," from Charles Mitchell and Wm. J. Garvey; a beautiful lyre, standing on a base with the inscription, "We Will Miss You, Jim," John J. Saunders and Thomas J. Mulligan; a crescent sickle on base, and word "Jimmie," from Messrs. John Holland and James O'Brien; crescent and star, "Jimmie," Mr. and Mrs. E. Mooney; anchor on base, inscribed "Friend," Mr. D. Dapontes; a harp, from Miss Ella Kelly; spray of roses, Mr. and Mrs. James Fitzgerald; spray of pinks, Frank Sherwood; a standing cross and crown, from the Savage family; spray of palms, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brady; spray of calla lilies, Mrs. J. J. Donovan of Fall River; spray of lilies, Mr. Erwin McKee; wreath, the Cummiskey family; spray of roses, Master Frank Brady; spray of hyacinths, Mr. P. F. O'Donnell; basket of flowers, from the Crescent club; standing cross with word "Rest," from the White family; basket, Mr. and Mrs. Luke H. Clark; harp, Rep. D. J. Murphy; open book, inscribed, "His Last Order," Mrs. Mahoney and Miss Nellie Fisher; wreath, marked "Rest," Michael J. Kelly; standing lyre, inscribed "Uncle," from Dennis, Nellie and Minnie Keefe; a lyre, Charles and Joseph Denohoe, crescent and star, with word "Friend," F. M. Bill; cross, "At Rest," Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius E. Collins; cross, Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Whelton; wreath, James Hornby; standing crescent and sickle, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Donovan; pillow, "Companion," from D. J. Donovan's clerks; star on base, Misses Maggie and Minnie Hickson; star on base from the Driscoll family; pillow, worded "Jimmie," Mr. and Mrs. John J. Donovan; a beautiful "Gates Ajar" surmounted by a dove, from Messrs Joseph Coughlin, Timothy Haggerty, Fred Smiley, Edward Powers and George Garland, clerks for Keefe Brothers; basket Mrs. Kearney; a large piece, consisting of cross, anchor, heart, "Faith, Hope and Charity," from Hugh J. Maguire and John J. Garvey; spray of roses Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Patten.

The funeral procession was reformed and proceeded through Market and Central and Gorham streets to the Catholic cemetery. The cortege was preceded by a large wagonette, bearing the many floral tributes, and draped tastefully with flowers. The procession was very lengthy.

At the cemetery, Rev. Fr. Burke performed the last sad ceremonies, and the remains were laid in their final resting place.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of the late Hattie Noyes took place yesterday afternoon from her residence, 4 Tyler street. Rev. R. A. Greene conducted the service. There was a large number of floral tributes. Interment in the Edson cemetery.

The funeral of William P. McAteer occurred yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock from his late residence 34 Chambers street. Interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

PERSONAL.

Mr. A. N. Duval, director of St. Joseph's choir, is to be given a reception on Thursday evening, by Le Cercle Canadien and friends.

Mrs. John Marren, who has been very ill from the effects of vaccination, is reported convalescent. Her friends will be pleased to learn that no serious results will follow the illness.

The Individual Prize Drill.

The following entries have been made for the prize drill which is to take place on Wednesday evening, Feb. 14, at the Putnam Guards fair:

Sergeants F. W. Durgin and C. P. Roberts, and Corporal John E. Williams, Co. 1, 8th Regt., Lynn; Sergt. A. F. Brookside, Co. B, 5th Regt., Cambridgeport; Sergeant M. F. Webster and Privates G. P. Smith and A. H. Boyd, Co. F, 8th Regt., Haverhill, Sergeants Cunningham, Wendlen and Colby, Co. C, 6th Regt., Lowell; Sergeants Louis Hunton, Frank Dodge, Frank Mealey and Soule, Co. G, 6th Regt., Lowell; and two from Co. E, 6th Regt., So. Framingham; and three from Co. B, 5th Regt., Cambridge.

The judges will be Major Dailey, 8th Regt., Amesbury; Capt. Sweetser, Co. H, 6th Regt., Stoneham; Lieut. Charles F. Rogers, 2d Corps Cadets, Salem.

SOME BOWLING GOSSIP.

CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES SHOULD BE BOWLED OFF IN LOWELL.

In Event the Lowell Teams Win in Their Divisions the Final Struggles Should be at Home Where Their Best Friends Can See Them—Other Comment from Interesting Games.

Only two more weeks of league bowling and the division championships will be settled. It looks very much as though the three Lowell teams will have to bowl off the ties for the league championships. There is not a Lowell man, woman or child who wishes else than success for the three Lowell teams.

It will not do to "crow" until the final games are won but really it looks if Les Miserables and the Vespers are booked for championships. Of the Vespers' work it may be said without exception that the even, steady and strong bowling of the team has been the admiration of the entire state. The Vesper bowlers are certain of being within the first ten bowlers in the individual averages.

The Miserables ought to win in the third division for in total pins they are far ahead of all opponents. Their weakness has been on waxed alleys where twist delivery does not prove effective. Veteran Jim McLaughlin uses a curve on the home alleys, but he has been obliged to discard it for a smooth, cross ball on waxed alleys.

Buntin of the Newtons in commenting upon the defeat of the Miserables the other night, said it was a mistake for them to use the curve on waxed alleys, and expressed surprise that they were not all round bowlers enough to see the trouble and go back to straight rolling. He further said that twist balls on the Newton alleys are not effective.

Jim McLaughlin and Fred Grover bowl just about the same style and speed of a ball, this coming from the latter's association with the former on the Lakeview alleys. It is a cross, medium speed ball.

McLaughlin had a funny adventure with a break on the 999th Artillery alleys, the other night. He got a break of 1 and 7, played for 1 on his second ball to get a spare. He hit it and sent the pin in an upright, rotary manner over to pin 7. Everybody cheered as they expected to see 1 whirl 7 into the pit; but 1 whirled round and round until it stopped in front of 7, and Jim had failed to get a pin or a spare. He says it is doubtful if this was ever done before on an alley.

Officers Hurley and Conners are candidates for the police team. The former made 685 Monday, and the latter 620 on Thursday, strings of 224—194—202. Martin gets the bowling shoes.

THE SUN has expressed on several occasions, as far back as last fall when Les Miserables alleys were opened, wishes of prominent bowlers for a city tournament. Assurances are now given that such a tournament will be started in a fortnight, and will be open to all teams in the city, for prizes aggregating $100. It is promised that the matches will be of sufficient interest to arouse enthusiasm all over the city. From the fact that there are so many strong teams in the city, it will not do for ordinary picked up teams to aspire for membership. A team which cannot put up at least 2350 had better stay out. It is understood that the schedule will open the 20th inst.

The L. C. A. A. will probably hold a senior and junior tournament after the present one ends.

The Championship Games.

If it should happen that three Lowell teams should have to bowl off the league championship the question will arise, Where shall the games be bowled? The managers of the league will want to hold the roll-off games in Boston presumably.

THE SUN believes that in such a condition of affairs the games should be bowled off in Lowell.

Here in Lowell the interest will be at 103 degrees—fever temperature—and it will be Lowell friends of the bowlers to be accommodated.

Huntington hall should be secured and alleys put in for the matches. Of course with these teams tied, a regular schedule would have to be arranged, best team to win.

Use Huntington hall as the Casino in Boston was used last February for the Casino-Vesper game, and devote the proceeds to some worthy cause. There is no sense whatever in going out of town, for the reason that fully 400 Lowell men would see the game anyway and this would mean $2000 taken out of Lowell in car fares, etc. At a dollar a head for the series of games, $1200 could be easily raised.

Besides, the out-of-town men who want to see the games, can come to Lowell and return at night on special trains. In event of championship games between Lowell teams Lowell should be the scene of the the final struggles.

Next Tuesday the Casinos bowl at the Vespers, and the Roxburys at the Miserables alleys. Both games will be worth seeing.

Notes.

With the winning of last night's game with the Allstons, the Highland league team is in the fight for a finish. The team had a great chance to put up a big total, but Chandler failed to distinguish himself with a big score. The rolling of the four other men was worthy of note, especially of Cheney and Shaw Aubin of the Allstons made the highest score of 559.

LOWELL HIGHLANDS.

Shaw	163	212	158	533
Anderson	162	170	151	483
Chandler	153	128	121	402
Cheney	197	168	185	550
Hartwell	161	166	195	522
Totls	836	844	810	2190

ALLSTONS.

Aubin	153	165	161	469
Buckner	170	197	128	495
Weltz	161	191	169	521
Smith	132	165	163	459
Frost	203	179	133	515
Totals	802	899	744	2445

The Pastimes and Lowells met on the private alleys at the Miserables last night, and the former won easily by a score of 2504 to 2195. The individual scores were as follows:

Pastimes.—Brown 492, Wilson 487, Bond 515, Campbell 527, Young 483.

Lowells.—McCurdy 440, Kerwin 468, J. Farrell 402, Murphy 416, Murray 566.

At the Highland clubhouse last evening Teams Two and Eight of the junior class rolled and the former won by about 50 pins. Webster of Team Two was high roller with 413. The totals:

Team Two—Carter 401, Puffer 370, Webster 413, Pierce 390, Spofford 330; total, 1823.

Team Eight—Kilgore 360, King 350, Reed 402, Povey 300, Nickerson 355; total, 1770.

In the Vesper local tournament Teams Ten and Eleven were the contestants and the latter won by about 150 pins. Hope was high roller with 477, having made 208 in his third string. The totals:

Team Ten—Thompson 458, Swift 437, Marron 469, Lamson 360, Myers 365; total, 2089.

Team Eleven—Weston 420, Tweed 434, Barton 467, Hope 477, Burtt 482; total, 2230.

In the L. C. A. A. tournament last night Team Six defeated Team Three by a score of 2105 to 1954.

The Vesper team composed of Grover, Goulding, Corwin, Thorpe, Steve and John Whittier played a friendly match with the Calumet club Winchester, last night and defeated their hosts by over 200 pins. The Vespers put up a total of 2505, in which Goulding got 567 and Grover 525.

The city tournament to open in a fortnight will be played on four sets of alleys, and not exclusively on the private alleys. Two games a night will probably be bowled.

A Polo Rink.

It is said that before next season the upper part of Les Miserables club house will be altered so as to permit of the erection of a skating rink for polo purposes. If this is done a polo team will be put in the league next season and added attractions given to winter sports in this city. There is a polo club in this city at present, an old established club which all winter plays polo twice a week regularly at Bowers' rink at Willow Dale.

SEEN AND HEARD.

The new dance which Emperor William has declared will replace the old court quadrille at imperial functions in Berlin has reached Lowell, for dancing masters here are teaching it. It is localized as the "Dance Aristocratic" and is not difficult to learn.

The position of the four couples at the opening of the dance is the same as in a quadrille the general instructions are to be followed.

For each step use the right and left foot. For instance, if the gentleman starts with the right foot, the next is to be made with the left foot, and so on. The same rule applies to the ladies. Each step is to be made in time to the music. Hold the hands up high, as in the minuet.

The gentleman first makes a bow to the lady on his left side, then bows to his partner. Gentlemen extend right hand to ladies' left and start with right foot. Ladies like wise.

One step forward, counting one, two, in time with the music. Another step forward, counting three, four, three steps orward counting one, two, three, four.

One step backward—start with left foot—another step, then three steps, counting as before: On counting four the last time, turn one-quarter around.

Gentleman extend right hand to ladies' right hand facing each other.

One step around—to the right—another step, then three steps likewise.

Repeat this once more to places.

First and second couple, three steps forward facing each other, than a low bow to fill out the bars of music, after which the third and fourth couples takes three steps forward, likewise a low bow.

Gentlemen and partners now turn halfway around, gentlemen extending their left hands to ladies' right hand.

One step forward, another step, three steps, then seven steps, forming a straight line, bringing first, second, third and fourth couples one behind the other.

Gentlemen step behind their partners, then take one step to the right, another step, then three steps. Ladies the same to the opposite side, making two lines. Now the gentlemen take one step to the left as before, another step, then three steps.

Ladies the same to the opposite side. Ladies, still in a line, take one step to the right, another step, then three steps, then seven steps forming a circle.

Gentlemen make the same steps to the left, forming another circle, leaving the ladies inside, each gentlemen facing his partner.

Gentleman now take three steps to the left, counting one, two, three.

Ladies three steps likewise, towards the right.

Then a step, count four, make a low bow to the lady opposite.

Three steps as before and so on till gentlemen are opposite partners again.

Ladies, still in a circle, now hold dresses on both sides.

Ladies make one step towards the gentlemen, another step, then three steps backward. Gentlemen join hands, making the same step towards the ladies, than backward.

This is repeated twice.

Gentlemen now hold their right arms towards their partners.

Ladies hold up their right arms also.

One step forward, another step, then three steps, after which first and third couples turn half way around, take seven steps forming a maltese cross on the right side, second and fourth couples the same, forming a maltese cross on the left side.

Gentlemen join their right hands to ladies' right hands.

One step around to the right, another step, then three steps.

This is repeated once more.

Turn half-way around opposite, take one step to the left, another step, then three steps as before, after which each gentleman and his partner take seven steps, which bring them to their original places, forming a ring, the couples one behind the other.

One step forward to the left, another step, then three steps, and so on until places are reached.

Gentlemen make low bow to lady on his left side, then to his partner.

Gentleman offers arm to his partner and they promenade. End of dance.

DROPPED DEAD.

Representative George W. Houk of Ohio Dies at the House of a Friend.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—Representative George W. Houk of Dayton, O., died suddenly, yesterday afternoon, of heart disease. He was apparently a man of robust condition and the news of his death came as an unexpected shock. He had attended to his congressional duties during the day, and was to all appearances in the full vigor of health.

Mr. Houk made a social call on Mrs. A. Reynolds and her sister at 127 Connecticut avenue, and at 4:30 o'clock went to the window in the parlor and looked out. At the window he stooped as if to pick up something from the carpet, and then fell forward on his face. Medical aid was summoned, but it was found that Mr. Houk's death was instantaneous.

Mr. Houk was born in Cumberland county, Pa., in 1825, but has lived in Ohio since two years of age. He was a lawyer and has been in politics since 1852, when he was elected to the Ohio legislature. He was elected to the Fifty-first and Fifty-second congresses as a Democrat.

Wool Men Are Hopeful.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The wool men, who are still about the Capitol in force, have not by any means given up the fight against the free wool schedule, and have some hope of being able to secure a change in the bill after it is reported to the senate, if not before.

Fell Four Stories.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 10.—Edward Fritz, 10 years old, fell from the fourth floor of a building on Temple street through an elevator well. He died a few minutes after he was picked up.

DEFEATED

French Troops Meet Reverses in the Soudan.

MANY SOLDIERS ARE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Some Are Literally Cut to Pieces by Natives.

PARIS, Feb. 10.—Premier Cashuir Perier admits that it is true that the French column was attacked by natives near Timbuctoo. The premier added that the French would not evacuate Timbuctoo and re-enforcements had already been forwarded to the French commander at that place.

The following facts of the disaster to the French column were given out last evening:

The Tuaregs, Captain Phillipe states, were armed with lances and knives, which they used with terrible effect. They made their first attack upon the leading portion of the French native column. It was so desperate and well sustained that the division was apparently cut to pieces.

The news of the disaster was brought to the second portion of the column, or rear guard, by Captain Nugett, a French officer, who, badly wounded in the head, managed to escape from the crowd of natives which assailed the advance guard.

Retreat Was Ordered.

The second division was encamped a few miles to the rear of the advance guard, which seems to have been surprised during the darkness of early morning. As soon as the rear guards' commander heard of the Tuaregs' ferocity he ordered a retreat upon Timbuctoo, leaving the unfortunate advance guard, which was commanded by Colonel Bonnier, to its fate.

The official report admits that at least nine French officers, including Colonel Bonnier, two European non-commissioned officers and 68 native soldiers were killed.

The unofficial reports, originating in rumors emanating from the minor employes of the war department and colonial office, say that the loss in killed and captured is at least 300.

The rear guard, after enduring considerable hardships and being badly pressed by the enemy, succeeded in regaining Timbuctoo, on Dec. 17, carrying with them a number of wounded. A number of men are said to have been either killed or left dying along the route.

Captain Phillipe sent out several scouting parties with instructions to see if there were any survivors left of the vanguard. These succeeded in finding a few survivors; but the men were in a pitiable condition, suffering fearfully from thirst and loss of blood.

Fighting Was Fierce.

These survivors told terrible tales of the desperate fighting which had taken place after the van-guard was surprised. The French native troops sprang to their arms, and encouraged by the example of their officers opened fire upon the enemy. But the Tuaregs were already within the French encampment and caused a panic, during which the efforts of the French officers to rally the native soldiers were entirely useless. The French officers are said to have fought most gallantly.

The scouting parties would have pushed onward, but the Tuaregs began closing around them, and eventually drove them back to Timbuctoo, following this up by assembling in large masses, preparatory to making a combined attack upon the city itself. Captain Phillipe, upon hearing this, gathered his entire force together and began the work of crowding up the enforcements.

The Tuaregs became aggressive and pushed up close to the French soldiers at work in the trenchments, and killed and wounded several. This caused Captain Phillipe to organize two small parties of picked soldiers to protect the men at work in the trenches. They made several spirited sallies on the Tuaregs, driving them back ward and killing a number of them.

French Troops Exhausted.

But the French troops were badly harassed and became thoroughly exhausted with work day and night, and being compelled to be continually on the alert in order to be ready for some new attack. Especially at night time were the Tuaregs active and audacious, every night they killed or wounded several of the small garrison.

Opposed to an enemy estimated to number from 4000 to 10,000, the French only had 800 men, and this force was only supported by six small field pieces, the famed rapid fire gun, which proved so effective when used against the natives in the different parts of Africa, seems to have been missing.

But admirably commanded and encouraged by Captain Phillipe and the French officers, the native soldiers managed to hold out while awaiting the arrival of the relief column, commanded by Colonel Joffre. When Captain Phillipe was informed by native messengers that the Joffre column was on its way to relieve him he sent a messenger to Colonel Joffre to warn him that they were in danger of being attacked by the tribes. Captain Phillipe also sent a request to the governor of Soudan that the French flotilla on the Niger should not leave that district until the Joffre column had reached Timbuctoo.

Captain Phillipe also reported that the population of Timbuctoo, estimated to number about 12,000 souls, principally negroes and some Moors, were favorable in their attitude toward the French, but were cowed by the Arabs, who make slaves of all prisoners who fall into their hands.

The news of the disaster to the Bonnier column has caused a decided sensation in Paris.

Ruined by Gambling.

LONDON, Feb. 10.—A Vienna dispatch to the Daily News says: An officer of the general staff has been arrested charged with the grave crime of forging checks to the amount of 20,000 florins. The officer belongs to a high family, but he was a persistent gambler.

Wayne MacVeagh in Paris.

LONDON, Feb. 10.—Wayne MacVeagh, the newly appointed United States ambassador to Italy, visited the United States embassy yesterday. He went to Paris last night. He will not take up his duties at Rome until about March 1.

Twenty-Five Years a Soldier.

POTSDAM, Feb. 10.—Emperor William celebrated the 25th anniversary of his entry into the foot-guards. After reviewing the guards the emperor dined with the officers.

Gambling Machines Must Go.

Supt. Eldridge of Boston has ordered all the police captains to see that nickel-in-the-slot gambling machines are suppressed. This week the day policemen have been visiting the billiard and pool rooms, and when the machines have been discovered have asked the proprietors to see that they are removed. They have acceded, many of them reluctantly, as the machines have been bringing in big profits.

One dealer states that his poker machine used to take in from $5 to $6 a day, and that his winnings each day were anywhere from $1.50 to $2.75. Some days the machine used to pay out over 100 cigars, but the loss would be made up on the following. The makers of this machine state that it will take in 10 cents for every five-cent cigar out.

Cured Their Headaches.

A slight blaze occurred in Talbot & Co.'s clothing store this morning. In extinguishing it a bottle of ammonia was upset. As a result the fumes of ammonia cured the clerks of their colds and headaches. The fire did little damage.

Church League Relief Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$2762.64
Feb. 7, Local Union C. E. Worthen Street Baptist church	6.61
Feb. 8, Central M. E. church	10.00
Total	$1779.25

WARREN L. FLOYD, Treasurer.

Selfishness.

Since the morn of the creation,
Since the first dawn of light,
Selfishness has ruled the world,
And hidden truth and right.

It has changed the world from a paradise
Into a land of wrong and woe;
And rules to-day with an iron hand
A lesson all true men know.

The world is still in darkness,
And the weak trodden down by the strong,
And the banner of self is floating
Over a worldly selfish throng.

Hypocrisy, fraud and dishonor
And all that is false and low,
Hold places of trust and power,
And are filling the world with woe.

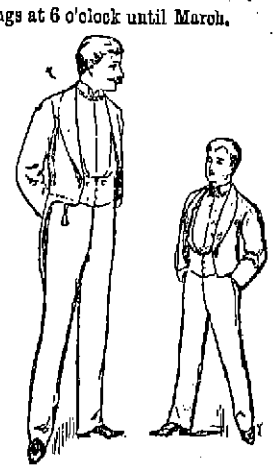
They chase the empty bubbles
That from them quickly fly,
And before they do their duty,
They in their graves do lie.

Let Love and Truth guide our daily lives,
Not gold or a selfish clan,
And life's battles we will surely win
For God and our fellow man.

On fame's immortal honored roll
Are the names of the true and tried,
Who conquered Self made free by truth,
And like God's true sons lived and died.

ANDREW SMITH.

Our store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings at 6 o'clock until March.



If your tailor isn't up to the latest idea in evening dress (he's sure to be up in price) we shall be glad to help you out with such a dress suit as you'll see worn by club-men and members of the "smart set" in New York.

These fall dress suits from Rogers, Peat & Co., will fit you better than a suit from the average tailor, and cost not a bit over half what you'd pay for a suit to measure.

"Made as well?"

Yes, the best ones made better than it's possible to get a dress suit made in Lowell.

Fine Twilled Worsteds, Crepe or Broadcloth Full Dress Suits, $12 to $45.

Evening Dress for Boys from $12 to $45.

Evening dress for boys from 8 years to 16. The Eton or Tuxedo Suits are as correct for boys' wear at social functions as the swallow-tail for men. We provide these with long or short trousers.

PUTNAM & SON

ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Corner Central and Warren Streets.

Paper by the Pound.

Today we open 5 cases of high grade Linen Writing Paper, in all sizes, and ruled or plain, as preferred. These papers are perfect and are cheap at 50 CENTS A POUND. We have marked it at 25 CENTS A POUND, and at this price it cannot last long. Come and see us; you will want some. Envelopes to match, all sizes, 3 packs for 25c.; worth 20c. a bunch.

Thomas H. Lawler

Fashionable Stationer and Bookseller,

79 Merrimack and 15 John Streets. - Telephone 373-4.

PROPHECY VERIFIED.

A Few Rule the Earth, and the Many Are Without Hope.

Can We Look the Situation In the Face and Think What It Means?—Elements That Never Entered Into Our Past Calculations—Possibilities Through Unity.

Fifteen years ago I heard this prophecy:

"The time will come when there will be thousands upon thousands of people who will have no place to go, nothing to eat, nothing to wear and nothing to do. Every civilized country will see this same condition, for the land and all it contains can be bought and sold—it will become the property of a few men. A piece of parchment gives them the right to drive all other human beings from it. These beings, having nothing but the labor of their hands to offer in exchange for their needs, will compete with each other until they will work for almost nothing. The time will come when no one will need or demand the labor of more than a small number of them. They will possess no raw materials; they will not be allowed to make their own medium of exchange, so they cannot work for one another. What will be left for them? The sea? The air? Will death quickly and pitifully remove them? Or will they cling to existence, painfully, slowly sinking and dying, their misery prolonged by the sufferance of alms or the risks and degradation of crime? The ruin and destruction of civilization will come unless the course of civilization shall change."

How much of the prophecy has come to pass? Dare the cities, with their hordes of clamorous hungry at the doors, answer? Can we look the situation in the face and think what it means?

In vain it is urged that this is an emergency; that a crisis is upon us; that some mysterious, causeless condition places really worthy working men in idleness and want; that we have only to be "charitable" to tide things over to the time when we shall reach some inexplicable good somewhere in the future. No one can assure us that it is true, or what is to come out of chaos to relieve the situation. Nothing but the old faiths, the old reliance in the teachings of an always mistaken past, can so assure us.

We believe, of course, that somehow, some time, these crowds of hungry unemployed will disappear, because—because they never entered into our calculations; they are not an essential element of a free society (and such it is supposed we have); they are an unexpected, unpleasant factor in a problem we had believed was nearly solved. Their existence spoils all the teachings of our good old conventional code, our patriotism, our fine old thrifty proverbs—all with which we have been nurtured throughout our lives. We may lay their existence to accident, to bad management of parties, to the ignorance of the working classes in clamoring for more than they get, but accidents and mistakes can be rectified. And so we continue to establish souphouses and breezy lodging places, to rake up scavenger work for educated men to do in return for charity tickets, to jail starving petty thieves, to coax, bribe or silence the desperate, dangerous, clamorous horde, pending the time when it will all miraculously cease.

How can we be so certain? How can we know that the present situation is not the slow outgrowth of deep lying, long existing causes, working through the strata of ages, flinging up wrecks of humanity like driftwood and threatening destruction all along its way? How can we know that peace will come soon when this mighty force is still at work among the foundations of society?

For what has made misery in all the centuries past is making a climax of misery in this the end of the nineteenth century. The earth is still bought and sold. Its owners may turn it into vast hunting grounds, pleasure fields or syndicate farms, to the destruction of happy homes for the masses. The richest corporations can yet secure the greatest privileges. The common people, disorganized, defenseless, needy, must struggle on, receiving the least that will support life in return for their toil. Is it not plain that as long as this is true the armies of the destitute, the idle, the starving, must ever be on the increase?

Up to within a few years the vast rich expanse of our continent has been a never failing resource for the population crowded out of the centers of industry and trade. Even under the worst possible schemes for absorbing the wealth of the country, absolute poverty by the wholesale has not until recently appeared. But even a continent has limits, and when it is being given away, not in homes, but in corporation tracts by the millions of acres, the end must come some time. Where now can the people go for homes? Only to the deserts, the fastnesses of the mountains, the inaccessible lands, for all else is "fenced round with a parchment scroll."

To whom can they apply to sell their labor? Only the few rich can buy it, and their servants are plentiful. Besides, they have harnessed the forces of nature to wheels of steel to do their bidding, and the hands of these needy millions are not wanted. So here they are, these despoiled beings for whom it seems no one has any use. What is to be the outcome? They cannot always subsist on charity. Even now the little that the rich have given through fear is almost diminished. The pitiful sums that the poorer classes can raise are not sufficient. All that can be procured by sympathy or extortion (it has been made a condition of employment in many places that the employee give a day's wages to the relief fund) will not answer to keep these throngs from starvation and crime. Soup kitchens and lodging houses will not always serve as the homes of worthy workingmen. Even proposed schemes for conjuring up work to be paid for at pauper rates will not always keep the throngs quiet. What of the future?

Perhaps some readjustment of affairs will apparently ease the situation for a time, and poverty may slink partly out of sight. But there will be no security. This cannot come until there is a great change and human relations shall have been arranged on a new basis. The people must regain their own—the land and all its resources—and class legislation, class privileges, must forever cease. To accomplish this the people must organize. They must realize that they have a common cause and unite for it; they must meet, discuss and agitate; they must educate themselves and one another. To a united body, vast as the continent and no longer ignorant, all things are possible. LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

Chicago.

Relief Through Public Works.

One point ought to be clear—namely, that to make work for the sake of helping is again a doubtful charity. Such makeshift work generally enters into competition with some regular industry or trade, and thus far tends to injure those who otherwise are doing for themselves. On large general lines I think it may be stated that any work which enters into competition thus with regularly established trades and industries is dangerous. The one line of work which is clear of this objection is the development of public works. The East Side Relief association, in seeking to set the unemployed to work in cleaning the streets, presents no moral difficulty whatever. True, enough is spent on this task now to do it rightly, but as a fact is not done rightly and will not be done rightly under the present city government.

To the extent therefore that private charity enables the unemployed to go to work as a supplementary street cleaning force, good, and only good, is accomplished. The men thus employed are given work, and their families cared for, and the streets kept clean, and disease prevented. How large a body of unemployed might be set at work to keep the streets thoroughly clean I cannot state. Judging from the dirt that prevails everywhere today, we might set many thousands of men at work over the length and breadth of the city and for once in our lifetime have the satisfaction of seeing a clean New York. To do this would be an object lesson worthy of its cost. If Tammany Hall will undertake this, it will go far to condone some of its great wrongs.—Rev. R. Heber Newton.

The Church Neglects the Poor.

Rev. Dr. G. W. Gray delivered an address recently before 300 Methodist clergymen in Chicago, in which he said:

In a Christian government at least the opportunity to earn a bare subsistence should be afforded by the state. But if the state does not do it the church should. There are over 500 churches in Chicago. That means 500 houses with 500 paid superintendents, around whom are gathered official boards made up of the most influential men in the neighborhood. With such vantage ground the Christian church should know every man, woman and child; their needs, and be ready to meet them; their possibilities, and be ready to develop them.

Investigation touching the typical manufacturing cities of the United States shows that church neglect of the poorer classes is rapidly increasing. The poor are greater in number than the well to do class, yet but few are in the wealthier and stronger Protestant churches. If they were they would learn of each other's wants, they would assist each other and a desire to work would be met by opportunity. We fear that many of our wealthier churches have practically signed a release to the devil of all interest in the poor of the community. If the church was doing its duty toward the working classes there would be fewer poor in the world. If the working classes were converted the unemployed as a class would cease. It is possible—nay, we may say probable—if the church was as earnest and spent as much money to save the poorer classes as to save the wealthier classes the problem of the unemployed would need no solution.

Professor Peabody's Plan.

Professor Francis G. Peabody of Harvard university delivered an interesting lecture the other night in Assembly hall, New York, on the "Educational Side of Charitable Work." He said the tendency of population was toward the cities. Unless there were some compensating efflux the social fabric in our cities would become rotten. This, Professor Peabody said, was the main reason why the worst conditions of poverty were to be found in cities.

To keep the social circulation pure and healthy an efflux must be established, and his plan was to found colonies in the country made up of the poor of the city. This alone, he said, would relieve the cities of their congestion. His plan was to divide the colonies into two classes, "voluntary" and "involuntary." In the former there would be those who were able and willing to work, and in the latter would be those who were unwilling to work or unable to work through weakness brought on by vice. Inducements should be made to keep the first class away from the cities, and some coercive measures might be used to keep the involuntary class in the colonies

The First Scale of Wages.

The earliest known scale of wages is that fixed for the whole Roman empire by the Emperor Diocletian in A. D. 303. A shepherd was to be paid 20 cents a day; a day laborer and a mule driver received the same as the shepherd; a baker got 40 cents, and the same was paid to the masons and carpenters and smiths. Stonecutters got 50 cents and painters 60 cents. A brickmaker got 24 cents per 100 bricks; a sheep shearer got $1.60 per 100 pounds. A common schoolmaster received 60 cents a month for each pupil; one who taught Greek or geometry, $2 per month. A lawyer's fee was $12.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

A Citizen of a New Jersey Town In a Vision Sees the Sorrow of the Son of Man.

It was the day before Christmas. I had just come from church, where I had listened to a Christmas sermon. Sitting in my easy chair I began to dream. I dreamed it was Christmas day—not warm and sunny, but a chill day, and a bitter wind was blowing. The streets wore a holiday aspect. Well dressed men and women passed along with the gay greeting of "Merry Christmas!" Suddenly I saw among them a man who was poorly clad, and whose face was exceedingly sad. He greeted no one, and no one greeted him, but he spoke as if to himself.

I drew near to listen and heard him say, "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." He walked on a little way, the crowd paying no heed to him, till he stopped at the foot of a tree to which was nailed an inscription. The inscription was on cloth, so that it might be strong enough to resist the wind and rain. The cloth was nailed at the corners, and on each side and around the nail heads were tin rings, so that by no possibility could it tear itself away.

The sad face of the man grew sadder yet as he read the words printed on the cloth:

TRAMPS.

Notice is here by given that the tramp act will be strictly enforced in this township from this date. All persons without visible means of support will take notice accordingly. By order of township committee.

Westfield township, Aug. 30, 1893.

As he stood reading, some in the crowd observed him and nudged each other and winked, and one said, "Wonder if he thinks it's a sign directing him to free lodgings."

"Maybe he thinks it tells where to find a 'Free Employment Bureau' that guarantees profitable work for all who are willing and able to do it," said another.

"He doesn't know much about this town, or he wouldn't suspect us of any such fool sentimentalisms as those," said a third.

Then the one who had been reading the tramp sign said in a deep and solemn voice: "Woe unto you, Westfield! For I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; I was hungry and ye fed me not, naked and ye clothed me not."

Then I knew it was the Lord come to earth again. And I cried out, "Forgive us, Lord; we knew thee not!"

And he answered, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not to me," and he was gone before any could stay him. And the air grew more chill, and the wind grew more bitter, and the people looked in each other's faces with awe and shame.

Then one who was taller than the others reached up, and with a strong hand tore down the cloth and threw it to the people, and they stamped it in the mire. And they said with one accord, "At least, if we can do nothing, we will no longer advertise to needy strangers our weakness or poverty or cowardice or stinginess or inhumanity." And every man went to his own house.

Then I awoke, and, behold, it was a dream, and the shame and reproach of Westfield remain even to this day.

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

Westfield, N. J.

Two Courageous Young Women.

A Vienna correspondent reports that two female socialist orators have been sentenced in Vienna—Charlotte Glass to four months' imprisonment and Amelia Riba to a fortnight's imprisonment. The first made offensive remarks about the archdukes; the second spoke slightingly of the legislative assembly.

Fraulein Glass spoke some time ago with great ability from her point of view at a women's meeting in the open air, not far from Schonbrunn. She is a comely young woman of 20, of the Jewish confession, and looked very enthusiastic on that occasion in a sailor hat, her hair blown about her face by the wind. She considered no subject too tough—politics and political economy, the education of women, the army expenses, the Liberal leaders and the president of the cabinet. All came in their turn, and she gave it them hot.

Amelia Riba is younger still—not much more than 17—and by her firmness caused 600 factory girls to strike for six weeks, by which means they obtained somewhat more humane treatment than 12 hours' work a day and 6 shillings a week wages. I have heard this girl talk very much to the purpose for two hours at a stretch. Both young women are uncommonly pretty.

Tramps In Germany.

In Germany it is contrary to law for any person to be unemployed for a longer period than six weeks without making persistent efforts to find something to do. Any neglect of this law subjects the idle one to a penalty of arrest and confinement in the workhouse for from two weeks to six months. Any one found begging is subject to summary treatment in the same manner.

Suppose a tramp is trudging along a country road; he is liable to be overtaken at any moment by a mounted policeman, who overhauls him and demands to see the certificate from his last employer that he is bound to carry with him. If he has none, he is at once placed under arrest, and if he has one and it is dated back longer than six weeks the same treatment is dealt out to him. An organization exists for the execution of this law. It is known as the Verein Gegen Bettelei. The members of this society have iron signs attached to their doors, the effect of which is to keep away all beggars. When a tramp sees one of those signs, he shuns that house as he would a plague.—Chicago Post.

Her Point of View.

Miss Upton of New York—One does not mind running across to Europe now a bit.

Miss Hill of Brooklyn (a few minutes later)—When are you coming over to see me, dear?

Miss Upton—Oh, dear, I don't know. You live so far away.—New York Herald.

He Started the Machinery.

"It's a pretty good rule not to let your left hand know what your right hand is doing."

"Well, I don't know about that. I know a fellow in a woodworking establishment who lost his left hand that way."—Detroit Tribune.

When They Retire.

Binks—I hear that Mr. Greatman will never run for another office.

Jinks—Goodness me! When did he die?—New York Weekly

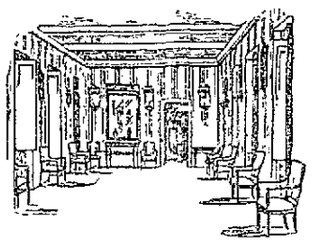
AJACCIO.

Birthplace of the Great Napoleon and Oldest Town In Corsica.

Very ancient is the history of Ajaccio, the capital as well as the oldest town of Corsica. Mentioned by Ptolemy under the name Urcinium, it was known as Adjacium in the middle ages. The modern town, with the citadel, was founded about 1492 by the Bank of St. George of Genoa, a company analagous to the East India company, and in 1553 the French under Marechal Thermes obtained possession of Ajaccio only to yield it again, however, six years later by the treaty of Chateau Cambresis to that hated and tyrannous rule.

Space fails to follow the vicissitudes of the island to its present position of a French department, but there is one name, Napoleon Bonaparte, which can never be forgotten in Ajaccio, and almost every street and sight speaks of him and his family. His marble figure surmounts the fountain in the Place du Marche, but far finer is the bronze monument by Viollet-le-Duc in the Place Bonaparte, with the first emperor on horseback in the middle, looking seaward, and his brothers—Joseph, Lucien, Louis, Jerome—standing at each corner, all five in Roman togas and Napoleon with a laurel wreath upon his head.

The chief sight of Ajaccio is the three storied house in the Place Letizia where he was born, and it is pathetic to wander through the rooms, with their quaint, old fashioned furniture faded and passing to decay, and think of the strange experiences of the eight young lives which began so merrily within them. The nursery and Napoleon's little sleeping room are shown, and an interesting creche, or representation of the nativity, with ivory figures, which he brought from Egypt as a present for his mother. The house and little garden in front belong now to the Empress Eugenie, who, in one room, has placed a delightful little boyish bust of the late prince imperial. In the Hotel de Ville are many interesting relics of the Bonaparte family, notably busts of Napoleon, his mother and little son, and a portrait of his father, Carlo-Maria, the notary. Carlo-Maria is buried at Montpellier, but his wife Letitia lies in the crypt of the Memorial chapel built by the last emperor—"Mater Regum" the inscription on her tomb.



SALON IN HOUSE WHERE NAPOLEON WAS BORN.

This chapel is attached to the College Fesch, a large public school for boys founded in 1822, one wing of which contains the fine library of 30,000 volumes once the property of Cardinal Fesch, Napoleon's uncle, and a large collection of poor pictures, also his, presented to the town by King Joseph of Spain. There are, however, good engravings and a really charming statue of the little king of Rome. A touching mark of loyal feeling toward the Bonapartes is shown in Count Pozzo di Borgo's new villa on a height above Ajaccio, the decorative pillars and panels of its exterior being brought from the ruins of the palace of the Tuileries.

The Size of Australia.

The vastness of Australia is not generally appreciated. The Industrial world computes that the seven colonies between them occupy a territory greater than that of the United States, excluding Alaska. New South Wales alone is as large as the 13 original states. Tasmania, the Rhode Island of Australia, is as large as that state, with New Jersey, New Hampshire and Massachusetts added. Victoria, the smallest colony of the continent, is equal in size to Great Britain. Queensland surpasses the united areas of Australia, France, and Germany. South Australia, one-third greater than Queensland, is nearly as large as western Australia, which of itself has nearly four times the extent of Texas, while the two colonies together are larger than the whole of Europe without Russia. The total population is about 4,000,000.

A Sure Sign.

The Debutante—I despise all men!

Miss Oldish—Oh! I didn't know you were so much in love as all that.—Chicago Record.

The Pleasures of the Dance.

Don' talk 'bout yer chermans 'r yer minooets t' me
Fer all dat fancy spielin, well, jes' makes me ti'ed—see?
Some folks, I know, is stuck on it an t'inks it more den nice,
But longside 'f some udder, why, it doesn' cut no ice!
Youse want t' go down wit' der gang to Monumental hall
T' see 'r spiel wot is 'r spiel wit'out no frills 't all,
I tell youse wot yer minooets 'r chermans be der score
Won't give youse ha' der pleasure when youse gets out on der floor.
An youse goes spielin, spielin,
I can't describe der feelin,
But when youse onct has been dere youse'll say it's more den fine
I' spiel 'rway t' "Daisy" 'r "Der Girl I Lef' Behin."

Der bloke wot leads der orchistrer jes' knows wot he's 'bout,
He never gives youse worn out tunes, but jes' der lates' out.
An when d'y plays 'r Sousa march 'r some song 'f der day,
"Say, Jimmy, youse could live on dat," youse hear some fellers say.
I'll let youse know der night when one 'f dem is comin roun,
So youse an me an all der gang kin all 'f us go down,
An don' be skeered 'f been t'rown down, but waltz up t' 'r girl,
An 'fore youse know jes' where youse is yer off into der whirl—
"Put youse a'ms 'r 'roun me, honey,
Even dough youse have no money"—
Der orchistrer is playin now 'r schottishe light an gay,
An wit' yer heart jes' like yer feet youse spiel der night 'rway.

—Boston Globe.

Small Chocolate Cakes.

Cream one-half pound of butter, then work into it 3 ounces of finely grated chocolate and 4 ounces powdered sugar. Beat it all together for 10 minutes, then add by degrees 4 whole eggs and 4 ounces flour. Work it again for quarter of an hour, then pour it into a papered and buttered baking tin previously dusted with equal parts of powdered sugar and flour, and bake for half an hour. When cold, cut it into any shapes you please, coat it with chocolate icing, and garnish with cocoanut.

Those Girls.

"Well, Maud, I hear you are engaged to Jack."

"Yes."

"Well, I congratulate you. He was about the nicest fiance I ever had."—Exchange.

Why Not.

If you are economizing why not look over your printing bills and see if you are not paying too much for printing. Call at this office and get prices on your work, and see if we cannot save money for you.

Get all your printing done at the Sun office.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MANY USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL USES FOR SCREENS.

Fancy Knitting—The Housekeepers New Fad—Interior Domestic Fittings—Culinary Recipes.

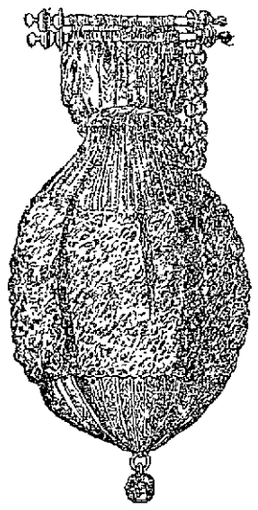
Among the useful objects and necessary pieces of furniture which have become as essential as the tables and chairs of the household Good Housekeeping names the screens of today as a wonderful adjunct. Their form and size are about the same through all the varieties that are put on the market, except in those that for fashion's sake are fantastic in shape. And then what a need they fill! If the dining room is near the kitchen, the screen plays the part of a go between and does faithful duty. On a cold night, when at all costs ventilation is necessary, it is the screen which comes between the inmates and the cold air from outside, giving shelter from the wintry blasts.

In the apartment they serve to hide the radiator, that iron warming place which, although gilded, looms hideous in halls and rooms. If a screen is put before it, the warm air still flows upward and seems to emanate from the pretty flowers and brilliant birds adorning the charming panels. For the cozy corner, how delightfull It shuts out the world and invites to pleasant slumber. It gently stands between us and those unkind visions which trouble the eyes. When the fire is too strong, and its cheerful glow reddens and flushes our faces, the screen is the ready helper in the time of need. It is the invalid's best friend, and forms, as it were, a wall between her and the eddies of air that seem to beat upon her face. On the broad piazza it is the hide and seek, and by the aid of its three divisions one can enjoy the sunshine and air unseen.

Fancy Knitting.

This purse is knitted with four needles and coarse purse twist. Two colors are used, and a part of the purse is knitted with two silks used together. Two skeins of each color are required and a set of fancy bars of wood or metal, with ring and chain attached to them, and a tassel. Any two colors can be used—old gold, with black, or crimson or blue.

With blue silk cast on one pin 36 stitches, leaving an end with which the purse is afterward to be joined on to the bars. Knit 1, purl 1 for 12 rows, knit the first stitch of every row, and at the end of it, with the silk forward, slip the last stitch as if to purl.



SILK PURSE.

Cut off the silk, and upon another needle knit 12 rows the same: then use four pins, join the two parts and knit 1, purl 1 for 2 rounds.

Now change the silk, and with gold knit 1, purl 1 for 22 rounds. Join the blue silk and use the blue and gold together.

First Round*—Put the silks over the needle, round from the back toward the left hand and knit 2 together; repeat from * all round.

Second Round—Knit plain, taking the long stitch through at the back of it and the next stitch at the front. If the stitches seem obscure, just raise the left hand needle to clear them. Repeat these two rounds till there are 13 or 14 patterns. After the first round of this pattern, you knit 2 double stitches together—i. e., two stitches of the double silk. The remainder of the purse is knitted with single silk of either color; cut off one of them and fasten the end.

Knit 7 rounds plain, then reduce the purse gradually to the tassel. Knit 7. Knit 2 together; repeat all round. Knit a round plain. Knit 6. Knit 2 together; repeat. Knit a round plain. Continue to decrease in this way, and, lastly, knit 2 together all round, draw up the few remaining stitches and sew on the tassel.

Sew the purse firmly on the bars with buttonhole stitch.

The Housekeeper's New Fad.

For the past eight or ten years plates, large and small, thin and heavy, severely simple and wonderfully extravagant in decoration, have held first place in the hearts of housekeepers who delight in the giving of dinners whereat many changes of china are necessary. The smart and friendly rivalry between women who can indulge their fancy for plate collecting has been carried to the utmost, and now, says The Decorator and Furnisher, Venetian glass has suddenly become wonderfully popular with the women whose purses are never more than half empty. In the shops, where all delicate and breakable wares are generously exposed under broad stretches of plate glass windows, whole shelves are filled with crystal vases, goblets, bowls and cups, tenderly tinted as the rainbow, full of color as a field of wild flowers and fragile as the robin's egg.

Apple and Rice Pudding.

One quart of boiled rice, 3 pints of quartered apples, washed and cored without peeling, one-half cupful of sugar, a cupful of boiling water. Place in an earthen pudding dish, alternating apples and rice, with a layer of apples on top pressed closely together into the rice, with skin side up. Bake an hour.

Fig Filling For Cake.

Stew one-half pound of chopped figs in a sirup made of one-fouth cupful of water and half cupful of sugar. Spread this when it is quite thick. It is excellent. Another nice filling may be made by using raisins instead of figs, treating them in the same way.

A Noble Ambition.

Cholly—I am tired of letting paw support me, and I've made up me mind to become independent of him, don't you know.

Miss Bullion—I think that a very noble ambition.

Cholly—Yaas. I've determined to settle down and marry some nice, rich girl like you, don't you know.—New York Weekly.

Taking No Risks.

Strawber—I want to get a serviceable suit—one that I can wear at the World's fair.

Tailor—Are you going to wear that suit out to the World's fair, sir?

Strawber—Certainly I am.

Tailor—Then I shall have to ask you to pay in advance.—Detroit Free Press.

GOOD HEALTH.

DIRECTIONS FOR AVOIDING DANGEROUS COLDS.

The Infection of Diphtheria—Ingrowing Nails—For Art Amateurs—Bracket For Painting—Water Colors.

Here is a little bit of really valuable advice for this season of the year, taken from the columns of a medical journal: Keep your mouth shut. If people would only do this, they would avoid colds and coughs and oftimes serious illness. The prescription is a very simple one, and not even the merit of originality can be claimed for it, but it undoubtedly is efficacious.

Mr. Catlin, the celebrated traveler among the North American Indians, discovered that they were free from many of the diseases which afflict civilized nations, and he attributed this exemption to the practice of keeping their mouths closed at almost all times, except when they are eating or talking. The mothers teach the children this from their earliest infancy. And does it not stand to reason that it is better to breathe through the nostrils the chilly air when leaving a heated room for the street, or even when going into a cold passage, than letting it go straight to the lungs in an ordinary way? Mr. Catlin declares that "Shut your mouth" is the most important motto which the human language can convey.

The Infection of Diphtheria.

Commenting on reported results of recent researches in diphtheria by the bacteriological bureau of the New York health department, The Herald says: "The power to transmit the infection of diphtheria, it is found, lingers sometimes for as much as 12 days and occasionally three or four weeks in patients who have made an apparently perfect recovery from this most deadly disease. In other words, the infection may have lost its pathogenic power in a person who has suffered from it, while others who have not been inoculated with the poison may be liable to take it from the convalescent.

"In this view of diphtheria a new duty devolves on teachers in all schools, especially in the public schools. This not enough to prevent a scholar who has had diphtheria from mingling with the other pupils during the period of incubation and convalescence. The spread of the disease, it seems, can only be checked by keeping a diphtheria patient from school until a bacteriological examination shows that he no longer carries the germs of the disease. This may work hardship to some pupils, but it is better for a few to bear with a considerable detention from school than to endanger the lives of his fellow scholars."

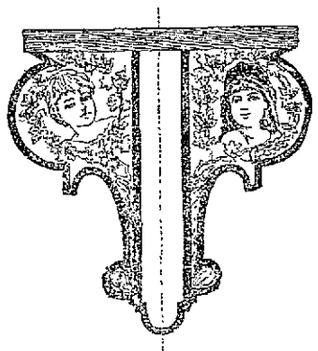
Ingrowing Toe Nail.

People suffering from that very painful and troublesome thing, an ingrowing toe nail, may be glad to hear of a simple cure suggested in an exchange: Just apply to the tender part a very little tincture of perchloride of iron. This will cause the tender surface to dry up and will relieve the pain. Let the hardened flesh remain for a week or two, when it may be removed by soaking the feet in warm water. As soon as relief from pain has been effected by means of the iron cut the toe nail straight across the top and clip a V shaped nick in the middle. This will incline the nail to draw or grow away from the flesh at the sides and assume its proper shape. As ill fitting shoes are often as much the cause of this painful trouble as an improper manner of trimming the toe nails, only those which are of a reasonable size and good shape should be worn.

PAINTING ON WOOD AND GLASS

Various Pretty and Useful Articles Decorated In This Way.

Amateurs seem to be devoting some attention to the decoration of various articles in wood, almost anything that affords a smooth surface being suitable for this pur-



BRACKET FOR PAINTING.

suit. Table tops, the backs of toilet brushes brackets and foot stools represent articles recently noted.

An attractive bracket is painted with children's heads, surrounded by wreaths of vine leaves. After the outlines of the design have been traced on the wood with lampblack, the details are filled in with vandyke brown, the frame lines being painted black, as indicated in the illustration. The design for the support—on both sides alike—is a conventional pattern carried out in black. The same simple designs can be used for the back if preferred to the two heads.

A handsome table top is made by transferring the outlines of design to a piece of plate glass and tracing them with lampblack. The details of the ornament are then filled in with bronze colors—gold and green, for instance—and the background painted black with oil color, which must not contain any siccatif, to prevent peeling off. When bronze and oil colors are quite dry and any little defects repaired, the glass plate is inserted in the wooden top of the table.

Easy Ways With Water Colors.

Use a double thick water color paper, as it is more spongy and porous, holding the moisture longer and not drying so quickly as the lighter makes. Thus hard edges and water lines can be avoided.

A simple way to stretch it is to take a common stretcher used for canvas, and after wetting one side of the paper tack it upon the stretcher in the same manner that a canvas is put on, pulling it as tightly as possible without tearing the paper. When it is dry, it will be shrunken perfectly tight and will work without blistering

Draw the study carefully with a hard pencil or a brush and weak color, or if one does not feel equal to drawing it a perforated pattern can be obtained and the design transferred to the paper, says Modern Priscilla, the source of these hints.

Ex-President Hayes' Suavity.

Ex-President Hayes was never known to talk on politics after his retirement from the White House. Numberless attempts were made to induce him to answer even one question, but he always politely but immovably refused. Yet he was never known to decline seeing a newspaper man, even at the most intempestive hour. It was indeed a pleasure to talk with him about other affairs when he had in his own quiet, dignified, unassailable way explained that under no conditions would he consent to discuss politics.—Chicago Post.

All Depends.

New Reporter—Do we say the "Chicago fair" or the "World's fair?"

Eastern Editor—I am not sure yet. If it turns out well, it is the World's fair, but if it is a fizzle we shall credit it to Chicago.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE KIND THAT CURES

MISS GERTIE S. COWLES, Montgomery, Mass.

TWO YEARS OF AGONY.

FIVE Remedies and :: ::
FOUR Physicians Failed. ::

"DANA'S CURED ME."

DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.,
GENTLEMEN—I wish to tell you of the wonderful cure DANA'S SARSAPARILLA has done for me.
For two years I suffered agony with my back and side, also my stomach, caused by the effects of La Grippe. My stomach would retain no food and I could not be down for the terrible pain in my back and side—was reduced in flesh to 97 lbs. My friends despaired of my recovery. One of your papers containing testimonials of the wonderful cures came to my hands. I resolved to try DANA'S. From the first I began to improve. I have taken two bottles and am well, and in three weeks I gained 13 lbs. Pain every minute a few months ago—now perfectly well. Thank the Lord! I know

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

cured me as I had tried five different remedies and four Physicians without any benefit.
Yours respectfully, MISS GERTIE S. COWLES
Montgomery, Mass.
The truth of the above is certified to by L. W. PETTIS, School Committee; LEWIS T. ALLYN, Town Clerk and Treasurer; L. O. MOORE, Chairman of Selectmen and Assessors, and MRS. H. C. KEZER.
Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

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insertion, and extra insertions for Half price. Try it and see how it will pay.

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BACK TO THE OLD HOME AGAIN.

VICTOR PIEL

Having closed out his branch store at 167 Central Street, in the future can be found at his old store,

COR. CENTRAL AND NORTH STS.

Where all kinds of new and second-hand furniture can be bought at lowest prices

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Practical Plumbers AND Sanitary Engineers.

Also Steam, Gas and Water Fitters. We also carry a large line of Gas Fixtures at lowest prices.

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House and Fresco Painter and Paper Hanger

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AGENTS,

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The price of bread has been reduced.

Large Loaves to 8 Cents

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A NICE OFFICE, suitable for doctor or dentist, to let in THE SUN building. Rent very low.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

PROPHECY VERIFIED.

A Few Rule the Earth, and the Many Are Without Hope.

Can We Look the Situation In the Face and Think What It Means?—Elements That Never Entered Into Our Past Calculations—Possibilities Through Unity.

Fifteen years ago I heard this prophecy:

"The time will come when there will be thousands upon thousands of people who will have no place to go, nothing to eat, nothing to wear and nothing to do. Every civilized country will see this same condition, for the land and all it contains can be bought and sold—it will become the property of a few men. A piece of parchment gives them the right to drive all other human beings from it. These beings, having nothing but the labor of their hands to offer in exchange for their needs, will compete with each other until they will work for almost nothing. The time will come when no one will need or demand the labor of more than a small number of them. They will possess no raw materials; they will not be allowed to make their own medium of exchange, so they cannot work for one another. What will be left for them? The sea? The air? Will death quickly and pitifully remove them? Or will they cling to existence, painfully, slowly shifting and dying, their misery prolonged by the sufferance of alms or the risks and degradation of crime? The ruin and destruction of civilization will come unless the course of civilization shall change."

How much of the prophecy has come to pass? Dare the cities, with their hordes of clamorous hungry at the doors, answer? Can we look the situation in the face and think what it means?

In vain it is urged that this is an emergency; that a crisis is upon us; that some mysterious, causeless condition places really worthy working men in idleness and want; that we have only to be "charitable" to tide things over to the time when we shall reach some inexplicable good somewhere in the future. No one can assure us that it is true, or what is to come out of chaos to relieve the situation. Nothing but the old faiths, the old reliance in the teachings of an always mistaken past, can so assure us.

We believe, of course, that somehow, some time, these crowds of hungry unemployed will disappear, because—because they never entered into our calculations; they are not an essential element of a free society (and such it is supposed we have); they are an unexpected, unpleasant factor in a problem we had believed was nearly solved. Their existence spoils all the teachings of our good old conventional code, our patriotism, our fine old thrifty proverbs—all with which we have been nurtured throughout our lives. We may lay their existence to accident, to bad management of parties, to the ignorance of the working classes in clamoring for more than they get, but accidents and mistakes can be rectified. And so we continue to establish souphouses and breezy lodging places, to rake up scavenger work for educated men to do in return for charity tickets, to jail starving petty thieves, to coax, bribe or silence the desperate, dangerous, clamorous horde, pending the time when it will all miraculously cease.

How can we be so certain? How can we know that the present situation is not the slow outgrowth of deep lying, long existing causes, working through the strata of ages, flinging up wrecks of humanity like driftwood and threatening destruction all along its way? How can we know that peace will come soon when this mighty force is still at work among the foundations of society?

For what has made misery in all the centuries past is making a climax of misery in this the end of the nineteenth century. The earth is still bought and sold. Its owners may turn it into vast hunting grounds, pleasure fields or syndicate farms, to the destruction of happy homes for the masses. The richest corporations can yet secure the greatest privileges. The common people, disorganized, defenseless, needy, must struggle on, receiving the least that will support life in return for their toil. Is it not plain that as long as this is true the armies of the destitute, the idle, the starving, must ever be on the increase?

Up to within a few years the vast rich expanse of our continent has been a never failing resource for the population crowded out of the centers of industry and trade. Even under the worst possible schemes for absorbing the wealth of the country, absolute poverty by the wholesale has not until recently appeared. But even a continent has limits, and when it is being given away, not in homes, but in corporation tracts by the millions of acres, the end must come some time. Where now can the people go for homes? Only to the deserts, the fastnesses of the mountains, the inaccessible lands, for all else is "fenced round with a parchment scroll."

To whom can they apply to sell their labor? Only the few rich can buy it, and their servants are plentiful. Besides, they have harnessed the forces of nature to wheels of steel to do their bidding, and the hands of these needy millions are not wanted. So here they are, these despoiled beings for whom it seems no one has any use. What is to be the outcome? They cannot always subsist on charity. Even now the little that the rich have given through fear is almost diminished. The pitiful sums that the poorer classes can raise are not sufficient. All that can be procured by sympathy or extortion (it has been made a condition of employment in many places that the employee give a day's wages to the relief fund) will not answer to keep these throngs from starvation and crime. Soup kitchens and lodging houses will not always serve as the homes of worthy workingmen. Even proposed schemes for conjuring up work to be paid for at pauper rates will not always keep the throngs quiet. What of the future?

Perhaps some readjustment of affairs will apparently ease the situation for a time, and poverty may slink partly out of sight. But there will be no security. This cannot come until there is a great change and human relations shall have been arranged on a new basis. The people must regain their own—the land and all its resources—and class legislation, class privileges, must forever cease. To accomplish this the people must organize. They must realize that they have a common cause and unite for it; they must meet, discuss and agitate; they must educate themselves and one another. To a united body, vast as the continent and no longer ignorant, all things are possible.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

Chicago.

Relief Through Public Works.

One point ought to be clear—namely, that to make work for the sake of helping is again a doubtful charity. Such makeshift work generally enters into competition with some regular industry or trade, and thus far tends to injure those who otherwise are doing for themselves. On large general lines I think it may be stated that any work which enters into competition thus with regularly established trades and industries is dangerous. The one line of work which is clear of this objection is the development of public works. The East Side Relief association, in seeking to set the unemployed to work in cleaning the streets, presents no moral difficulty whatever. True, enough is spent on this task now to do it rightly, but as a fact is not done rightly and will not be done rightly under the present city government.

To the extent therefore that private charity enables the unemployed to go to work as a supplementary street cleaning force, good, and only good, is accomplished. The men thus employed are given work, and their families cared for, and the streets kept clean, and disease prevented. How large a body of unemployed might be set at work to keep the streets thoroughly clean I cannot state. Judging from the dirt that prevails everywhere today, we might set many thousands of men at work over the length and breadth of the city and for once in our lifetime have the satisfaction of seeing a clean New York. To do this would be an object lesson worthy of its cost. If Tammany Hall will undertake this, it will go far to condone some of its great wrongs.—Rev. R. Heber Newton.

The Church Neglects the Poor.

Rev. Dr. G. W. Gray delivered an address recently before 300 Methodist clergymen in Chicago, in which he said:

In a Christian government at least the opportunity to earn a bare subsistence should be afforded by the state. But if the state does not do it the church should. There are over 500 churches in Chicago. That means 500 houses with 500 paid superintendents, around whom are gathered official boards made up of the most influential men in the neighborhood. With such vantage ground the Christian church should know every man, woman and child; their needs, and be ready to meet them; their possibilities, and be ready to develop them.

Investigation touching the typical manufacturing cities of the United States shows that church neglect of the poorer classes is rapidly increasing. The poor are greater in number than the well to do class, yet but few are in the wealthier and stronger Protestant churches. If they were they would learn of each other's wants, they would assist each other and a desire to work would be met by opportunity. We fear that many of our wealthier churches have practically signed a release to the devil of all interest in the poor of the community. If the church was doing its duty toward the working classes there would be fewer poor in the world. If the working classes were converted the unemployed as a class would cease. It is possible—nay, we may say probable—if the church was as earnest and spent as much money to save the poorer classes as to save the wealthier classes the problem of the unemployed would need no solution.

Professor Peabody's Plan.

Professor Francis G. Peabody of Harvard university delivered an interesting lecture the other night in Assembly hall, New York, on the "Educational Side of Charitable Work." He said the tendency of population was toward the cities. Unless there were some compensating efflux the social fabric in our cities would become rotten. This, Professor Peabody said, was the main reason why the worst conditions of poverty were to be found in cities.

To keep the social circulation pure and healthy an efflux must be established, and his plan was to found colonies in the country made up of the poor of the city. This alone, he said, would relieve the cities of their congestion. His plan was to divide the colonies into two classes, "voluntary" and "involuntary." In the former there would be those who were able and willing to work, and in the latter would be those who were unwilling to work or unable to work through weakness brought on by vice. Inducements should be made to keep the first class away from the cities, and some coercive measures might be used to keep the involuntary class in the colonies.

The First Scale of Wages.

The earliest known scale of wages is that fixed for the whole Roman empire by the Emperor Diocletian in A. D. 303. A shepherd was to be paid 20 cents a day; a day laborer and a mule driver received the same as the shepherd; a baker got 40 cents, and the same was paid to the masons and carpenters and smiths. Stonecutters got 50 cents and painters 65 cents. A brickmaker got 24 cents per 100 bricks; a sheep shearer got $1.60 per 100 pounds. A common schoolmaster received 60 cents a month for each pupil; one who taught Greek or geometry, $2 per month. A lawyer's fee was $12.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

A Citizen of a New Jersey Town In a Vision Sees the Sorrow of the Son of Man.

It was the day before Christmas. I had just come from church, where I had listened to a Christmas sermon. Sitting in my easy chair I began to dream. I dreamed it was Christmas day—not warm and sunny, but a chill day, and a bitter wind was blowing. The streets wore a holiday aspect. Well dressed men and women passed along with the gay greeting of "Merry Christmas!" Suddenly I saw among them a man who was poorly clad, and whose face was exceedingly sad. He greeted no one, and no one greeted him, but he spoke as if to himself.

I drew near to listen and heard him say, "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." He walked on a little way, the crowd paying no heed to him, till he stopped at the foot of a tree to which was nailed an inscription. The inscription was on cloth, so that it might be strong enough to resist the wind and rain. The cloth was nailed at the corners, and on each side and around the nail heads were tin rings, so that by no possibility could it tear itself away.

The sad face of the man grew sadder yet as he read the words printed on the cloth:

TRAMPS.

Notice is hereby given that the tramp act will be strictly enforced in this township from this date. All persons without visible means of support will take notice accordingly. By order of township committee.

Westfield township, Aug. 30, 1893.

As he stood reading, some in the crowd observed him and nudged each other and winked, and one said, "Wonder if he thinks it's a sign directing him to free lodgings."

"Maybe he thinks it tells where to find a 'Free Employment Bureau' that guarantees profitable work for all who are willing and able to do it," said another.

"He doesn't know much about this town, or he wouldn't suspect us of any such fool sentimentalisms as those," said a third.

Then the one who had been reading the tramp sign said in a deep and solemn voice: "Woe unto you, Westfield! For I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; I was hungry and ye fed me not, naked and ye clothed me not."

Then I knew it was the Lord come to earth again. And I cried out, "Forgive us, Lord; we knew thee not!"

And he answered, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not to me," and he was gone before any could stay him. And the air grew more chill, and the wind grew more bitter, and the people looked in each other's faces with awe and shame.

Then one who was taller than the others reached up, and with a strong hand tore down the cloth and threw it to the people, and they stamped it in the mire. And they said with one accord, "At least, if we can do nothing, we will no longer advertise to needy strangers our weakness or poverty or cowardice or stinginess or inhumanity." And every man went to his own house.

Then I awoke, and, behold, it was a dream, and the shame and reproach of Westfield remain even to this day.

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

Westfield, N. J.

Two Courageous Young Women.

A Vienna correspondent reports that two female socialist orators have been sentenced in Vienna—Charlotte Glass to four months' imprisonment and Amelia Riba to a fortnight's imprisonment. The first made offensive remarks about the archdukes; the second spoke slightingly of the legislative assembly.

Fraulein Glass spoke some time ago with great ability from her point of view at a women's meeting in the open air, not far from Schonbrunn. She is a comely young woman of 20, of the Jewish confession, and looked very enthusiastic on that occasion in a sailor hat, her hair blown about her face by the wind. She considered no subject too tough—politics and political economy, the education of women, the army expenses, the Liberal leaders and the president of the cabinet. All came in their turn, and she gave it them hot.

Amelia Riba is younger still—not much more than 17—and by her firmness caused 600 factory girls to strike for six weeks, by which means they obtained somewhat more humane treatment than 12 hours' work a day and 6 shillings a week wages. I have heard this girl talk very much to the purpose for two hours at a stretch. Both young women are uncommonly pretty.

Tramps In Germany.

In Germany it is contrary to law for any person to be unemployed for a longer period than six weeks without making persistent efforts to find something to do. Any neglect of this law subjects the idle one to a penalty of arrest and confinement in the workhouse for from two weeks to six months. Any one found begging is subject to summary treatment in the same manner.

Suppose a tramp is trudging along a country road; he is liable to be overtaken at any moment by a mounted policeman, who overhauls him and demands to see the certificate from his last employer that he is bound to carry with him. If he has none, he is at once placed under arrest, and if he has one and it is dated back longer than six weeks the same treatment is dealt out to him. An organization exists for the execution of this law. It is known as the Verein Gegen Bettelei. The members of this society have iron signs attached to their doors, the effect of which is to keep away all beggars. When a tramp sees one of those signs, he shuns that house as he would a plague.—Chicago Post.

Her Point of View.

Miss Upton of New York—One does not mind running across to Europe now a bit.

Miss Hill of Brooklyn (a few minutes later)—When are you coming over to see me, dear?

Miss Upton—Oh, dear, I don't know. You live so far away.—New York Herald.

He Started the Machinery.

"It's a pretty good rule not to let your left hand know what your right hand is doing."

"Well, I don't know about that. I know a fellow in a woodworking establishment who lost his left hand that way."—Detroit Tribune.

When They Retire.

Blinks—I hear that Mr. Greatman will never run for another office.

Jinks—Goodness me! When did he die?—New York Weekly.

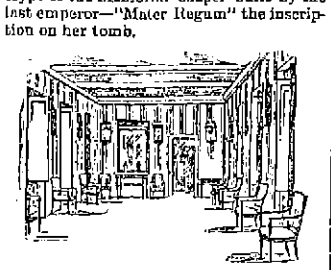
AJACCIO.

Birthplace of the Great Napoleon and Oldest Town In Corsica.

Very ancient is the history of Ajaccio, the capital as well as the oldest town of Corsica. Mentioned by Ptolemy under the name Urcinium, it was known as Adjusium in the middle ages. The modern town, with the citadel, was founded about 1492 by the Bank of St. George of Genoa, a company analogous to the East India company, and in 1559 the French under Marechal Thermes obtained possession of Ajaccio only to yield it again, however, six years later by the treaty of Chateau Cambresis to that hated and tyrannous rule.

Space fails to follow the vicissitudes of the island to its present position of a French department, but there is one name, Napoleon Bonaparte, which can never be forgotten in Ajaccio, and almost every street and sight speaks of him and his family. His marble figure surmounts the fountain in the Place du Marche, but far finer is the bronze monument by Viollet-le-Duc in the Place Bonaparte, with the first emperor on horseback in the middle, looking seaward, and his brothers—Joseph, Lucien, Louis, Jerome—standing at each corner, all five in Roman togas and Napoleon with a laurel wreath upon his head.

The chief sight of Ajaccio is the three storied house in the Place Letizia where he was born, and it is pathetic to wander through the rooms, with their quaint, old fashioned furniture faded and passing to decay, and think of the strange experiences of the eight young lives which began so merrily within them. The nursery and Napoleon's little sleeping room are shown, and an interesting creche, or representation of the nativity, with ivory figures, which he brought from Egypt as a present for his mother. The house and little garden in front belong now to the Empress Eugenie, who, in one room, has placed a delightful little boyish bust of the late prince imperial. In the Hotel de Ville are many interesting relics of the Bonaparte family, notably busts of Napoleon, his mother and little son, and a portrait of his father, Carlo-Maria, the notary. Carlo-Maria is buried at Montpellier, but his wife Letitia lies in the crypt of the Memorial chapel built by the last emperor—"Mater Regum" the inscription on her tomb.



SALON IN HOUSE WHERE NAPOLEON WAS BORN.

This chapel is attached to the College Fesch, a large public school for boys founded in 1822, one wing of which contains the fine library of 80,000 volumes once the property of Cardinal Fesch, Napoleon's uncle, and a large collection of poor pictures, also his, presented to the town by King Joseph of Spain. There are, however, good engravings and a really charming statue of the little king of Rome. A touching mark of loyal feeling toward the Bonapartes is shown in Count Pozzo di Borgo's new villa on a height above Ajaccio, the decorative pillars and panels of its exterior being brought from the ruins of the palace of the Tuileries.

The Size of Australia.

The vastness of Australia is not generally appreciated. The Industrial world computes that the seven colonies between them occupy a territory greater than that of the United States, excluding Alaska. New South Wales alone is as large as the 13 original states. Tasmania, the Rhode Island of Australia, is as large as that state, with New Jersey, New Hampshire and Massachusetts added. Victoria, the smallest colony of the continent, is equal in size to Great Britain. Queensland surpasses the united areas of Australia, France, and Germany. South Australia, one-third greater than Queensland, is nearly as large as western Australia, which of itself has nearly four times the extent of Texas, while the two colonies together are larger than the whole of Europe without Russia. The total population is about 4,000,000.

A Sure Sign.

The Debutante—I despise all men!

Miss Oldish—Oh! I didn't know you were so much in love as all that.—Chicago Record.

The Pleasures of the Dance.

Don' talk 'bout yer charmans 'r yer minyoccts t' me
Fer all dat fancy spielin, well, jes' makes me tired—see?
Some folks, I know, is stuck on it an thinks it mere den nice,
But longside 'f some udder, why, it doesn' cut no ice!
Youse want t' go down wit' der gang to Monumental hall
T' see 'r spiel wot is 'r spiel wit'out no frills 't all,
I tell youse wot yer minoccts 'r charmans be der score
Won't give youse ha' der pleasure when youse gets out on der floor.
An youse goes spielin, spielin,
I can't describe der foolin,
But when youse onct has been dere youse'll say it's more den fine
F' spiel 'rway t' "Daisy" 'r "Der Girl I Left Behin."

Der bloke wot leads der orchistrer jes' knows wot he's 'bout,
He never gives youse worn out tunes, but jes' der lates' out.
An when d'y plays 'r Sousa march 'r some soug 'r der day,
"Say, Jimmy, yonse could live on dat," youse hear some fellers say.
I'll let youse know der night when one 'f dem is runin roun,
So youse an me an all der gang kin all 'f us go down,
An don' be skeered 'f been t'rown down, but waltz up t' 'r girl,
An 'fore youse know jes' where youse is yer off into der whirl—
"I'ut youse a'ms 'r 'roun me, honey,
Even dough youse have no money"—
Der orchistrer is playin now 'r schottishe light an gay,
An wit' yer heart jes' like yer feet youse spiel der night 'rway.

—Boston Globe.

Small Chocolate Cakes.

Cream one-half pound of butter, then work into it 2 ounces of finely grated chocolate and 4 ounces powdered sugar. Beat it all together for 10 minutes, then add by degrees 4 whole eggs and 4 ounces flour. Work it again for quarter of an hour, then pour it into a papered and buttered baking tin previously dusted with equal parts of powdered sugar and flour, and bake for half an hour. When cold, cut it into any shapes you please, coat it with chocolate icing, and garnish with cocoanut.

Those Girls.

"Well, Maud, I hear you are engaged to Jack."

"Yes."

"Well, I congratulate you. He was about the nicest fiance I ever had."—Exchange.

Why Not.

If you are economizing why not look over your printing bills and see if you are not paying too much for printing. Call at this office and get prices on your work, and see if we cannot save money for you.

Get all your printing done at the Sun office.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MANY USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL USES FOR SCREENS.

Fancy Knitting—The Housekeepers New Fad—Interior Domestic Fittings—Culinary Recipes.

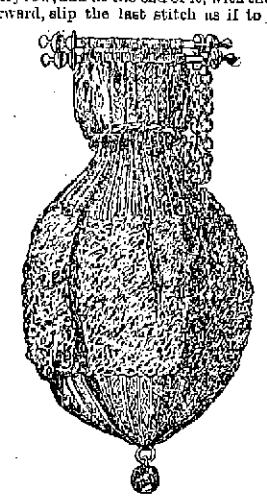
Among the useful objects and necessary pieces of furniture which have become as essential as the tables and chairs of the household Good Housekeeping names the screens of today as a wonderful adjunct. Their form and size are about the same through all the varieties that are put on the market, except in those that for fashion's sake are fantastic in shape. And then what a need they fill! If the dining room is near the kitchen, the screen plays the part of a go between and does faithful duty. On a cold night, when at all costs ventilation is necessary, it is the screen which comes between the inmates and the cold air from outside, giving shelter from the wintry blasts.

In the apartment they serve to hide the radiator, that iron warming place which, although gilded, looms hideous in halls and rooms. If a screen is put before it, the warm air still flows upward and seems to emanate from the pretty flowers and brilliant birds adorning the charming panels. For the cozy corner, how delightful! It shuts out the world and invites to pleasant slumber. It gently stands between us and those unkind visions which trouble the eyes. When the fire is too strong, and its cheerful glow reddens and flushes our faces, the screen is the ready helper in the time of need. It is the invalid's best friend, and forms, as it were, a wall between her and the eddies of air that seem to beat upon her face. On the broad piazza it is the hide and seek, and by the aid of its three divisions one can enjoy the sunshine and air unseen.

Fancy Knitting.

This purse is knitted with four needles and coarse purse twist. Two colors are used, and a part of the purse is knitted with two silks used together. Two skeins of each color are required and a set of fancy bars of wood or metal, with ring and chain attached to them, and a tassel. Any two colors can be used—old gold, with black, or crimson or blue.

With blue silk cast on one pin 86 stitches, leaving an end with which the purse is afterward to be joined on to the bars. Knit 1, purl 1 for 12 rows, knit the first stitch of every row, and at the end of it, with the silk forward, slip the last stitch as if to purl.



SILK PURSE.

Cut off the silk, and upon another needle knit 12 rows the same; then use four pins, join the two parts and knit 1, purl 1 for 2 rounds.

Now change the silk, and with gold knit 1, purl 1 for 22 rounds. Join the blue silk and use the blue and gold together.

First Round*—Put the silks over the needle, round from the back toward the left hand and knit 2 together; repeat from * all round.

Second Round—Knit plain, taking the long stitch through at the back of it and the next stitch at the front. If the stitches seem obscure, just raise the left hand needle to clear them. Repeat these two rounds till there are 13 or 14 patterns. After the first round of this pattern, you knit 2 double stitches together—i. e., two stitches of the double silk. The remainder of the purse is knitted with single silk of either color; cut off one of them and fasten the end.

Knit 7 rounds plain, then reduce the purse gradually to the tassel. Knit 7. Knit 2 together; repeat all round. Knit a round plain. Knit 6. Knit 2 together; repeat. Knit a round plain. Continue to decrease in this way, and, lastly, knit 2 together all round, draw up the few remaining stitches and sew on the tassel.

Sew the purse firmly on the bars with buttonhole stitch.

The Housekeeper's New Fad.

For the past eight or ten years plates, large and small, thin and heavy, severely simple and wonderfully extravagant in decoration, have held first place in the hearts of housekeepers who delight in the giving of dinners whereat many changes of china are necessary. The smart and friendly rivalry between women who can indulge their fancy for plate collecting has been carried to the utmost, and now, says The Decorator and Furnisher, Venetian glass has suddenly become wonderfully popular with the women whose purses are never more than half empty. In the shops, where all delicate and breakable wares are generously exposed under broad stretches of plate glass windows, whole shelves are filled with crystal vases, goblets, bowls and cups, tenderly tinted as the rainbow, full of color as a field of wild flowers and fragile as the robin's egg.

Apple and Rice Pudding.

One quart of boiled rice, 3 pints of quartered apples, washed and cored without peeling, one-half cupful of sugar, a cupful of boiling water. Place in an earthen pudding dish, alternating apples and rice, with a layer of apples on top pressed closely together into the rice, with skin side up. Bake an hour.

Fig Filling For Cake.

Stew one-half pound of chopped figs in a strup made of one-fourth cupful of water and half cupful of sugar. Spread this when it is quite thick. It is excellent. Another nice filling may be made by using raisins instead of figs, treating them in the same way.

A Noble Ambition.

Cholly—I am tired of letting paw support me, and I've made up my mind to become independent of him, don't you know.

Miss Billion—I think that a very noble ambition.

Cholly—Yaas. I've determined to settle down and marry some nice, rich girl like you, don't you know.—New York Weekly.

Taking No Risks.

Strawber—I want to get a serviceable suit—one that I can wear at the World's fair.

Tailor—Are you going to wear that suit out to the World's fair, sir?

Strawber—Certainly I am.

Tailor—Then I shall have to ask you to pay in advance.—Detroit Free Press.

GOOD HEALTH.

DIRECTIONS FOR AVOIDING DANGEROUS COLDS.

The Infection of Diphtheria—Ingrowing Nails—For Art Amateurs—Bracket For Painting—Water Colors.

Here is a little bit of really valuable advice for this season of the year, taken from the columns of a medical journal: Keep your mouth shut. If people would only do this, they would avoid colds and coughs and oftimes serious illness. The prescription is a very simple one, and not even the merit of originality can be claimed for it, but it undoubtedly is efficacious.

Mr. Catlin, the celebrated traveler among the North American Indians, discovered that they were free from many of the diseases which afflict civilized nations, and he attributed this exemption to the practice of keeping their mouths closed at almost all times, except when they are eating or talking. The mothers teach the children this from their earliest infancy. And does it not stand to reason that it is better to breathe through the nostrils the chilly air when leaving a heated room for the street, or even when going into a cold passage, than letting it go straight to the lungs in an ordinary way? Mr. Catlin declares that "Shut your mouth" is the most important motto which the human language can convey.

The Infection of Diphtheria.

Commenting on reported results of recent researches in diphtheria by the bacteriological bureau of the New York health department, The Herald says: "The power to transmit the infection of diphtheria, it is found, lingers sometimes for as much as 12 days and occasionally three or four weeks in patients who have made an apparently perfect recovery from this most deadly disease. In other words, the infection may have lost its pathogenic power in a person who has suffered from it, while others who have not been inoculated with the poison may be liable to take it from the convalescent.

"In this view of diphtheria a new duty devolves on teachers in all schools, especially in the public schools. It is not enough to prevent a scholar who has had diphtheria from mingling with the other pupils during the period of incubation and convalescence. The spread of the disease, it seems, can only be checked by keeping a diphtheria patient from school until a bacteriological examination shows that he no longer carries the germs of the disease. This may work hardship to some pupils, but it is better for a few to bear with a considerable detention from school than to endanger the lives of his fellow scholars."

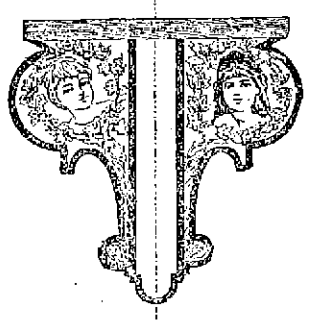
Ingrowing Toe Nail.

People suffering from that very painful and troublesome thing, an ingrowing toe nail, may be glad to hear of a simple cure suggested in an exchange: Just apply to the tender part a very little tincture of perchloride of iron. This will cause the tender surface to dry up and will relieve the pain. Let the hardened flesh remain for a week or two, when it may be removed by soaking the feet in warm water. As soon as relief from pain has been effected by means of the iron cut the toe nail straight across the top and clip a V shaped nick in the middle. This will incline the nail to draw or grow away from the flesh at the sides and assume its proper shape. As ill fitting shoes are often as much the cause of this painful trouble as an improper manner of trimming the toe nails, only those which are of a reasonable size and good shape should be worn.

PAINTING ON WOOD AND GLASS

Various Pretty and Useful Articles Decorated In This Way.

Amateurs seem to be devoting some attention to the decoration of various articles in wood, almost anything that affords a smooth surface being suitable for this pur-



BRACKET FOR PAINTING.

suit. Table tops, the backs of toilet brushes brackets and foot stools represent articles recently noted.

An attractive bracket is painted with children's heads, surrounded by wreaths of vine leaves. After the outlines of the design have been traced on the wood with lampblack, the details are filled in with vandyke brown, the frame lines being painted black, as indicated in the illustration. The design for the support—on both sides alike—is a conventional pattern carried out in black. The same simple designs can be used for the back if preferred to the two heads.

A handsome table top is made by transferring the outlines of design to a piece of plate glass and tracing them with lampblack. The details of the ornament are then filled in with bronze colors—gold and green, for instance—and the background painted black with oil color, which must not contain any siccatif, to prevent peeling off. When bronze and oil colors are quite dry and any little defects repaired, the glass plate is inserted in the wooden top of the table.

Easy Ways With Water Colors.

Use a double thick water color paper, as it is more spongy and porous, holding the moisture longer and not drying so quickly as the lighter makes. Thus hard edges and water lines can be avoided.

A simple way to stretch it is to take a common stretcher used for canvas, and after wetting one side of the paper tack it upon the stretcher in the same manner that a canvas is put on, pulling it as tightly as possible without tearing the paper. When it is dry, it will be shrunken perfectly tight and will work without blistering.

Draw the study carefully with a hard pencil or a brush and weak color, or if one does not feel equal to drawing it a perforated pattern can be obtained and the design transferred to the paper, says Modern Priscilla, the source of these hints.

Ex-President Hayes' Sanity.

Ex-President Hayes was never known to talk on politics after his retirement from the White House. Numberless attempts were made to induce him to answer even one question, but he always politely but immovably refused. Yet he was never known to decline seeing a newspaper man, even at the most intempestive hour. It was indeed a pleasure to talk with him about other affairs when he had in his own quiet, dignified, unassailable way explained that under no conditions would he consent to discuss politics.—Chicago Post.

All Dispatch.

New Reporter—Do we say the "Chicago fair" or the "World's fair?"

Eastern Editor—I am not sure yet. If it turns out well, it is the World's fair, but if it is a fizzle we shall credit it to Chicago.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE KIND THAT CURES

MISS GERTIE S. COWLES, Montgomery, Mass.

TWO YEARS OF AGONY.

FIVE Remedies and :: ::
FOUR Physicians Failed. ::

"DANA'S CURED ME."

DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.,

GENTLEMEN:—I wish to tell you of the wonderful cure DANA'S SARSAPARILLA has done for me.

For two years I suffered agony with my back and side, also my stomach, caused by the effects of La Grippe. My stomach would retain no food and I could not lie down for the terrible pain in my back and side—was reduced in flesh to 97 lbs. My friends despaired of my recovery. One of your papers containing testimonials of the wonderful cures came to my hands. I resolved to try DANA'S. From the first I began to improve. Have taken two bottles and am well, and in five weeks I gained 33 lbs. Pain every minute a few months ago—now perfectly well. Thank the Lord! I know

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

Cured me as I had tried five different remedies and four Physicians without any benefit.

Yours respectfully,
MISS GERTIE S. COWLES.

Montgomery, Mass.

The truth of the above is certified to by E. W. PERRIN, School Committee; LEWIS T. ALLYN, Town Clerk and Treasurer; L. O. MOORE, Chairman of Selectmen and Assessors, and Mrs. H. C. KELSO.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

G. W. Harrington & Bro.,

Manufacturers of the Finest Carbonated Soda Beverages in the City. The choicest line of

Lager and Stock Ales

In the city. Family Trade a Specialty. Order by Telephone 318-4.

CORNER WINTER AND DAVIS STS.

E. E. HILL,

297 Central Street, Opp. Church.

Wishes to call the attention of the city that he has a complete line of BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS at prices which will defy competition. Call and examine our $2.00 BOOTS before you purchase elsewhere.

Do You Know

That you can put Want Ads. in THE SUN for One Cent a Word for the first

insertion, and extra insertions for Half price. Try it and see how it will pay.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY,

LOWELL, MASS.

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

ESTABLISHED 1852. - - - CHARTERED 1865.

This school continues the careful training and thorough instruction in every department for which it has hitherto been so favorably known. For particulars address: The Superior.

BACK TO THE OLD HOME AGAIN.

VICTOR PHIL

Having closed out his branch store at 167 Central Street, in the future can be found at his old store,

COR. CENTRAL AND NORTH STS.

Where all kinds of new and second-hand furniture can be bought at lowest prices

Farrell & Conaton

55 DUTTON ST.,

Practical Plumbers

AND

Sanitary Engineers.

Also Steam, Gas and Water Fitters. We also carry a large line of Gas Fixtures at lowest prices.

M. W. MILLER,

House and Fresco Painter and Paper Hanger,

82 WILLIE STREET.

Wall Papers supplied at wholesale rates. Get my prices before going elsewhere.

PETER J. BRADY,

GROCER.

190½ Gorham Street.

Choice Teas, Coffees and Spices. Try our "BIG TWELVE," brand of flour the best in the city.

INSURANCE.

In all its Branches placed at once in some of the Oldest and Strongest Companies doing business in the United States.

COBURN & SHERMAN,

AGENTS,

41 MERRIMACK STREET.

This agency is the result of a consolidation of all companies and business of the firms of George W. Coburn & Son and F. W. Sherman, now located at 41 Merrimack street.

McNaughton's Bakery.

The price of bread has been reduced.

Large Loaves to 8 Cents

—AND—

Small Loaves to 4 Cents.

The Bread is Second to None in the City.

Bakery, Cor. Market and Dummer Streets.

A NICE OFFICE, suitable for doctor or dentist, to let in THE SUN building. Rent very low.

SUSPENSE

Rests Heavily on the Industrial Interests.

STOCK OF MANUFACTURED GOODS NOW EXHAUSTED.

Increased Demand For Goods Generally Felt.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

Improvement in business still appears in many directions, but it seems to be in part balanced by loss in others. The gradual gain which began some time ago, and was strengthened a little by the success of the treasury loan, has scarcely answered expectations. Doubtless the uncertainty remains with the tariff bill yet in the senate, and currency measures of importance pending in the house has some hindering influence, but there is still seen an increase in the demand for many kinds of goods, because of the exhaustion of stock in the hands of dealers by a consumption which, though less than usual, is nevertheless greater than in any other country.

Crop reports were expected to cause a great advance in wheat, but the price has dropped to 63 1-8 cents cash, the lowest point ever known in this market, and both here and at Chicago May wheat has gone lower than ever.

Hog products and coffee were substantially unchanged.

Cotton rose 1-16 in spite of visible stocks exceeding half the world's consumption for a year, and a decrease of 20 per cent compared with last year in takings of northern spinners. Speculative forces on either side, rather than the facts of supply and demand, govern at present.

Decline In Exchanges.

The volume of domestic trade does not materially increase, exchanges indicating a decline compared with last year of 19.5 per cent elsewhere, and 34.9 per cent at New York.

The decrease in shipments of boots and shoes from Boston for the week was only 14 per cent, but trading runs so largely to low-priced goods that in value the decrease in business is greater.

Textile manufactures are gaining a little. Inquiry discloses larger stocks of cotton goods held by dealers than was supposed, and quite a large proportion of mills are likely to close before long, unless orders increase, but the number reported starting is again several times the number reported closing.

Sales of wool were decidedly larger last week, 5,773,040 pounds, against 8,855,750 last year, and the markets were all more active, but this week are comparatively quiet.

Democrats Asked to Chip In.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 10.—The Democratic state central committee has issued a letter to the Democrats of the state calling for subscriptions to the election fund. It requests all office holders, both state and national, to contribute according to their salaries, and fixes the amounts they are expected to give. The letter is vigorously denounced by leading Democratic papers.

Shortening Hours of Labor.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Feb. 10.—Time in the Stark mills, beginning next Monday, will be reduced to eight hours a day and five days a week. Notices were posted in the Manchester mills that a similar reduction in time would be made in the worsted departments. The Jefferson mill, on the other hand, is working until 10 o'clock at night, to catch up with orders.

Famous Confederate Dead.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 10.—General Lucien B. Northop, commissioner general of the confederate states of America, died at Pikesville, yesterday, aged 83 years. Before and during the war he was a close friend of Jefferson Davis. Colonel Northop served in the United States army and had been an inmate of the Confederate Soldiers' home about a year.

Reed Spoke at Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 10.—A mass meeting in the interests of Galusha E. Grow, Republican candidate for congressman-at-large, was held last night at the Academy of Music. Thomas B. Reed was the principal speaker. Mr. Reed's remarks were directed entirely to the question of protection and the criticism of the present administration.

Away Ahead of Ives.

BOSTON, Feb. 10.—Billiardist Schaefer showed a pace last night that was altogether too fast for "Napoleon" Ives, beating him 600 to 402, and incidentally beating all records for the 14-inch balk line game, anchor barred, rolling up the total of 271 in a single inning. One previous record, 203, was made by Ives at Chicago.

Hard at Work.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The Democratic sub-committee engaged in shaping the tariff bill continued its work from early morn till late last night. Senator Voorhees is hopeful the bill may be completed by the latter part of next week.

Bank Clerks In Queer Business.

MARSEILLES, Feb. 10.—A gang of men engaged in the counterfeiting of coin has been arrested in this city. The prisoners include Tauzet, the chief clerk of a branch of the Credit Lyonnais, and Didier, his assistant.

Trotters Easily Beaten.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Feb. 10.—In a 10-mile race against five trotters here, Jack Prince, champion short distance bicyclist, easily beat the horses. Time 31:07. The race was for $250 a side and gate receipts.

Relieved of His Purse.

NEWPORT, R. I., Feb. 10.—Deputy Sheriff Kaull was robbed of $350 on a New York boat by a chance acquaintance. A man was arrested on suspicion, but the money was not recovered.

Women Must Wait.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The house committee on judiciary has rejected the bill by Representative Bill of Colorado for a constitutional amendment permitting woman suffrage.

Postoffice Safe Cracked.

NORFOLK, Feb. 10.—The postoffice at Newport News was robbed last night. The safe was cracked and $250 in money and $3000 in stamps stolen.

All Quiet at Honolulu.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 10.—The schooner Aloha arrived from Honolulu last night. She left Honolulu Jan. 23, and reports everything quiet.

Instantly Killed.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Feb. 10.—An unknown man, aged 60, was run over and instantly killed by an express train just east of this city.

Good!

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The gold reserve of $100,000,000 is once more practically intact. There was a gain yesterday of $3,832,515.

ALMOST BEYOND BELIEF.

Humane Society Agents of Pittsburg Make a Terrible Discovery.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 10.—A complaint had been entered that the family of Humphrey Morris, a miner in Bullskin township, were in a terrible state of dirt and destitution. Agents of the humane society found the family of five children huddled about the stove. They were almost naked, while the mother was standing in the center of the room perfectly nude.

The hut contained two rooms. A miserable bedstead stood in one corner, and there was a couch made of rails, straw was laid over the slats, and there the family slept without covers. All the family were black with dirt and reeking with vermin. The mother is an imbecile, and all the children, except the oldest girl, aged 12, are little better.

On the stove was an old powder can, in which some old rags were boiling, but which is also used to do the family cooking.

Morris is in the employ of the Mayer Coke company. He has been employed there for 10 years. He never drinks, is industrious, and makes $1.75 a day, never missing a day. He buys a great many groceries, such as flour, beans and barley. Twice a week he buys meat.

Morris said they used four sacks of flour a week. The entire four sacks are made into flannel cakes, which are baked on the lid of the stove, and this diet, three times a day, varied occasionally by some barley or beans, or a little fresh meat, is all they ever eat. Morris said they never had butter; they never wanted anything, he said.

Morris said his wife was an inmate of the Fayette county asylum when he married her. He said he did not dare to tell her to clean things up as she would threaten to cut the throats of the entire family. When he got her clothes she destroyed them. He said they were perfectly happy and only wanted to be let alone.

None of the children had ever been to school. The man was born and raised in Fayette City. None of the children knew what a church was.

IN CONGRESS.

Salaries of Congressmen Incidentally Touched Upon by the House.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—After the call of committees for reports in the house Mr. Bland moved to take up the consideration of his silver seigniorage bill in committee of the whole. The motion was agreed to and he concluded his speech.

Mr. Bland was frequently interrupted by questions from the members who surrounded him, and the close of his speech was marked by applause from his sympathizers.

He was followed by Mr. Stone, who antagonized the bill.

Mr. McKeighan supported the bill.

Mr. Harter spoke in opposition to the bill. In lieu of Mr. Bland's plan for tiding the government over its present financial distress, he advocated the practice of more rigid economy, and also suggested that the salaries of all government officers, including members of congress, receiving over $2500 per annum, be lowered by 25 per cent.

Mr. Walker said that congressmen did not get half enough now. They did three times as much work in comparison with their salaries as any other class of men.

Mr. Harter favored a tax of 1 cent a pound on sugar, an increase of 30 cents in the tax on spirits and a heavy tax on beer.

Mr. Kilgore advocated the bill.

The committee soon rose, and the house adjourned.

Cyclone Strikes an Indiana Town.

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind., Feb. 10.—A cyclone struck this city yesterday afternoon. It swept through a lumber yard, carrying everything before it, and then passed over the Monon and Michigan Central yards, where it carried five freight cars from the track and wrecked them.

Cutting Down Expenses.

BUFFALO, Feb. 10.—As a result of a conference between officials of the New York Central railroad, a large corps of employes have been laid off temporarily here. Running expenses have thereby been cut down $1000 a month at this point.

A Fine Piece of Work.

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 10.—Work has been commenced on the erection of the great statue of Hidalgo de la Independencein which will grace the third court of honor of the famous Pasco de la Reforma. The monument will cost $460,000.

Witness Weeden Fainted.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Feb. 10.—The inquest on the death of the three boys killed at the sleighing accident at Brownall street crossing on Jan. 21 was begun yesterday. The 23 witnesses declared that there was no signal from the crossing gong or the engine whistle. Colonel Borden, father of one of the boys who was killed, created consternation when Electrician Weeden was testifying by pointing to the witness and saying: "There's the man who caused the deaths." Weeden tried to go on with his testimony, but fainted and fell from the stand.

Suicide by Shooting.

WINCHESTER, N. H., Feb. 10.—A. Willard Humphreys, of the Sterling Iron works company of Brooklyn, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head in a room at the Winchester House. In May last he came here and attempted suicide by taking morphine. He formerly lived here. He was 55 years of age and leaves a widow and one son, a tutor at Princeton college. Despondency is supposed to be the cause of his suicide.

Dwiggins' Diplomatic Move.

CHICAGO, Feb. 10.—Officers of Fowler, Ind., were surprised when they attempted to arrest Zimri Driggins, to be informed by that gentleman that he had been to Fowler, surrendered himself and was out on bail. They were shown proof of Dwiggins' assertion. The ex-banker is wanted for alleged irregularities connected with the failure of a bank.

TWO SHIPS

Represent United States in Atlantic Squadron.

THE LOSS OF THE HISTORIC KEARSAGE

Brings to Mind Other Naval Disasters.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The navy department has word from Lieutenant Brainard that he sailed yesterday morning from Colon with the City of Para for the relief of the shipwrecked crew of the Kearsarge. It is about a day's trip—250 miles—from Colon to Roncador reef. It is expected, therefore, that the Kearsarge crew will be safely and comfortably on board some time today, and will be back in Colon on Sunday. It is expected that they will come to New York on the City of Para when she starts on her regular trip.

The North Atlantic squadron, of which the Kearsarge was the flagship, is now reduced to the Miantonomoh and the Vesuvius. This depleted condition is due to the large force ordered to Rio and the absence of other vessels which are on their way to the Pacific to take part in the Behring sea patrol.

Previous Disasters.

The last naval disaster suffered by the United States was the loss of the Dispatch off Assateuegue shoals, Virginia, Oct. 10, 1891.

No lives were lost at that time. In fact the United States has been notably free of disasters involving great loss of life compared with other navies of the world. The Huron went to pieces off Oregon inlet, North Carolina, during a terrible hurricane, Nov. 24, 1877, and 104 lives were lost.

The most notable disaster in which our ships have been involved was the hurricane at Samoa in which the Trenton, Vandalia and Nipsic were wrecked and 145 lives in all lost.

This included the loss from all vessels at Apia. The disaster occurred March 15, 1889, and three German ships also were lost. On Feb. 18, 1883, the Ashuelot went ashore on a rock off the coast of China and 11 men were lost.

It is expected that the loss of the Kearsarge will result in the placing of a light on Roncador bank, a result the United States navy department has earnestly sought to bring about for several years, but without result, owing to the wish of this government that other nations bear a share in the expense.

A LONE ROBBER

Takes a Money Box From an Express Train and Makes His Escape.

CARSON, Nev., Feb. 10.—About 7 o'clock last evening, when the Virginia and Truckee mail train was a mile out of town, the express car was smashed in, and the box containg money to pay wages to section hands along the road was demanded of Jack Page, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express messenger, at the muzzle of a shotgun.

The train moved slowly going out of town, and the robber got aboard the train when it was nearing the outskirts, getting between the mail and express cars. When about a mile out of town the rear door of the express car was suddenly smashed in and a man with a shotgun demanded the tin box of money. The robber then pulled the bell cord, giving the engineer the signal to stop the train, which was done. After securing the box the robber jumped from the train and started toward the town. The box did not contain much over $1000.

Triple Lynching In Arkansas.

LITTLE ROCK, Feb. 10.—A special from Conway says: Meager details of a triple lynching have been received from Van Buren county. It took place in what is known as the Gulch. Henry Bruce and Bob and Charlie Plunkett were the victims. It is said the three men had killed and robbed an old couple, and for this crime they were lynched.

Iron Company Goes Under.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 10.—Judge Butter has appointed Logan M. Bullitt receiver of the Sigua Iron company. The company was incorporated in West Virginia, but its principal business was carried on in Pennsylvania. The authorized capital stock was said to be $5,000,000. The liabilities are heavy

Over $100,000 Stolen.

WATKINS, N. Y., Feb. 10.—The First National bank closed yesterday by order of the comptroller of the currency. A hasty examination shows that there is less than $5000 in cash in the bank. Further quick running over books indicates a shortage of upward of $100,000. Cashier Love has skipped.

May Spread the Disease.

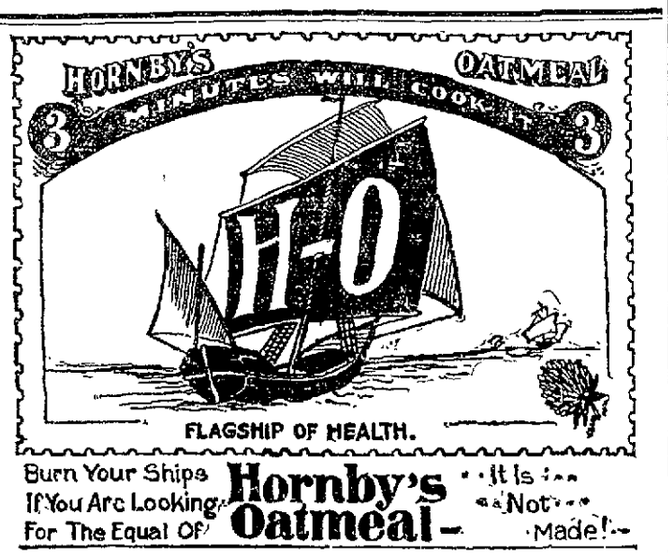
NEW BRITAIN, Conn., Feb. 10.—Giacomo Pelegegre, a smallpox patient residing on Mill street, has escaped from the house and cannot be found. It is believed that he went in the direction of Middletown. His escape has created consternation, and a vigorous search is being made for him.

A Parisian Bank Muddle.

PARIS, Feb. 10.—Baron Soubeyran, ex-deputy director of the Banque d'Escompte, was arrested yesterday on charges connected with his management of the bank. The Bank of France demanded a judicial liquidation and the directors of the Banque d'Escompte resigned.

Chairman Wilson Is Sick.

CHICAGO, Feb. 10.—Chairman Wilson has tonsilitis. Mr. Wilson's physician strongly urged him to remain quiet for a few days, but he declared that the sooner he was in the warm climate the sooner he would recover, and continued on his journey to Mexico.



FROM OUR 5 O'CLOCK EDITION Of Yesterday.

DASTARDLY

Train Wreckers Fire and Wound Trainmen.

FEARFUL WRECK ON A TEXAN RAILROAD.

Brave Brakemen Tried to Perform a Heroic Deed.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

HOUSTON, Tex., Feb. 9. Last night, at the high bridge over the White Oak bayou, train wreckers removed the rails and fishplates on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad.

When a passenger train came along the engines passed safely over, but the baggage and mail coaches jumped the track and rolled down the embankment, followed by the smoker, which landed on top of them.

The wreck presented a frightful appearance. Joe Elliott, a brakeman, was sent back to flag a freight train which was soon due. He had not proceeded 100 yards when a volley from ambush was fired upon him. Four bullets took effect in his body.

The crew in the meantime, aided by passengers, were at work extricating the men, buried in the wrecked cars, and feared to go to the flagman's rescue.

He, however, crawled, bleeding and wounded, back to the train in a dying condition.

In the mail car was Lou Morris, the agent, badly bruised and with several bones broked. His first thought was of his mail, and he requested a passenger to go to the postoffice and notify them he had a big run of registered mail.

H. Hatton, the express messenger, was found in his car with his ribs broken and in a critical condition.

J. W. Carter, baggage master, was injured about the head and internally.

A relief train was made up here and sent to the scene. The wounded were brought in and taken to the hospital. No arrests have yet been made.

RICH MEN THREATENED.

ANARCHISTIC CRANK HANGS PLACARDS ON THEIR DOORS.

It is Not Apparent That This Was Done Other Than to Annoy the New York Millionaires.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9. It is reported that big placards were found on the doors of the Depew, Vanderbilt, Astor and Drayton mansions this morning.

On the placard was a picture of a bomb. Close to the bomb were the letters "I. C. P." surmounting a cross made heavy and forbidding by the plentiful use of black ink. Written in Latin upon the cards was the following:

"Brothers—Remember the glorious example of Vailiant. Death to the rich man. This is a marked man. Warn all.

"By the will of the common people."

UNDER SHORT RATIONS.

CREW OF KEARSARGE SUFFERING HUNGER AND THIRST.

Vessel Was Forced Upon the Reef in Order to Save Her—Guns Sent by the Board to Lighten Ship.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9. A special from Colon gives this account of the wrecking of the Kearsarge:

The Kearsarge was under both sail and steam, and was going about 10 knots when she struck.

A heavy sea was running, and as the character of the keys in the waters was well known to the Kearsarge's officials, it was evident that safety lay in forcing her as far upon the key as possible before she began to break up.

Accordingly she was at once lightened by heaving her guns overboard. One of the first to go was her splendid 11-inch after pivot, the gun that did such terrific execution on the Alabama in their fight in 1864.

Next the masts were cut away, not only to lighten her, but also to provide material for constructing rafts.

It would have been madness to attempt to make a landing in such a sea in the intense darkness of a tropical night, and therefore there was nothing to be done but wait until morning.

Owing to the manner in which the waves had swept the deck and filled the holes only a little fresh water and a small quantity of provisions could be saved. Three boats were got ashore but little injured.

As there is almost no water on the reef and about 2000 men were camped there with a trifling supply, one of the boats were immediately put in order to go to old Providence for relief.

BOSTON COMMON THREATENED

BILL REPORTED TO TAKE PART OF IT TO WIDEN STREETS.

Other Bills Reported to Improve Boston's Principal Thoroughfares—Boylston Street to be Widened if a Bill Passes.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

BOSTON, Feb. 9. In the house today J. W. Ayres reported a bill to give the aldermen power to widen Boylston street from Charles to Tremont street; also to widen Tremont street by taking land off the common. Another bill provides for a commission to give attention to Congress street.

Declines to Accept.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

LYNN, Feb. 9. William P. Littlefield, appointed prison commissioner by Gov. Greenhalge has written a letter declining the appointment.

Agent Drury's Raid.

There was quite a stir on Lee street this afternoon when Agent Drury of the Humane society cleaned out the inmates of a house on Lee street and took two women to the station.

Policy Business Booming.

Several of the down town policy shops are reported to be doing a rushing business and that recent numbers which have come out have been favorable to many of the Lowell players.

BOARD OF HEALTH.

SUBMITS ITS ANNUAL REPORT AS IS CUSTOMARY.

Work of the Cremator An Especially Interesting Item—3500 Tons of Swill Were Consumed Besides 100,000 Pounds or More of Other Matter at a Cost of $7670.77.

The sixteenth annual report of the board of health has been prepared and is all ready to be submitted to the city council. It is quite a lengthy document touching upon and treating in detail everything that has come before the board during the past year. It has been carefully prepared and will make interesting reading. The principal points contained in the pamphlet are as follows;

Permits were issued during the year 1893, for the cleansing of privy vaults to Fred A. Fox 623; Thomas F. Fay 995; making a total of 1327. Total number of vaults discontinued 111.

The crematory destroys about one half of the garbage collected in the city, 3500 tons of swill were consumed during the year, besides numerous miscellaneous articles which are also mentioned in the report.

The largest weeks work at the crematory was from July 24 to 29, when 125 tons of garbage were burned at a cost of $149.35; or $1.15 per ton. During the last week of December, 67 tons were destroyed at a cost of $79.46 or $1.19 per ton.

The total cost for consuming 3500 tons of swill the amount burned from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31, 1893, was $7670.77.

Besides the swill there were also destroyed 77,110 pounds of paper; three loads and 1 barrel of infected clothing from small pox; 7 loads of infected clothing from diphtheria; 1 raccoon; 7 rabbits; 4 hens; 215 mattresses; 63 dogs; 70 cats; 4 horses.

During the year the city has been divided into three sanitary districts. Stephen Garrity is inspector of district 1, which includes Wards One and Two; district 2 includes Wards Four and Five, and is in charge of Winfield Webster; district 3 includes Wards 3 and 6, and is inspected by Frank J. O'Hara.

These inspectors make a daily tour of their district and report daily to the agent.

The following contagious diseases were reported. diphtheria, 78; membraneous croup, 7; scarlet fever, 209; measles, 541; typhoid, 160; small pox, 1; total, 996.

The bath house was open from June 27 to Sept. 16. During that time 14,918 men and boys took baths.

The report states that measles were again epidemic last year while there was less typhoid fever than for several years. Altogether there were 111 deaths from contagious diseases; less than during any one of the past eleven years.

The total number of deaths during the year was: males, 1015; females, 1080; total, 2095.

The expenses were: pay roll, $30,247.66; bills, $47,978.88; salaries, $1,200; total, $40,426.54.

The total amount of property owned by the city and in charge of the board of health is valued at $15,112.

LOCAL NOTES.

Mrs. Stephen Riley of Providence, R. I., is the guest of Mrs. O'Hearn of Market street.

It is reported that a Merrimack street saloon was burglarized last night and $200 taken among other things.

C. D. Barrows of Lowell, class of '95 Dartmouth has been chosen musical director of the college glee club.

Owing to illness Mrs. Jenkins was unable to participate in the concert of the Madrigal society last evening.

Agent Drury was called to a house on Wannalancit street yesterday where a mad bull dog was running loose. He shot the dog.

Every carrier is expected to deliver his papers as per instructions from the subscribers. If this is not done report the same to this office.

Subscribers who fail to receive THE SUN regularly should complain at once to the office, otherwise it is not known that carriers are remiss in their duty.

Inspector Laflamme went to Amesbury yesterday and brought back William Odette who is wanted for illegally removing baggage from his boarding place.

The case of Mrs. Sadie W. Connell vs. Charles Worcester and Mrs. Gertrude Amazeen, for damages for alienating her husband's affections was not concluded in the police court yesterday.

The Catalonia was docked at East Boston yesterday afternoon four days late. She had had a rough trip. The Cunard company is to add the Gallia to the steamers leaving Boston. This is a seven day boat and will be a valuable addition to the fleet.

The records at city hall show that Ithamar Howe and Mary McMahon were married in Lowell, October 16, 1887, by Rev. William A. McDonough. She is recorded as a native of Lowell, 17 years of age, and he 32 years of age and a native of Carlisle.

At a meeting of the water board last evening a contract for iron work was given to the Radford Pipe and Iron Foundry, of Radford, Va., at the lowest price ever known in the history of the water works. The contract for 500 tons of coal for the driven wells was awarded to Whithed & Co., who were the lowest bidders.

Coming Valentine Parties.

The Tuesday evening class of which Mr. W. A. Ingham is president is to hold a valentine party on Tuesday evening next at Lester's. The following evening the Tuesday club of the First Universalist church will hold a valentine party at Lester's.

IT IS
The Talk of the Town
HOW QUICKLY
Pain Killer
Will Break Up a Cold.
A teaspoonful in a glass of water or milk, sweetened, taken just before going to bed, will break up a cold. Keep it by you.
Prepared only by
PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I.

JAMES A. CAWLEY, Moore Street
COAL.
Telephone for Summer Prices. All orders promptly delivered. (Late of firm of CawleyBros

J. J. GALLAGHER, 172 Merrimack Street.
Depot Cigar Store.
All the leading brands of Cigars and Tobacco

JOHN W. McEVOY, 81 Central St., Opp. American House,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

T. M. BOLTON, 139 Market Street, Gates' Block,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Fine Repairing at the Lowest Rates

Fro 100 pack. 1 comfa. cake of pure Olive Oil Toilet Soap.

I use Ivorine in preference to all other WASHING POWDERS. Have not been troubled with "chapped hands" since I began using it. MRS. T. H. ELDREDGE, Norwich, Ct.

Ivorine
WASHING POWDER
The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.
For 50 years makers of Yankee Shaving Soap.

Clorsonné Enamel Painting.
A new and attractive process for the artistic decoration of Terra Cotta, Plaques, Vases, Trays &c.
A FULL LINE OF
Artists' Materials,
And every requisite for Water, Oil China, Velvet, and Tapestry, Painting. Free lessons in Clorsonne Enamel Painting. For particulars enquire at
C. B. Coburn & Co.'s
35-41 Market Street.

PARLOR STOVES
AND
RANGES.
We have them in a large variety of patterns and prices
FROM $3 TO $45.
Cash or Instalments. We take your old stove in part payment for a new one.
Don't buy a Range till you have seen our
New Century.
The Handsomest and Best.
A complete line of Furniture, Carpets, etc., always on hand.
For the Latest Designs.
For the Best Goods.
For the Lowest Prices.
For the Easiest Terms, go to
A. E. O'HEIR & CO.
Office: 10 and 12 Merrimack Street,
(Opposite Post Office.)
N. B.—Auction Sales conducted in all parts of the city or state.

WM. F. COURTNEY, 13 and 14 Mansur Block
Attorney at Law.

CHARLES H. FROST, 78 Central Street
Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
Musical Instruments, Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, Ammunition, Fire-arms, etc. Fine Watch epairing.

J. M. KINGSBURY, No. 97 Bridge Street,
Meats and Provisions.
(Successor to Strout & Kingsbury.)

JAMES F. CORBETT, Room 12, Post Office Block,
Counsellor at Law.
Take the Elevator.

JAMES H. CARMICHAEL, No. 51 Central Street,
Counsellor at Law and Notary Public

LOTHROP & CUNNINGHAM, 112 Merrimack Street,
Photographers,
Crayons, Pastels and Water Colors a specialty. All work Guaranteed.

BOOT'S CIGAR STORE, No. 7 Merrimack Street.
Finest Line of Pipes in the City.

WANT COLUMN

☞ Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

WANTED—Agents to take orders by sample; we will pay expense and salary or allow liberal commission. Samples sent on application. Address Lock Box 125, New York City.

FOUND—A gentleman's gold chain in the vicinity of St. Joseph's church Tuesday at 6 30 p. m. Call at McDonald's, 20 Boott Corp.

PANTS PRESSED—10 cts. per pair at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

WE MEND—Stockings, underclothing, repair, sponge and press gentlemen's clothing. Try us. Baldwin's mending establishment, 494 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

LOST—A gentleman's watch chain. Reward at 202 South street. Wm. Boyle.

$10 REWARD—Lost 2 Irish setters, answer to the name of Robin and Sparrow. One has white spot on forehead and white hind feet, the other a white spot on forehead. Return to 8 and 10 Dummer street.

PANTS PRESSED—10c. per pair at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street.

WANTED—Everybody to know the cheapest place to have clothing repaired is at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack, street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE—One of the best bargains in a farm ever offered 250 acres of good land, two large barns, good house, large sheds; cuts 55 tons of hay, 1200 sugar trees, wood and timber enough to more than pay for the place, with good market for wood and timber. Price, $1200. G. L. Hubbard, Merrimack street.

TO LET—A flat of six rooms and bath on Westford st. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runels building, cor. Merrimack and Bridge st.

LOST—A small black and tan dog in the vicinity of Jackson street. Reward at 19 Hamilton corporation

IF YOU WANT to make an old suit or overcoat look new, have it cleaned and repaired by Thomas Daley, 41 Tilden street. Send postal and I will call for your goods.

TO LET—Tenements in good location. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runel's building.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, two tenement house with large lot of land, this is a bargain and near the mills. Price, $2600. G. L. Hubbard, Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $25 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

LOT OF LAND—Foster street, 75x100 feet. Lies midway between Middlesex and Westford streets. Geo. D. Kimball, room 6 Runels block, cor. Bridge street

FOR SALE—On the Boulevard, 20 good house lots on easy terms, $10 down and $5 a month. Price of lots $100 G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

COTTAGE HOUSE—In Pawtucketville, 7 rooms conveniently arranged. Stable connection: 7500 feet of land; fruit trees in prime condition Price $2200. Geo. D. Kimball, room 6 Runels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—In Ward Four, cottage house, good lot of land. Price $1000. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A cottage of 7 rooms, near Moore street, corner lot house, in good repair throughout, a bargain at price $1000. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1900. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—Near Boott mills, cottage house of 7 rooms; this is a bargain and on easy terms. Price, $1600 G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street, Courier building.

FOR SALE—At Middlesex Village, a neat cottage of 7 rooms in good repair, city water, cemented cellar, fine location, 4249 square feet of land, well fenced. Price $1900. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

CLAIRVOYANT

And Magnetic Healer. Go and consult Dr. Morris, the celebrated clairvoyant. His predictions never fail. He gives reliable advice on all matters, business changes, journeys, speculations with secret undertakings. Friends, enemies, marriages, divorces, lost friends, fortune dates, lucky numbers and all family affairs. The future plainly revealed. Lovers united, troubles healed. Those in trouble should not fail to call on him at once. He can be found at 38 Church street. Consultation hours, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Office Supervising Architect, Washington, D. C. January 31, 1894.—Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 2 o'clock p. m. on the 21st day of February, 1894, and opened immediately thereafter, for all the labor and materials required to put in place complete all the plumbing and gas piping for the U. S. Post Office building at Lowell, Mass., in accordance with the drawings and specification, copies of which may be had at this office or the office of the superintendent at Lowell, Mass. Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for a sum not less than 2 per cent. of the amount of the proposal. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids and to waive any defect or informality in any bid, if it be deemed in the interest of the government to do so. All proposals received after the time stated will be returned to the bidders. Proposals must be enclosed in envelopes, sealed and marked, "Proposal for plumbing and gas piping for the U. S. Post Office building at Lowell, Mass.," and addressed to, JEREMIAH O'ROURKE, Supervising Architect.

All Honor to the Board of Health,

For they have succeeded beyond a doubt in stamping out that horrid disease, smallpox. We cannot be too thankful to them for having done it so promptly. But now another monster of disease—and some dread it as much as smallpox,—typhoid fever, is amongst us, but let us be guided strictly by the rules of the board of health, and I am sure we shall in a great measure escape it. Water is said to be the cause of it. If that is so, the remedy is easy, don't take it raw—cook it; that is, boil it and you are safe. But water is thin, very thin, and if you drink too much of it, it will make you thin, and consequently make you more susceptible to disease. Now, milk is different; there is nothing more nourishing to the body than milk. Every doctor will tell you that. Now during this very changeable weather it is next to impossible to avoid getting cold, and the wisest men, physicians included, cannot tell what may be the outcome of a cold. It may develop into any one of the diseases which human flesh is heir to—it may turn to typhoid fever: we cannot tell. Now, a patient suffering from typhoid fever cannot eat, but suffers from an unquenchable thirst. The doctor will invariably order the patient milk with a little whiskey to sustain the wasting body—wine, in the opinion of some doctors, is even more beneficial than anything else. Now, if these remedies are good in case of the fever, they should be equally good as a preventive. A word to the wise is sufficient.

You can get pure whiskey for 75c. per bottle, large size, or 3 bottles for $2.00, equal to that which others ask $1 25 per bottle. Wine, port or sherry, best California, 25 cents per bottle or 3 bottles for $1.00, by sending an order by mail to JOHN WARBURTON, Globe Hotel, City.

Now is the Time to Save Your Money.
And deposit it in the Savings Bank, where it will be safe and draw interest at 4 per cent.
Never put off until tomorrow what can be done today.
WASHINGTON SAVINGS INSTITUTION,
147 Central and 4 Gorham Sts.
Open daily 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Saturday evening 7 to 9.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

SUSPENSE

Rests Heavily on the Industrial Interests.

STOCK OF MANUFACTURED GOODS NOW EXHAUSTED.

Increased Demand For Goods Generally Felt.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

Improvement in business still appears in many directions, but it seems to be in part balanced by loss in others. The gradual gain which began some time ago, and was strengthened a little by the success of the treasury loan, has scarcely answered expectations. Doubtless the uncertainty remains with the tariff bill yet in the senate, and currency measures of importance pending in the house has some hindering influence, but there is still seen an increase in the demand for many kinds of goods, because of the exhaustion of stock in the hands of dealers by a consumption which, though less than usual, is nevertheless greater than in any other country.

Crop reports were expected to cause a great advance in wheat, but the price has dropped to 63 1-8 cents cash, the lowest point ever known in this market, and both here and at Chicago May wheat has gone lower than ever.

Hog products and coffee were substantially unchanged.

Cotton rose 1-16 in spite of visible stocks exceeding half the world's consumption for a year, and a decrease of 20 per cent compared with last year in takings of northern spinners. Speculative forces on either side, rather than the facts of supply and demand, govern at present.

Decline In Exchanges.

The volume of domestic trade does not materially increase, exchanges indicating a decline compared with last year of 19.5 per cent elsewhere, and 34.9 per cent at New York.

The decrease in shipments of boots and shoes from Boston for the week was only 14 per cent, but trading runs so largely to low-priced goods that in value the decrease in business is greater.

Textile manufactures are gaining a little. Inquiry discloses larger stocks of cotton goods held by dealers than was supposed, and quite a large proportion of mills are likely to close before long, unless orders increase, but the number reported starting is again several times the number reported closing.

Sales of wool were decidedly larger last week, 5,773,040 pounds, against 6,855,750 last year, and the markets were all more active, but this week are comparatively quiet.

Democrats Asked to Chip In.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 10.—The Democratic state central committee has issued a letter to the Democrats of the state calling for subscriptions to the election fund. It requests all office holders, both state and national, to contribute according to their salaries, and fixes the amounts they are expected to give. The letter is vigorously denounced by leading Democratic papers.

Shortening Hours of Labor.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Feb. 10.—Time in the Stark mills, beginning next Monday, will be reduced to eight hours a day and five days a week. Notices were posted in the Manchester mills that a similar reduction in time would be made in the worsted departments. The Jefferson mill, on the other hand, is working until 10 o'clock at night, to catch up with orders.

Famous Confederate Dead.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 10.—General Lucien B. Northop, commissioner general of the confederate states of America, died at Pikesville, yesterday, aged 83 years. Before and during the war he was a close friend of Jefferson Davis. Colonel Northop served in the United States army and had been an inmate of the Confederate Soldiers' home about a year.

Reed Spoke at Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 10.—A mass meeting in the interests of Galusha E. Grow, Republican candidate for congressman-at-large, was held last night at the Academy of Music. Thomas B. Reed was the principal speaker. Mr. Reed's remarks were directed entirely to the question of protection and the criticism of the present administration.

Away Ahead of Ives.

BOSTON, Feb. 10.—Billiardist Schaefer showed a pace last night that was altogether too fast for "Napoleon" Ives, beating him 600 to 402, and incidentally beating all records for the 14-inch balk line game, another barred, rolling up the total of 271 in a single inning. One previous record, 203, was made by Ives at Chicago.

Hard at Work.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The Democratic sub-committee engaged in shaping the tariff bill continued its work from early morn till late last night. Senator Voorhees is hopeful the bill may be completed by the latter part of next week.

Bank Clerks In Queer Business.

MARSEILLES, Feb. 10.—A gang of men engaged in the counterfeiting of coin has been arrested in this city. The prisoners include Tauzet, the chief clerk of a branch of the Credit Lyonnais, and Didier, his assistant.

Trotters Easily Beaten.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Feb. 10.—In a 10-mile race against five trotters here, Jack Prince, champion short distance bicyclist, easily beat the horses. Time 31:07. The race was for $250 a side and gate receipts.

Relieved of His Purse.

NEWPORT, R. I., Feb. 10.—Deputy Sheriff Kaull was robbed of $350 on a New York boat by a chance acquaintance. A man was arrested on suspicion, but the money was not recovered.

Women Must Wait.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The house committee on judiciary has rejected the bill by Representative Bill of Colorado for a constitutional amendment permitting woman suffrage.

Postoffice Safe Cracked.

NORFOLK, Feb. 10.—The postoffice at Newport News was robbed last night. The safe was cracked and $250 in money and $3000 in stamps stolen.

All Quiet at Honolulu.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 10.—The schooner Aloha arrived from Honolulu last night. She left Honolulu Jan. 23, and reports everything quiet.

Instantly Killed.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Feb. 10.—An unknown man, aged 60, was run over and instantly killed by an express train just east of this city.

Good!

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The gold reserve of $100,000,000 is once more practically intact. There was a gain yesterday of $3,572,515.

ALMOST BEYOND BELIEF.

Humane Society Agents of Pittsburg Make a Terrible Discovery.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 10.—A complaint had been entered that the family of Humphrey Morris, a miner in Bullskin township, were in a terrible state of dirt and destitution. Agents of the humane society found the family of five children huddled about the stove. They were almost naked, while the mother was standing in the center of the room perfectly nude.

The hut contained two rooms. A miserable bedstead stood in one corner, and there was a couch made of rails, straw was laid over the slats, and there the family slept without covers. All the family were black with dirt and reeking with vermin. The mother is an imbecile, and all the children, except the oldest girl, aged 12, are little better.

On the stove was an old powder can, in which some old rags were boiling, but which is also used to do the family cooking.

Morris is in the employ of the Mayer Coke company. He has been employed there for 10 years. He never drinks, is industrious, and makes $1.75 a day, never missing a day. He buys a great many groceries, such as flour, beans and barley. Twice a week he buys meat.

Morris said they used four sacks of flour a week. The entire four sacks are made into flannel cakes, which are baked on the lid of the stove, and this diet, three times a day, varied occasionally by some barley or beans, or a little fresh meat, is all they ever eat. Morris said they never had butter; they never wanted anything, he said.

Morris said his wife was an inmate of the Fayette county asylum when he married her. He said he did not dare to tell her to clean things up as she would threaten to cut the throats of the entire family. When he got her clothes she destroyed them. He said they were perfectly happy and only wanted to be let alone.

None of the children had ever been to school. The man was born and raised in Fayette City. None of the children knew what a church was.

IN CONGRESS.

Salaries of Congressmen Incidentally Touched Upon by the House.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—After the call of committees for reports in the house Mr. Bland moved to take up the consideration of his silver seigniorage bill in committee of the whole. The motion was agreed to and he concluded his speech.

Mr. Bland was frequently interrupted by questions from the members who surrounded him, and the close of his speech was marked by applause from his sympathizers.

He was followed by Mr. Stone, who antagonized the bill.

Mr. McKeighan supported the bill.

Mr. Harter spoke in opposition to the bill. In lieu of Mr. Bland's plan for lifting the government over its present financial distress, he advocated the practice of more rigid economy, and also suggested that the salaries of all government officers, including members of congress, receiving over $2500 per annum, be lowered by 25 per cent.

Mr. Walker said that congressmen did not get half enough now. They did three times as much work in comparison with their salaries as any other class of men.

Mr. Harter favored a tax of 1 cent a pound on sugar, an increase of 30 cents in the tax on spirits and a heavy tax on beer.

Mr. Kilgore advocated the bill.

The committee soon rose, and the house adjourned.

Cyclone Strikes an Indiana Town.

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind., Feb. 10.—A cyclone struck this city yesterday afternoon. It swept through a lumber yard, carrying everything before it, and then passed over the Monon and Michigan Central yards, where it carried five freight cars from the track and wrecked them.

Cutting Down Expenses.

BUFFALO, Feb. 10.—As a result of a conference between officials of the New York Central railroad, a large corps of employes have been laid off temporarily here. Running expenses have thereby been cut down $1000 a month at this point.

A Fine Piece of Work.

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 10.—Work has been commenced on the erection of the great statue of Hidalgo de la Independencia which will grace the third court of honor of the famous Paseo de la Reforma. The monument will cost $400,000.

Witness Weeden Fainted.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Feb. 10.—The inquest on the death of the three boys killed at the sleighing accident at Brownell street crossing on Jan. 21 was begun yesterday. The 23 witnesses declared that there was no signal from the crossing gong or the engine whistle. Colonel Borden, father of one of the boys who was killed, created consternation when Electrician Weeden was testifying by pointing to the witness and saying: "There's the man who caused the deaths." Weeden tried to go on with his testimony, but fainted and fell from the stand.

Suicide by Shooting.

WINCHESTER, N. H., Feb. 10.—A. Willard Humphreys, of the Sterling Iron works company of Brooklyn, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head in a room at the Winchester House. In May last he came here and attempted suicide by taking morphine. He formerly lived here. He was 55 years of age and leaves a widow and one son, a tutor at Princeton college. Despondency is supposed to be the cause of his suicide.

Dwiggins' Diplomatic Move.

CHICAGO, Feb. 10.—Officers of Fowler, Ind., were surprised when they attempted to arrest Zimri Driggins, to be informed by that gentleman that he had been to Fowler, surrendered himself and was out on bail. They were shown proof of Dwiggins' assertion. The ex-banker is wanted for alleged irregularities connected with the failure of a bank.

TWO SHIPS

Represent United States in Atlantic Squadron.

THE LOSS OF THE HISTORIC KEARSAGE

Brings to Mind Other Naval Disasters.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The navy department has word from Lieutenant Brainard that he sailed yesterday morning from Colon with the City of Para for the relief of the shipwrecked crew of the Kearsarge. It is about a day's trip—250 miles—from Colon to Roncador reef. It is expected, therefore, that the Kearsarge crew will be safely and comfortably on board some time today, and will be back in Colon on Sunday. It is expected that they will come to New York on the City of Para when she starts on her regular trip.

The North Atlantic squadron, of which the Kearsarge was the flagship, is now reduced to the Miantonomoh and the Vesuvius. This depleted condition is due to the large force ordered to Rio and the absence of other vessels which are on their way to the Pacific to take part in the Behring sea patrol.

Previous Disasters.

The last naval disaster suffered by the United States was the loss of the Dispatch off Assateague shoals, Virginia, Oct. 10, 1891.

No lives were lost at that time. In fact the United States has been notably free of disasters involving great loss of life compared with other navies of the world. The Huron went to pieces off Oregon inlet, North Carolina, during a terrible hurricane, Nov. 24, 1877, and 104 lives were lost.

The most notable disaster in which our ships have been involved was the hurricane at Samoa in which the Trenton, Vandalia and Nipsic were wrecked and 145 lives in all lost.

This included the loss from all vessels at Apia. The disaster occurred March 15, 1889, and three German ships also were lost. On Feb. 18, 1883, the Ashuelot went ashore on a rock off the coast of China and 11 men were lost.

It is expected that the loss of the Kearsarge will result in the placing of a light on Roncador bank, a result the United States navy department has earnestly sought to bring about for several years, but without result, owing to the wish of this government that other nations bear a share in the expense.

A LONE ROBBER

Takes a Money Box From an Express Train and Makes His Escape.

CARSON, Nev., Feb. 10.—About 7 o'clock last evening, when the Virginia and Truckee mail train was a mile out of town, the express car was smashed in, and the box containg money to pay wages to section hands along the road was demanded of Jack Page, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express messenger, at the muzzle of a shotgun.

The train moved slowly going out of town, and the robber got aboard the train when it was nearing the outskirts, getting between the mail and express cars. When about a mile out of town the rear door of the express car was suddenly smashed in and a man with a shotgun demanded the tin box of money. The robber then pulled the bell cord, giving the engineer the signal to stop the train, which was done. After securing the box the robber jumped from the train and started toward the town. The box did not contain much over $1000.

Triple Lynching In Arkansas.

LITTLE ROCK, Feb. 10.—A special from Conway says: Meager details of a triple lynching have been received from Van Buren county. It took place in what is known as the Gulch. Henry Bruce and Bob and Charlie Plunkett were the victims. It is said the three men had killed and robbed an old couple, and for this crime they were lynched.

Iron Company Goes Under.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 10.—Judge Butler has appointed Logan M. Bullitt receiver of the Signa Iron company. The company was incorporated in West Virginia, but its principal business was carried on in Pennsylvania. The authorized capital stock was said to be $5,000,000. The liabilities are heavy.

Over $100,000 Stolen.

WATKINS, N. Y., Feb. 10.—The First National bank closed yesterday by order of the comptroller of the currency. A hasty examination shows that there is less than $5000 in cash in the bank. Further quick running over books indicates a shortage of upward of $100,000. Cashier Love has skipped.

May Spread the Disease.

NEW BRITAIN, Conn., Feb. 10.—Giacomo Pelegegre, a smallpox patient residing on Mill street, has escaped from the house and cannot be found. It is believed that he went in the direction of Middletown. His escape has created consternation, and a vigorous search is being made for him.

A Parisian Bank Muddle.

PARIS, Feb. 10.—Baron Soubeyran, ex-deputy director of the Banque d'Escompte, was arrested yesterday on charges connected with his management of the bank. The Bank of France demanded a judicial liquidation and the directors of the Banque d'Escompte resigned.

Chairman Wilson Is Sick.

CHICAGO, Feb. 10. — Chairman Wilson has tonsilitis. Mr. Wilson's physician strongly urged him to remain quiet for a few days, but he declared that the sooner he was in the warm climate the sooner he would recover, and continued on his journey to Mexico.

Burn Your Ships If You Are Looking For The Equal Of Hornby's Oatmeal — It Is Not Made!

FROM OUR 5 O'CLOCK EDITION

Of Yesterday.

DASTARDLY

Train Wreckers Fire and Wound Trainmen.

FEARFUL WRECK ON A TEXAN RAILROAD.

Brave Brakemen Tried to Perform a Heroic Deed.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

HOUSTON, Tex., Feb. 9. Last night, at the high bridge over the White Oak bayou, train wreckers removed the rails and fishplates on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad.

When a passenger train came along the engines passed safely over, but the baggage and mail coaches jumped the track and rolled down the embankment, followed by the smoker, which landed on top of them.

The wreck presented a frightful appearance. Joe Elliott, a brakeman, was sent back to flag a freight train which was soon due. He had not proceeded 100 yards when a volley from ambush was fired upon him. Four bullets took effect in his body.

The crew in the meantime, aided by passengers, were at work extricating the men, buried in the wrecked cars, and feared to go to the flagman's rescue.

He, however, crawled, bleeding and wounded, back to the train in a dying condition.

In the mail car was Lou Morris, the agent, badly bruised and with several bones broken. His first thought was of his mail, and he requested a passenger to go to the postoffice and notify them he had a big run of registered mail.

H. Hatton, the express messenger, was found in his car with his ribs broken and in a critical condition.

J. W. Carter, baggage master, was injured about the head and internally.

A relief train was made up here and sent to the scene. The wounded were brought in and taken to the hospital. No arrests have yet been made.

RICH MEN THREATENED.

ANARCHISTIC CRANK HANGS PLACARDS ON THEIR DOORS.

It Is Not Apparent That This Was Done Other Than to Annoy the New York Millionaires.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9. It is reported that big placards were found on the doors of the Depew, Vanderbilt, Astor and Drayton mansions this morning.

On the placard was a picture of a bomb. Close to the bomb were the letters "I. C. P." surmounting a cross made heavy and forbidding by the plentiful use of black ink. Written in Latin upon the cards was the following:

"Brothers—Remember the glorious example of Vaillant. Death to the rich man. This is a marked man. Warn all.

"By the will of the common people."

UNDER SHORT RATIONS.

CREW OF KEARSARGE SUFFERING HUNGER AND THIRST.

Vessel Was Forced Upon the Reef in Order to Save Her—Guns Sent by the Board to Lighten Ship.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9. A special from Colon gives this account of the wrecking of the Kearsarge:

The Kearsarge was under both sail and steam, and was going about 10 knots when she struck.

A heavy sea was running, and as the character of the keys in the waters was well known to the Kearsarge's officials, it was evident that safety lay in forcing her as far upon the key as possible before she began to break up.

Accordingly she was at once lightened by heaving her guns overboard. One of the first to go was her splendid 11-inch after pivot, the gun that did such terrific execution on the Alabama in their fight in 1864.

Next the masts were cut away, not only to lighten her, but also to provide material for constructing rafts.

It would have been madness to attempt to make a landing in such a sea in the intense darkness of a tropical night, and therefore there was nothing to be done but wait until morning.

Owing to the manner in which the waves had swept the deck and filled the holes only a little fresh water and a small quantity of provisions could be saved. Three boats were got ashore but little injured.

As there is almost no water on the reef and about 2000 men were camped there with a trifling supply, one of the boats were immediately put in order to go to old Providence for relief.

BOSTON COMMON THREATENED

BILL REPORTED TO TAKE PART OF IT TO WIDEN STREETS.

Other Bills Reported to Improve Boston's Principal Thoroughfares — Boylston Street to be Widened If a Bill Passes.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

BOSTON, Feb. 9. In the house today J. W. Ayres reported a bill to give the aldermen power to widen Boylston street from Charles to Tremont street; also to widen Tremont street by taking land off the common. Another bill provides for a commission to give attention to Congress street.

Declines to Accept.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

LYNN, Feb. 9. William P. Littlefield, appointed prison commissioner by Gov. Greenhalge has written a letter declining the appointment.

Agent Drury's Raid.

There was quite a stir on Lee street this afternoon when Agent Drury of the Humane society cleaned out the inmates of a house on Lee street and took two women to the station.

Policy Business Booming.

Several of the down town policy shops are reported to be doing a rushing business and that recent numbers which have come out have been favorable to many of the Lowell players.

BOARD OF HEALTH.

SUBMITS ITS ANNUAL REPORT AS IS CUSTOMARY.

Work of the Crematory An Especially Interesting Item—3560 Tons of Swill Were Consumed Besides 100,000 Pounds or More of Other Matter at a Cost of $7670.77.

The sixteenth annual report of the board of health has been prepared and is all ready to be submitted to the city council. It is quite a lengthy document touching upon and treating in detail everything that has come before the board during the past year. It has been carefully prepared and will make interesting reading. The principal points contained in the pamphlet are as follows:

Permits were issued during the year 1893, for the cleansing of privy vaults to Fred A. Fox 622; Thomas F. Fay 905; making a total of 1327. Total number of vaults discontinued 111.

The crematory destroys about one half of the garbage collected in the city, 3560 tons of swill were consumed during the year, besides numerous miscellaneous articles which are also mentioned in the report.

The largest weeks work at the crematory was from July 24 to 29, when 125 tons of garbage were burned at a cost of $143.35; or $1.15 per ton. During the last week of December, 67 tons were destroyed at a cost of $70.40 or $1.10 per ton.

The total cost for consuming 3500 tons of swill the amount burned from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31, 1893, was $7670.77.

Besides the swill there were also destroyed 77,110 pounds of paper; three loads and 1 barrel of infected clothing from small pox; 7 loads of infected clothing from diphtheria; 1 raccoon; 7 rabbits; 4 hens; 215 mattresses; 93 dogs; 70 cats; 4 horses.

During the year the city has been divided into three sanitary districts. Stephen Garity is inspector of district 1, which includes Wards One and Two; district 2 includes Wards Four and Five, and is in charge of Winfield Webster; district 3 includes Wards 3 and 6, and is inspected by Frank J. O'Hara.

These inspectors make a daily tour of their district and report daily to the agent.

The following contagious diseases were reported: diphtheria, 78; membraneous croup, 7; scarlet fever, 209; measles, 541; typhoid, 160; small pox, 1; total, 996.

The bath house was open from June 27 to Sept. 10. During that time 14,918 men and boys took baths.

The report states that measles were again epidemic last year while there was less typhoid fever than for several years. Altogether there were 111 deaths from contagious diseases; less than during any one of the past eleven years.

The total number of deaths during the year was: males, 1015; females, 1080; total, 2095.

The expenses were: pay roll, $30,247.06; bills, $17,078.68; salaries, $1,200; total, $48,420.54.

The total amount of property owned by the city and in charge of the board of health is valued at $15,112.

LOCAL NOTES.

Mrs. Stephen Riley of Providence, R. I., is the guest of Mrs. O'Hearn of Market street.

It is reported that a Merrimack street saloon was burglarized last night and $200 taken among other things.

C. D. Barrows of Lowell, class of '05 Dartmouth has been chosen musical director of the college glee club.

Owing to illness Mrs. Jenkins was unable to participate in the concert of the Madrigal society last evening.

Agent Drury was called to a house on Wannalancit street yesterday where a mad bull dog was running loose. He shot the dog.

Every carrier is expected to deliver his papers as per instructions from the subscribers. If this is not done report the same to this office.

Subscribers who fail to receive THE SUN regularly should complain at once to the office, otherwise it is not known that carriers are remiss in their duty.

Inspector Laflamme went to Amesbury yesterday and brought back William Odette who is wanted for illegally removing baggage from his boarding place.

The case of Mrs. Sadie W. Connell vs. Charles Worcester and Mrs. Gertrude Amazeen, for damages for alienating her husband's affections was not concluded in the police court yesterday.

The Catalonia was docked at East Boston yesterday afternoon four days late. She had had a rough trip. The Cunard company is to add the Gallia to the steamers leaving Boston. This is a seven day boat and will be a valuable addition to the fleet.

The records at city hall show that Ithamar Howe and Mary McMahon were married in Lowell, October 16, 1887, by Rev. William A. McDonough. She is recorded as a native of Lowell, 17 years of age, and he 22 years of age and a native of Carlisle.

At a meeting of the water board last evening a contract for iron work was given to the Radford Pipe and Iron Foundry, of Radford, Va., at the lowest price ever known in the history of the water works. The contract for 500 tons of coal for the driven wells was awarded to Whithed & Co., who were the lowest bidders.

Coming Valentine Parties.

The Tuesday evening class of which Mr. W. A. Ingham is president is to hold a valentine party on Tuesday evening next at Lester's. The following evening the Tuesday club of the First Universalist church will hold a valentine party at Lester's.

IT IS The Talk of the Town HOW QUICKLY Pain Killer Will Break Up a Cold.

A teaspoonful in a glass of water or milk, sweetened, taken just before going to bed, will break up a cold. Keep it by you.

Prepared only by PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I.

JAMES A. CAWLEY, Moore Street
COAL.
Telephone for Summer Prices. All orders promptly delivered. (Late of firm of Cawley Bros

J. J. GALLAGHER, 172 Merrimack Street.
Depot Cigar Store.
All the leading brands of Cigars and Tobacco

JOHN W. McEVOY, 81 Central St., Opp. American House,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

T. M. BOLTON, 130 Market Street, Gates' Block,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Fine Repairing at the Lowest Rates

Fits like a glove. Soothes and heals. Cures Chapped Hands, Face, Lips, Sore Nipples, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Boils, Piles, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Chilblains, Corns, Bunions, Sore Feet, Chafing, Catarrh, Sore Eyes, Inflammation, Pain, Lameness, Soreness. Use Ivorine in place of Castile Soap, Olive Oil, Toilet Soap.

I use Ivorine in preference to all other WASHING POWDERS. Have not been troubled with "chapped hands" since I began using it. MRS. T. B. ELDREDGE, Norwich, Ct.

Ivorine WASHING POWDER
The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.
For 50 years makers of Yankee Shaving Soap.

Clorsonné Enamel Painting.

A new and attractive process for the artistic decoration of Terra Cotta, Plaques, Vases, Trays &c.

A FULL LINE OF Artists' Materials,

And every requisite for Water, Oil China, Velvet, and Tapestry, Painting. Free lessons in Clorsonne Enamel Painting. For particulars enquire at

C. B. Coburn & Co.'s
35-41 Market Street.

PARLOR STOVES AND RANGES.

We have them in a large variety of patterns and prices

FROM $3 TO $45.

Cash or Instalments. We take your old stove in part payment for a new one.

Don't buy a Range till you have seen our

New Century.

The Handsomest and Best.

A complete line of Furniture, Carpets, etc., always on hand.

For the Latest Designs.
For the Best Goods.
For the Lowest Prices.
For the Easiest Terms, go to

A. E. O'HEIR & CO.

Office: 10 and 12 Merrimack Street,

(Opposite Post Office.)

N. B.—Auction Sales conducted in all parts of the city or state.

WM. F. COURTNEY, 13 and 14 Masur Block
Attorney at Law.

CHARLES H. FROST, 78 Central Street
Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
Musical Instruments, Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, Ammunition, Fire-arms, etc. Fine Watch repairing.

J. M. KINGSBURY, No. 97 Bridge Street,
Meats and Provisions.
(Successor to Strout & Kingsbury.)

JAMES F. CORBETT, Room 12, Post Office Block,
Counsellor at Law.
Take the Elevator.

JAMES H. CARMICHAEL, No. 51 Central Street,
Counsellor at Law and Notary Public

LOTTHROP & CUNNINGHAM, 112 Merrimack Street,
Photographers,
Crayons, Pastels and Water Colors a specialty. All work Guaranteed.

BOOT'S CIGAR STORE, No. 7 Merrimack Street.
Finest Line of Pipes in the City.

WANT COLUMN

☞ Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

WANTED—Agents to take orders by sample; we will pay expense and salary or allow liberal commission. Samples sent on application. Address Lock Box 125, New York City.

FOUND—A gentleman's gold chain in the vicinity of St. Joseph's church Tuesday at 5.30 p. m. Call at Melbourne's, 20 Hoott Corp.

PANTS PRESSED—10 cts. per pair at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

WE MEND—Stockings, underclothing, repair, sponge and press gentlemen's clothing. Try us. Baldwin's mending establishment, 494 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

LOST—A gentleman's watch chain. Reward at 292 South street. Wm. Doyle.

$10 REWARD—Lost 2 Irish setters, answer to the name of Robin and Sporrow. One has white spot on forehead and white hind feet, the other a white spot on forehead. Return to 8 and 10 Dummer street.

PANTS PRESSED—10c. per pair at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street.

WANTED—Everybody to know the cheapest place to have clothing repaired is at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 49 Bridge street.

FOR SALE—One of the best bargains in a farm ever offered. 230 acres of good land, two large barns, good house, large sheds; cuts 65 tons of hay, 1200 sugar trees, wood and timber enough to more than pay for the place, with good market for wood and timber. Price, $1200. G. L. Hubbard, Merrimack street.

TO LET—A flat of six rooms and bath on Westford st. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runels building, cor. Merrimack and Bridge st.

LOST—A small black and tan dog in the vicinity of Jackson street. Reward at 10 Hamilton corporation.

IF YOU WANT to make an old suit or overcoat look new, have it cleansed and repaired by Thomas Daley, 41 Tilden street. Send postal and I will call for your goods.

TO LET—Tenements in good location. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runel's building.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, two tenement house with large lot of land, this is a bargain and near the mills. Price, $2600. G. L. Hubbard, Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $25 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

LOT OF LAND—Foster street, 75x100 feet. Lies midway between Middlesex and Westford streets. Geo. D. Kimball, room 6 Runels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—On the Boulevard, 20 good house lots on easy terms, $10 down and $5 a month. Price of lots $100. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $22 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

COTTAGE HOUSE—In Pawtucketville, 7 rooms conveniently arranged. Stable connection; 7500 feet of land; fruit trees in prime condition. Price $2200. Geo. D. Kimball, room 6 Runels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—In Ward Four, cottage house, good lot of land. Price $1000. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A cottage of 7 rooms, near Moore street, corner lot house, in good repair throughout, a bargain at price $1000. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Canal street—Price $1900. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—Near Hoott mills, cottage house of 7 rooms; this is a bargain and on easy terms. Price, $1050. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street, Courier building.

FOR SALE—At Middlesex Village, a neat cottage of 7 rooms in good repair, city water, cemented cellar, fine location, 4250 square feet of land, well fenced. Price $1000. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

CLAIRVOYANT

And Magnetic Healer. Go and consult Dr. Morris, the celebrated clairvoyant. His predictions never fail. He gives reliable advice on all matters, business changes, journeys, speculations with secret undertakings. Friends, enemies, marriages, divorces, lost friends, fortune dates, lucky numbers and all family affairs. The future plainly revealed. Lovers united, troubles healed. Those in trouble should not fail to call on him at once. He can be found at 58 Church street. Consultation hours, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Office of Supervising Architect, Washington, D. C. January 31, 1894.—Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 2 o'clock p. m. on the 21st day of February, 1894, and opened immediately thereafter, for all the labor and materials required to put in place complete all the plumbing and gas piping for the U. S. Post Office building at Lowell, Mass., in accordance with the drawings and specification, copies of which may be had at this office or the office of the superintendent at Lowell, Mass. Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for a sum not less than 2 per cent. of the amount of the proposal. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids and to waive any defect or informality in any bid, if it be deemed in the interest of the government to do so. All proposals received after the time stated will be returned to the bidders. Proposals must be enclosed in envelopes, sealed and marked, "Proposal for plumbing and gas piping for the U. S. Post Office building at Lowell, Mass." and addressed to, JEREMIAH O'ROURKE, Supervising Architect.

All Honor to the Board of Health,

For they have succeeded beyond a doubt in stamping out that horrid disease, smallpox. We cannot be too thankful to them for having done it so promptly. But now another monster of disease—and some dread it as much as smallpox,—typhoid fever, is amongst us; but let us be guided strictly by the rules of the board of health, and I am sure we shall in a great measure escape it. Water is said to be the cause of it. If this is so, the remedy is easy; don't take it raw—cook it; that is, boil it, and you are safe. But water is thin, very thin, and if you drink too much of it, it will make you thin, and consequently make you more susceptible to disease. Now, milk is different, there is nothing more nourishing to the body than milk. Every doctor will tell you that. Now during this very changeable weather it is next to impossible to avoid getting cold, and the wisest men, physicians included, cannot tell what may be the outcome of a cold. It may develop into any one of the diseases which human flesh is heir to—it may turn to typhoid fever; we cannot tell. Now, a patient suffering from typhoid fever cannot eat, but suffers from an unquenchable thirst. The doctor will invariably order the patient milk with a little whiskey to sustain the wasting body—wine, in the opinion of some doctors, is even more beneficial than anything else. Now, if these remedies are good in case of the fever, they should be equally good as a preventive. A word to the wise is sufficient.

You can get pure whiskey for 75c. per bottle, large size, or 3 bottles for $2.00, equal to that which others ask $1.25 per bottle. Wine, port or sherry, best California, 25 cents per bottle or 3 bottles for $1.00, by sending an order by mail to JOHN WARBURTON, Globe Hotel, City.

Now is the Time to Save Your Money.

And deposit it in the Savings Bank, where it will be safe and draw interest at 4 per cent.

Never put off until tomorrow what can be done today.

WASHINGTON SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

147 Central and 4 Gorham Sts.

Open daily 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Saturday evening 7 to 9.

LOWELL DAILY SUN.

JOHN H. HARRINGTON, Publisher.

SUN BUILDING, LOWELL, MASS.

Issued Daily: Sundays excepted.

Per Year, $3.00 - - - Per Month, 25c.

City delivery and postage free.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

TRAINS TO AND FROM BOSTON.

Southern Division.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
5 45	6 50	6 00	7 08
6 30	7 45	6 40	7 39
6 50	8 08	6 39	7 55
§7 01	7 58	8 00	9 11
§7 15	8 02	8 30	9 11
§7 27	8 12	9 00	9 42
7 45	[illegible]	9 05	10 15
8 50	9 40	10 00	11 13
§9 00	10 30	10 45	11 58
9 40	10 40	11 50	12 09
11 00	12 00	1 00	1 55
§11 02	12 45	2 00	3 04
1 45	2 50	3 00	3 46
3 00	4 24	3 30	4 48
§4 02	4 45	4 20	[illegible]
4 30	5 30	5 00	5 41
§5 35	6 30	5 25	6 22
5 40	6 30	5 50	7 05
§6 33	7 40	6 15	7 28
§7 32	8 35	7 30	8 10
		8 00	8 40
		10 15	11 22
		11 20	12 23

Sunday Trains.

§7 18	8 02	2 00	2 55
§7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
8 45	9 50	1 00	1 57
9 16	10 10	5 00	5 58
§4 25	5 02	7 30	8 10
§6 05	7 00	8 00	8 49
		9 00	10 02

§From Middlesex St. station only.

Western Division.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
6 50	8 05	7 30	8 35
8 15	9 18	9 30	10 37
9 20	10 52	10 25	11 43
10 53	12 07	12 00	1 07
12 15	1 46	2 15	3 27
12 35	2 00	3 15	4 20
3 25	4 31	4 30	5 15
4 10	[illegible]	5 00	6 16
5 10	6 42	6 00	7 06
6 55	8 08	6 35	7 45
6 25	10 37		

Sunday Trains

8 15	9 50	8 00	9 19
12 05	1 26	11 15	12 56
4 15	5 30	5 00	6 20
5 25	7 00	7 00	8 22
7 30	8 50		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station. Leave Boston from the new Union station, Causeway Street.

Fictitious Claims.

NEWSPAPERS that dispose of their entire circulation through the news agencies make it a point to crow over their agency sales. THE SUN does not depend upon the unfriendly agencies of its competitors for its circulation. It had the largest subscription list in Lowell before any penny daily paper was established here, and has it yet. THE SUN delivers to more regular paid subscribers than any two papers in Lowell. The papers that go into the houses and that count with advertisers are those delivered to regular subscribers.

DON'T LET that matter of reducing the price of ice slip your memory, Mr. Gage

MR BLAND is determined to force his bill for the coinage of the seignorage on congress,

BRAZIL IS to have an election which it is stated will put an end to hostilities. But what if the people will not submit to the officials elected? There will then be ground for another war.

ALDERMAN STANLEY seems to have the cinch on the vacancy on the water board. Westall and Lovejoy are losing their strength. The general impression seems to be that they have enough already.

DOWN GOES silver in the markets. The price per ounce is now 63 3-4 cents, which would leave the cart wheel dollar worth 49 1-3 cents. This is not an encouraging state of affairs to the advocates of free silver.

IT SHOULD be understood that Mr. Smith does not represent anybody in this city but himself in pushing the bill for a license commission for Lowell. What the people want now is the the removal of the license limit. Secretary Smith of the board of trade was never in touch with the people.

THE RATE of taxation on incomes provided for in the bill which has just passed the house is two per cent. This would be $80 on an income of $4000, the lowest to be taxed, and $20,000 on an income of $1,000,000. This is more than most capitalists will want to pay. This provision will turn many of the wealthiest men in the party against its policy.

IT IS a great mistake to regard the Wilson bill as an approach to free trade. The McKinley bill taxes diamonds ten per cent. woolens 98 per cent., window glass 98 per cent, and so on the same principle, but the Wilson bill taxes these commodities respectively 30, 40 and 53 per cent. The logic of the McKinley bill is that to increase the cost of the things laborers must use will increase the reward of labor, in other words it will enrich a man to take away part of his earnings. If this be true nearly everybody can become wealthy.

FEW BILLS have been introduced in the legislature for years that have been so decidedly popular as that relating to the law of libel submitted by Senator Lawrence from Middlesex. It is intended to afford greater protection for newspapers in regard to the law of libel. Not a single newspaper has uttered a word against it. Senator Lawrence has a great power behind him in urging this measure. Let him but point to a man who offers any opposition to the measure and see how soon that deluded individual will close his "yap." But there is another bill introduced providing for a fine of $500 or imprisonment not exceeding two years for the person originating a libel or causing same to be published. That will undoubtedly be opposed by the press especially by that portion of it which is in the mudslinging business. This bill should pass.

HEAR YE LAWRENCE.

Lawrence is up in arms against Lowell in the fight for the state normal school. The chief argument adduced in favor of Lawrence is that Lowell has impure water, has some typhoid fever on hand and is a one horse town.

It is but recently that Lawrence could boast of her water supply. She has obtained a filter that purifies the water to the extent of rejecting the dead animals dumped in the river below Lowell. Let us admit that Lawrence has fairly good water. Lowell has the most perfect water in the state from her driven wells and there is no sickness, no typhoid in the part of the city to which this water is supplied. In case the normal school be located in this city a special pipe will be laid from the driven wells to the building so that the water supply will be the best obtainable.

As to railroad facilities Lowell would be a more convenient location for the district needing the institution than Lawrence could present. But Lawrence claims to be a larger city than Lowell! Well let that be impressed upon the committee on education. It is a strong point. Another good argument is, that as there is one normal school in Salem it would be well to have another as close to it as possible so that the students of both could meet occasionally and compare notes. Compared with the claims of Lawrence, Andover and Methuen, those of Lowell and the twenty-eight towns conveniently connected with it must appear insignificant. If Lowell was located where Lawrence is at present, she would not have the presumption usually known as "gall" to ask for the state normal school. Of course Lawrence is somewhat troubled with a board of trade and men who "want the earth" are unfortunately among its members. This will be the only excuse Lawrence can make after the whole matter is settled, for having entered the fight. As a matter of courtesy the committee on education heard the arguments of the Lawrence men which made far more strong the claims of Lowell. Should the institution be located here the students from Lawrence will be just as welcome as those from any of the other country districts.

AS THE senate has already started to revise the Wilson bill it is safe to predict that the measure will never pass that body in its present form. The income tax may be dropped entirely and there will probably be a duty of half a cent a pound on all sugars, raw and refined.

IF ALL the bills introduced in the legislature for regulating telephone service should become law, the telephone monopoly would soon disappear. A bill providing for lower rates and opposing monopoly should be passed at once. Give us $5 rates or no telephone.

Carnegie Wages.

The Pittsburg papers announce the "readjustment of wages" taking place in the iron and steel mills of the Carnegie company.

The old rate of wages and the new one about going into effect compare as follows, the prices being given for 100 tons:

	Old wages.	New wages
Roller	$12 75	$6 00
Screwdown	9 75	3 70
Tableman	6 95	3 9
Hooker	6 08	2 77
Sweeper	3 46	2 27
Heater	9 75	5 27

The new scale thus shows in several cases the wages are less than half what they were under the former schedule. To make up for this to some extent the company has modified the three eight hour turns which made up the 24 hours under the old system and "permitting" the men to work at that heavy and exhausting labor 12 hours a day.—Irish World.

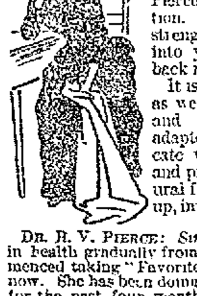
Labor Helping Employers.

Owing to the depression of business and the desire of the Glass trust to close factories, the Chambers Glass company found it hard work to keep their establishment in full operation. Ready funds were required, and the banks were unwilling to provide them. It was at this juncture the officers of the Window Glass Workers' association stepped in with a proposition to supply the necessary capital. The treasury of this association contained $210,000, and a loan of $50,000 was made to the Chambers company. By this assistance the glass company is able to retain its full force, pay the usual wages and run on full time.

The officers of the labor organization are so well pleased over the result of their action that they are seriously thinking of assisting other antitrust concerns. By putting these factories in active operation they think they will force the Glass trust concerns to abandon their present policy and to reopen their establishments. By destroying this artificial state of affairs the glass trade will be most materially benefited, and money that is now tied up by reason of the trust's action will be placed in circulation.

Able, Willing and Trustworthy.

A man advertised in the New York Sunday papers for an office manager and the assurance was given in the advertisement that the position would be permanent. Within 36 hours he had received 417 answers, and not one single answer was badly written. An astonishing proportion of the applicants were men who until recently had been in business for themselves. A considerable number were salesmen who had been laid off by their firms during the period of the hard times, and several of them were men whose positions had been taken away from them by women who underbid their salaries. The revelation was astonishing. These men in most cases inclosed their references, and in almost every case these were from houses or individuals whose names on a man's paper was a certificate of character.



WEARINESS in women, that nervous, aching, worn-out feeling, comes to an end with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It restores your strength; it puts new life into you; it brings you back into the world again.

It is a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, especially adapted to woman's delicate wants. It regulates and promotes all the natural functions, and builds up, invigorates, and cures.

Creston, Iowa.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Sir*—My wife improved in health gradually from the time she commenced taking "Favorite Prescription" until now. She has been doing her own housework for the past four months. When she began taking it, she was scarcely able to be on her feet, she suffered so from uterine debility.

I can heartily recommend it for such cases.

H. H. Snyder

W. A. LEW. 29 John Street.

Clothing, Cleansed, Dyed and Pressed

Orders received for cleaning dying and pressing, promptly and neatly executed.

SUNBEAMS.

An Illusion.

When Aunt Betty slipped off her new shoes to rest her feet and drew her feet up on the chair rung, it produced a rather startling effect to those sitting behind her.—Harper's Bazar.

Poverty.

He found his wife in tears.

In answer to his frantic appeals she could only bury her tear wet face upon his shoulder and sob tumultuously.

After an hour or two, however, she became sufficiently calm to be partially coherent in her discourse.

"Edwin"—

Her countenance was full of agony as with the memory of a horrid dream.

—"today for the first time I have realized our poverty. For the first time"—

A shudder convulsed her fragile frame.

—"I have felt the hand of penury at my heartstrings."

He stroked her throbbing temples and murmured soothingly.

"Today, Edwin," she wailed, "there came and stood in front of our humble home one of those handorgan men who play till you pay them something, and Edwin"—

She pressed her hand over her eyes.

—"I hadn't a cent in the house."

And the loving husband vowed that she would never again suffer want if he had to steal for her.—Detroit Tribune.

Knew Her.

"Didn't I tell you I wanted to get off at Third street?" shouted a woman on a Michigan avenue car as she jumped up and looked daggers at the conductor.

"I—I thought you said Fourth," he stammered.

"You had no business to think anything of the sort!"

"But I"—

"You attend to your business, John Smith, or I'll report you!"

She got off the car and went her way, and one of the passengers soothingly said:

"I am sure she said Fourth."

"So am I," replied the conductor.

"Then why didn't you insist?"

"No use. She's my wife, and I've lived with her long enough to know that she never takes anything back!"—Detroit Free Press.

Jack.

Clara—It seems such an age since you went to California, dear, and now I am just dying to hear what Jack said to you on your return. The poor fellow has been perfectly miserable while you were away. I just know he must be in love. What did he say?

Maud—Oh, yes, Jack. But first I must tell you about Bertram Calloway. You know he met me at the station with a party of the boys, and they all seemed so glad to welcome me back. There was Charlie Silverspoon and Percy McIntyre and—

Clara—Oh, yes, but wasn't Jack there?

Maude—No. Don't interrupt. And Reginald Tutter—how he has improved—and several others, and I thought they would never stop shaking hands. When we got to the house, such flowers you never saw! They were gorgeous, and Percy made the prettiest little speech of welcome you ever heard.

Clara—But Jack! Haven't you seen him?

Maud—He came afterward, I believe, but I wish you wouldn't interrupt. Then, you know that fellow—what's his name—Quill Cutter, who was so awfully gone on me last summer. He took me out into the conservatory that evening, and what do you suppose he said?

Clara—I don't care a rap what he said. But Jack—Jack. I am dying to hear what he said. Won't you please, please tell me?

Maud—Well, if you really must know about Jack I will tell you. Come here, dear. Now stand in the doorway and listen. Do you hear voices?

Clara (listening)—Why, yes, and—(rapturously)—why, one of them is Jack's voice, isn't it?

Maud—Yes, my dear, and do you know whose voice the other's is?

Clara (doubtfully)—That isn't so familiar to me, dear. Who can it be?

Maud (blushing)—That's papa's voice.—New York Press.

Disappointed.

"I hope you have enjoyed your visit to the city," said a New Yorker to Uncle Jabez Sassafras of Quohosh.

"Waal, no, I can't say as I have."

"What was the trouble?"

"Wall, for one thing you New Yorkers don't know how to treat strangers—leastways your newspapers don't."

"Don't they?"

"No, sir. Now, there wasn't a paper in this yer city that said I was in town."

"No?"

"It's a fact. I looked in every one of them expectin to see a paragraph that 'Mr. Jabez Sassafras, one of the prominent citizens of Quohosh, is favoring our city with his presence. We understand that Mr. Sassafras is a justice of the peace in his town and one of the solid men of the place. Come again, Mr. Sassafras.'"

"Didn't any of the papers say that?"

"No, sir, not one. That is what The Bugle would have said if any of you New Yorkers had visited Quohosh, but you don't appear to appreciate the good it does your town to have strangers to come to it. I shan't come no more."

And Uncle Jabez Sassafras went to the station and bought his ticket home, and the city editors of the New York papers when they learned the fact forthwith hanged themselves on the sour apple trees most adjacent to their respective offices.—Brooklyn Life

The Pie of Pies.

Let pastry cooks o'erbrim the books
With recipes for pies
That would melt an anchoret
To wild ape [illegible]
And tell of such as knew the touch
Of Francatelli great.
My muse always [illegible] to praise
The pie I never ate.

Though poets blend in odes that tend
The [illegible] to convince
That crest are naught unless inwrought
With mystery of mince
Or glorify the kind of pie
With pumpkin fruit a-[illegible]
I'm still content to compliment
The pie I never ate.

It's quite the thing I know, to sing—
To memory awake—
About the pies of goodly size
Our mothers used to make,
But somehow, when I think again
Of such suggestive bait,
With stronger stress my muse would bless
The pie I never ate.

—Boston Courier.

A TRIAL TREATMENT FREE.

Dr. Pearson's Liberal Offer—Consultation Examination, Advice, Medicine and First Treatment Free to All Who Apply in Person.—All Who Need Medical Treatment Will Be Cordially Welcome to This Free Test Without a Penny to Pay.

We are convinced that our method of treatment by local application of cleansing and healing lotions to the inflamed mucous membrane of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes, aided by the administration of medicine internally to correct the general health, is the only proper treatment for these local and general catarrhal inflammations.

We are convinced of this because of the many patients who have yielded so quickly to this system of treatment, after having swallowed medicine for years without obtaining the slightest benefit.

We are convinced of the superiority of our mild and painless method of treatment because it is being endorsed by many physicians in family practice who are sending their catarrhal patients to us, and because many specialists are abandoning their old methods of severe and heroic treatment, throwing away their old instruments by which nitrate of silver, creosote, chromic acid, acetic acid and other caustic medicines were applied, and are now using the mild and cleansing lotions instead.

We are convinced that there is a large class of sufferers from old and obstinate chronic diseases, who have been subjected to harsh and torturous treatment by unscrupulous and ignorant fakir specialists, and who have exhausted their patience and wasted their means in the vain attempt to find relief, until, heart sick and discouraged, they have concluded to try no more, and expect to suffer as long as they live. It is to this class of sufferers especially that the free test is directed.

We want to convince the sick of this community of the correctness of our claims. We propose to subject our methods to the severest test—a test which can be made by any one absolutely free. In order to enable all to obtain some definite understanding of Dr. Pearson's system of disease treatment, and to test its great practical advantages over all other methods, Drs. Pearson and Carroll offer to all sufferers from catarrh, or other chronic maladies, a trial treatment free.

Remember that all who apply in person will be cordially welcomed to a careful examination, advice, medicine and treatment upon their first visit, absolutely free of charge. This is a test which the patient can make use of without a penny to pay for consultation, examination, advice, medicine and first treatment.

THE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT applies to all Chronic Diseases. If you have Nasal Catarrh, Bronchial Catarrh, Asthma, Deafness or Consumption, Stomach, Liver, Kidney or Nervous Troubles come and test our Treatment without a cent to pay.

DON'T BE DECEIVED.

Remember that Dr. Pearson's mild and painless treatment conquered and overthrew all other forms. Remember that no physician in this city has ever presented such testimonials as those of Drs. Pearson and Carroll. Don't experiment with old-fashioned men and methods. Don't be deceived. Don't run the risk of being tortured and injured. WE can stand imitators, but YOU cannot. The lowest fee, the best service, the cleanest and most perfect equipment, the most thorough attention are yours to command. Call upon Drs. Pearson and Carroll at once.

HOW LONG ARE DRS. PEARSON AND CARROLL GOING TO STAY IN LOWELL? THEY WILL STAY IN LOWELL UNTIL EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD SUFFERING FROM A CHRONIC DISEASE IS CURED.

CATARRH OF THE HEAD.

This is the most prevalent form of catarrh, and results from repeated and neglected colds, and inhaling irritating particles of dust and smoke. Have you any of the following symptoms?

Is your nose red?
Does the nose itch and burn?
Do you have frequent sneezing spells?
Do the nostrils stop up?
Is the stoppage worse at night?
Do you have headaches?
Is there pain and heaviness over the eyes?
Is your sense of smell impaired?
Is the nose sore and irritated?
Does your nose discharge?
Do you blow out scabs?
Is there a dropping into the throat?
Does your nose bleed?
Have you a foul breath?
Do you hawk a good deal?
Is your throat sore?
Do you sleep with the mouth open?
Do you snore while asleep?
Does your throat tickle?
Are you losing your sense of taste?
Do you spit up mucus?
Have you a tired aching feeling?

ARTHUR E. MORSE, 16 South Loring street, a well known citizen of Lowell, says: "I have suffered for years with a severe throat trouble, and nothing I ever tried before going to Drs. Pearson and Carroll gave me any relief. I have made wonderful improvement under their treatment and I recommend them in the strongest terms."

WILLIAM T. HALLOWELL, 48 Fifth street, Centralville, a prominent member of the G. A. R., says: "I am glad to testify to my complete and perfect cure under the treatment of Drs. Pearson and Carroll. I was in an alarming condition and feared consumption when I went to them, now I am well and strong."

Drs. Pearson and Carroll

SPECIALISTS.

Corner Palmer and Merrimack Sts.,

Over O'Donnell & Gilbride's. Entrance on Palmer street.

Consultation and Examination Free

OFFICE HOURS—9 to 12 a. m. 2 to 4 and 6 30 to 8.30 p m. except Thursday evening. Sunday 9 to 11 30 a. m.

Marshall's Polish

Will Clean Rusty Iron and Steel,
Will Polish Gold and Silver Ware,
Will Clean Gas Fixtures,
Removes Fly Specks from Gilt Work,
It contains no grease, No Oils, No Acids.
Put up in ½ pint, 1 quart and ½ gallon cans.

Sole Agents for Lowell,

Bartlett & Dow.

PHILIP J. FARLEY, Room 11 Barristers' Hall. Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

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JOHN H. McCABE, Room 19, Odd Fellows' B'lk, Mid'sex St Baritone Soloist and Teacher of Singing and Piano.

JOSEPH W. LEACH, Room 12, Shedd's Block Soloist and Teacher of Singing.

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TAYLOR BROTHERS, No. 3 Central Street, Stationers, Booksellers and Newsdealers Specialties and standard goods. We give you more than you can get anywhere else for your money.

JAMES MARREN, Real Estate and Insurance Agent, 69 CENTRAL STREET. Insurance placed in the most reliable companies. All orders sent to P. O. Box 486 shall be promptly attended to.

JAMES MEEK, HAY, GRAIN AND POULTRY FOOD. Little Stone Mill foot of Anne St. LOWEST PRICES TELEPHONE 55-5.

What Shall we Have for Breakfast? One of the nicest foods to use Cunningham's Wheat Preparation. 12c. per package, Also keep a full line of Cereals, Rolled Oats, Buckwheat, etc

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY Old No. 199 Middlesex St. New No. 455, Opp. Northern Depot. Telephone 374-3, Brass Signs. CALEB L. SMITH..............Proprietor.

DRS. CUFF & CONSTANTINEAU, Surgeon Dentists Rooms 5, 6, 7, 8, Bon Marche Build'g, 159 Merrimack Street.

LADIES! DON'T FORGET You can have your children's hair taken care of, as well as your own, at Mrs. J. W. Forsythe's Hair Dressing Parlors. Also Hair Goods and Hair Work. Orders promptly attended to. Over O'Donnell & Gilbride's. Entrance on Palmer Street.

REMOVAL OF OFFICE MERRIMACK MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO., (OLD ANDOVER CO.) THIS solid company, that has done business in Lowell so many years, continues to offer the BEST INSURANCE AGAINST DAMAGE BY FIRE and LIGHTNING, at the Least Possible Expense. 70 per cent. dividends are paid on five year policies. All business for this company—Renewals, Sales, Endorsements, etc.—will be promptly attended to by Metcalf & Hazen, 75 Middlesex St. OVER STEVENS DRUG STORE.

D. L. Page Co. 46 MERRIMACK STREET, Caterers, Bakers, and Confectioners.

For a well stocked and carefully selected stock of drugs, likewise a fine line of Toilet Articles, visit the Ward One Drug Store, W. H. SHEEHAN, PROP. 246 Market, Cor. of Adams Street.

BILLHEADS of every description printed at short notice at the SUN office.

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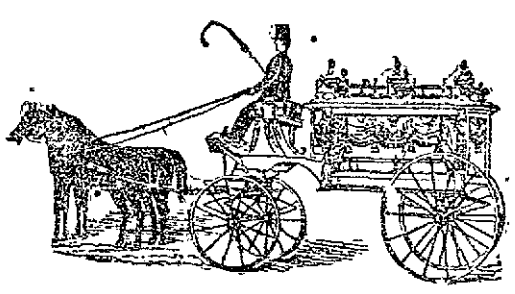
WAREROOMS: No. 134 Market Street. RESIDENCE: No. 63 Bartlett Street.



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Bodies Embalmed by the Latest Methods.

ALWAYS READY to attend to calls Day or Night. Telephone Connection at both Store and Residence.

Peter Davey. 34 MARKET STREET - - OPPOSITE PALMER.

Furniture, Carpets &c., at a Great Sacrifice at the old house of BENNER & COREY 230 Central St. Business to be closed up; goods must be sold. B. C. BENNER.

TEETH $5 TO $10 A SET. To our patients who do not find it convenient to call during the day, please call at noontimes, or Saturday afternoons as our office is not open evenings. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. NO CHARGE FOR EXTRACTING. Every Set warranted to be the same Teeth that other dentists ask $15 and $18 for, and every Set warranted to fit. Gold Fillings and Gold Crown work a specialty. Teeth Filled with Gold by Electricity, No Pain. Teeth extracted Without Pain by our new method. 30 years experience. DRS. J. K. BICKELL & SON Painless Dentists, Rooms 24, 25, and 32 Runels' Building, Cor. Merrimack and Bridge Sts

HALF PRICE For Remnants. A. L. Kittredge & Co., NO. 122 CENTRAL STREET.

ATTENTION! Democrats, Republicans, Populists, and Prohibitionists. In fact everybody take notice that the cheapest place to buy dry goods is at DRAIN'S, 57 Gorham Street.

BIRDS We shall sell those sweet singing HARTZ MOUNTAIN CANARIES for a few days only at $2 50 each, usual price $3.25 These birds have beautiful water and flute notes and are the best birds to buy. We warrant every one in full song Fine Brass Cages $1; also a full line of Talking Parrots, Rabbits, Guinea Pigs, Pigeons, etc. at Ludlam Brothers' BRANCH BIRD STORE, 110 CENTRAL ST.

WM. E. LIVINGSTON, DEALER IN Coal, Wood, Lime, CEMENT, SAND, GRAVEL, HAIR, KAOLIN, PLASTER, BRICKS, FERTILIZERS, Straw, Hay Grain, Flour &c., &c. NO. 27 THORNDIKE STREET. Branch office, 33 Merrimack street,—Calderwood's cigar store

JUST ONE-THIRD UNDER PRICE. Etchings, Engravings, Pastells, Artotypes, Water Colors, and Colored Prints of every description, and the largest lines of Moulding to select from in the city, all at one-third less than elsewhere. Order now for the holidays. MAKER'S, COR. MERRIMACK AND JOHN STS.

Have You Tried Watson's Celebrated Home Made and Cream Bread, Manufactured from the Finest of Wheat. It is unexcelled for purity and quantity. Our Cream Pies are immense. Wedding and Party orders furnished at short notice. BAKERY, 24 to 30 Charles St.

MULLIN & WINSLOW, Dealers in COAL At Summer Prices 408 Gorham Street. Telephone 21-6.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD, Nos. 173 to 185 Central St Fine Carriages, Sleighs, etc., Repairing at Reasonable Rates.

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John B. Coleman, Fire Insurance Agent, Will write Fire Insurance Policies in first-class companies on household furniture, dwelling houses, barns, etc., at lowest rates. Parties better call on Mr. Coleman before insuring elsewhere. Both Stock and Mutual Companies represented ROOM 7, POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Do You Go To Lawrence? If So, Call At THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK, Which now has the Finest Dining Rooms in the city. They have been recently renovated. The Cuisine is Unsurpassed

LOWELL AGENCY FOR FRANK JONES' ALE. —AND THE— Celebrated Anheuser Busch Beer. The Trade and Families Supplied at Lowest Prices. Orders by mail or telephone promptly attended to. JOHN LENNON, Nos. 108, 110, 112, 114 MARKET STREET TELEPHONE—No. 35-2.

SCOTT & O'DAY, Plumbers and Sanitary Engineers. Steam, Gas and Water Piping. JOBBING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. 21 SOUTH STREET, Near Middlesex.

F. R. FOSTER, DEALER IN Hardware, Cutlery, Glass and Putty, Carpenters' and Machinists' Tools. No. 67 Dutton Street.

LADIES' AND GENTS' CLOTHING Cleaned, Pressed and Repaired at Short Notice. THOMAS DALEY, Cor. Fletcher and Dutton Streets. Goods called for and delivered without extra charge. Send Orders by Postal.

OFFICE TO LET—In THE SUN building. A nice location for a doctor or light professional business Inquire at THE SUN office.

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JOHN H. HARRINGTON, Publisher.

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Issued Daily; Sundays excepted.

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City delivery and postage free.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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§7 01	7 58	8 00	9 11
§7 16	8 02	8 30	9 11
§7 27	8 12	9 00	9 42
7 45	8 35	9 05	10 16
8 50	9 45	10 00	11 13
§9 00	10 30	10 45	11 58
9 40	10 40	11 30	12 09
11 00	12 00	1 00	1 55
§11 52	12 45	2 00	3 01
1 45	2 50	3 00	3 46
3 03	4 24	3 30	4 48
§4 02	4 45	4 20	5 21
4 30	5 30	5 09	5 41
§5 33	6 30	5 25	6 22
5 40	6 50	5 50	7 05
§6 53	7 40	6 15	7 28
§7 52	8 35	7 30	8 10
		8 00	8 40
		10 15	11 22
		11 20	12 23

Sunday Trains.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
§7 18	8 02	2 00	2 55
§7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
8 45	9 50	1 00	1 57
9 16	10 10	5 00	6 58
§1 35	5 32	7 30	8 10
§6 02	7 04	8 00	8 40
		9 00	10 02

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To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
6 59	8 05	7 30	8 35
8 15	9 18	9 30	10 37
9 20	10 32	10 25	11 43
10 50	12 07	12 00	1 07
12 15	1 40	2 15	3 27
12 45	2 08	3 15	4 20
3 25	4 30	4 30	5 45
4 10	5 20	5 00	6 16
5 10	6 42	6 00	7 06
6 55	8 00	9 35	7 45
6 25	10 35		

Sunday Trains.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
8 15	9 20	8 00	9 19
12 07	1 26	11 45	12 56
4 15	5 30	5 00	6 26
5 35	7 00	7 00	8 22
7 30	8 50		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station.

Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

Fictitious Claims.

NEWSPAPERS that dispose of their entire circulation through the news agencies make it a point to crow over their agency sales. THE SUN does not depend upon the unfriendly agencies of its competitors for its circulation. It had the largest subscription list in Lowell before any penny daily paper was established here, and has it yet. THE SUN delivers to more regular paid subscribers than any two papers in Lowell. The papers that go into the houses and that count with advertisers are those delivered to regular subscribers.

DON'T LET that matter of reducing the price of ice slip your memory, Mr. Gage.

MR BLAND is determined to force his bill for the coinage of the seigniorage on congress.

BRAZIL is to have an election which it is stated will put an end to hostilities. But what if the people will not submit to the officials elected? There will then be ground for another war.

ALDERMAN STANLEY seems to have the cinch on the vacancy on the water board. Westall and Lovejoy are losing their strength. The general impression seems to be that they have enough already.

DOWN GOES silver in the markets. The price per ounce is now 63 3-4 cents, which would leave the cart wheel dollar worth 49 1-3 cents. This is not an encouraging state of affairs to the advocates of free silver.

IT SHOULD be understood that Mr. Smith does not represent anybody in this city but himself in pushing the bill for a license commission for Lowell. What the people want now is the the removal of the license limit. Secretary Smith of the board of trade was never in touch with the people.

THE RATE of taxation on incomes provided for in the bill which has just passed the house is two per cent. This would be $80 on an an income of $4000, the lowest to be taxed, and $20,000 on an income of $1,000,000. This is more than most capitalists will want to pay. This provision will turn many of the wealthiest men in the party against its policy.

IT IS a great mistake to regard the Wilson bill as an approach to free trade. The McKinley bill taxes diamonds ten per cent, woolens 98 per cent., window glass 98 per cent, and so on the same principle, but the Wilson bill taxes these commodities respectively 30, 40 and 53 per cent. The logic of the McKinley bill is that to increase the cost of the things laborers must use will increase the reward of labor, in other words it will enrich a man to take away part of his earnings. If this be true nearly everybody can become wealthy.

FEW BILLS have been introduced in the legislature for years that have been so decidedly popular as that relating to the law of libel submitted by Senator Lawrence from Middlesex. It is intended to afford greater protection for newspapers in regard to the law of libel. Not a single newspaper has uttered a word against it. Senator Lawrence has a great power behind him in urging this measure. Let him but point to a man who offers any opposition to the measure and see how soon that deluded individual will close his "yap." But there is another bill introduced providing for a fine of $500 or imprisonment not exceeding two years for the person originating a libel or causing same to be published. That will undoubtedly be opposed by the press especially by that portion of it which is in the mudslinging business. This bill should pass.

HEAR YE LAWRENCE.

Lawrence is up in arms against Lowell in the fight for the state normal school. The chief argument adduced in favor of Lawrence is that Lowell has impure water, has some typhoid fever on hand and is a one horse town.

It is but recently that Lawrence could boast of her water supply. She has obtained a filter that purifies the water to the extent of rejecting the dead animals dumped in the river below Lowell. Let us admit that Lawrence has fairly good water. Lowell has the most perfect water in the state from her driven wells and there is no sickness, no typhoid in the part of the city to which this water is supplied. In case the normal school be located in this city a special pipe will be laid from the driven wells to the building so that the water supply will be the best obtainable.

As to railroad facilities Lowell would be a more convenient location for the district needing the institution than Lawrence could present. But Lawrence claims to be a larger city than Lowell! Well let that be impressed upon the committee on education. It is a strong point. Another good argument is, that as there is one normal school in Salem it would be well to have another as close to it as possible so that the students of both could meet occasionally and compare notes. Compared with the claims of Lawrence, Andover and Methuen, those of Lowell and the twenty-eight towns conveniently connected with it must appear insignificant. If Lowell was located where Lawrence is at present, she would not have the presumption usually known as "gall" to ask for the state normal school. Of course Lawrence is somewhat troubled with a board of trade and men who "want the earth" are unfortunately among its members. This will be the only excuse Lawrence can make after the whole matter is settled, for having entered the fight. As a matter of courtesy the committee on education heard the arguments of the Lawrence men which made far more strong the claims of Lowell. Should the institution be located here the students from Lawrence will be just as welcome as those from any of the other country districts.

AS THE senate has already started to revise the Wilson bill it is safe to predict that the measure will never pass that body in its present form. The income tax may be dropped entirely and there will probably be a duty of half a cent a pound on all sugars, raw and refined.

IF ALL the bills introduced in the legislature for regulating telephone service should become law, the telephone monopoly would soon disappear. A bill providing for lower rates and opposing monopoly should be passed at once. Give us $5 rates or no telephone.

Carnegie Wages.

The Pittsburg papers announce the "readjustment of wages" taking place in the iron and steel mills of the Carnegie company.

The old rate of wages and the new one about going into effect compare as follows, the prices being given for 100 tons:

	Old wages.	New wages
Roller	$12 75	$9 00
Screwdown	9 55	3 75
Tableman	6 95	3 35
Hooker	6 08	2 77
Sweeper	8 46	2 27
Heater	9 75	5 25

The new scale thus shows in several cases the wages are less than half what they were under the former schedule. To make up for this to some extent the company has modified the three eight hour turns which made up the 24 hours under the old system and "permitting" the men to work at that heavy and exhausting labor 12 hours a day.—Irish World.

Labor Helping Employers.

Owing to the depression of business and the desire of the Glass trust to close factories, the Chambers Glass company found it hard work to keep their establishment in full operation. Ready funds were required, and the banks were unwilling to provide them. It was at this juncture the officers of the Window Glass Workers' association stepped in with a proposition to supply the necessary capital. The treasury of this association contained $210,000, and a loan of $50,000 was made to the Chambers company. By this assistance the glass company is able to retain its full force, pay the usual wages and run on full time.

The officers of the labor organization are so well pleased over the result of their action that they are seriously thinking of assisting other antitrust concerns. By putting these factories in active operation they think they will force the Glass trust concerns to abandon their present policy and to reopen their establishments. By destoying this artificial state of affairs the glass trade will be most materially benefited, and money that is now tied up by reason of the trust's action will be placed in circulation.

Able, Willing and Trustworthy.

A man advertised in the New York Sunday papers for an office manager, and the assurance was given in the advertisement that the position would be permanent. Within 36 hours he had received 417 answers, and not one single answer was badly written. An astonishing proportion of the applicants were men who until recently had been in business for themselves. A considerable number were salesmen who had been laid off by their firms during the period of the hard times, and several of them were men whose positions had been taken away from them by women who underbid their salaries. The revelation was astonishing. These men in most cases inclosed their references, and in almost every case these were from houses or individuals whose names on a man's paper was a certificate of character.

WEARINESS

In women, that nervous, aching, worn-out feeling, comes to an end with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It restores your strength; it puts new life into you; it brings you back into the world again.

It is a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, especially adapted to woman's delicate wants. It regulates and promotes all the natural functions, and builds up, invigorates, and cures.

Creston, Iowa.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: Sir—My wife improved in health gradually from the time she commenced taking "Favorite Prescription" until now. She has been doing her own housework for the past four months. When she began taking it, she was scarcely able to be on her feet, she suffered so from uterine debility.

I can heartily recommend it for such cases.

H. H. Snyder

W. A. LEW, 20 John Street.

Clothing, Cleansed, Dyed and Pressed

Orders received for cleaning dying and pressing promptly and neatly executed.

SUNBEAMS.

An Illusion.

When Aunt Betty slipped off her new shoes to rest her feet and drew her feet up on the chair rung, it produced a rather startling effect to those sitting behind her. —Harper's Bazar.

Poverty.

He found his wife in tears.

In answer to his frantic appeals she could only bury her tear wet face upon his shoulder and sob tumultuously.

After an hour or two, however, she became sufficiently calm to be partially coherent in her discourse.

"Edwin"——

Her countenance was full of agony as with the memory of a horrid dream.

——"today for the first time I have realized our poverty. For the first time"——

A shudder convulsed her fragile frame.

——"I have felt the hand of penury at my heartstrings."

He stroked her throbbing temples and murmured soothingly.

"Today, Edwin," she wailed, "there came and stood in front of our humble home one of those handorgan men who play till you pay them something, and Edwin"——

She pressed her hand over her eyes.

——"I hadn't a cent in the house."

And the loving husband vowed that she would never again suffer want if he had to steal for her.—Detroit Tribune.

Knew Her.

"Didn't I tell you I wanted to get off at Third street?" shouted a woman on a Michigan avenue car as she jumped up and looked daggers at the conductor.

"I—I thought you said Fourth," he stammered.

"You had no business to think anything of the sort!"

"But I"——

"You attend to your business, John Smith, or I'll report you!"

She got off the car and went her way, and one of the passengers soothingly said:

"I am sure she said Fourth."

"So am I," replied the conductor.

"Then why didn't you insist?"

"No use. She's my wife, and I've lived with her long enough to know that she never takes anything back!"—Detroit Free Press.

Jack.

Clara—It seems such an age since you went to California, dear, and now I am just dying to hear what Jack said to you on your return. The poor fellow has been perfectly miserable while you were away. I just know he must be in love. What did he say?

Maud—Oh, yes, Jack. But first I must tell you about Bertram Calloway. You know he met me at the station with a party of the boys, and they all seemed so glad to welcome me back. There was Charlie Silverspoon and Percy McIntyre and——

Clara—Oh, yes, but wasn't Jack there?

Maude—No. Don't interrupt. And Reginald Tutter—how he has improved—and several others, and I thought they would never stop shaking hands. When we got to the house, such flowers you never saw! They were gorgeous, and Percy made the prettiest little speech of welcome you ever heard.

Clara—But Jack! Haven't you seen him?

Maud—He came afterward, I believe, but I wish you wouldn't interrupt. Then, you know that fellow—what's his name—Quill Cutter, who was so awfully gone on me last summer. He took me out into the conservatory that evening, and what do you suppose he said?

Clara—I don't care a rap what he said. But Jack—Jack. I am dying to hear what he said. Won't you please, please tell me?

Maud—Well, if you really must know about Jack I will tell you. Come here, dear. Now stand in the doorway and listen. Do you hear voices?

Clara (listening)—Why, yes, and—(rapturously)—why, one of them is Jack's voice, isn't it?

Maud—Yes, my dear, and do you know whose voice the other's is?

Clara (doubtfully)—That isn't so familiar to me, dear. Who can it be?

Maud (blushing)—That's papa's voice.—New York Press.

Disappointed.

"I hope you have enjoyed your visit to the city," said a New Yorker to Uncle Jabez Sassafras of Quohosh.

"Waal, no, I can't say as I have."

"What was the trouble?"

"Wall, for one thing you New Yorkers don't know how to treat strangers—leastways your newspapers don't."

"Don't they?"

"No, sir. Now, there wasn't a paper in this yer city that said I was in town."

"No?"

"It's a fact. I looked in every one of them expectin to see a paragraph that 'Mr. Jabez Sassafras, one of the prominent citizens of Quohosh, is favoring our city with his presence. We understand that Mr. Sassafras is a justice of the peace in his town and one of the solid men of the place. Come again, Mr. Sassafras.'"

"Didn't any of the papers say that?"

"No, sir, not one. That is what The Bugle would have said if any of you New Yorkers had visited Quohosh, but you don't appear to appreciate the good it does your town to have strangers to come to it. I shan't come no more."

And Uncle Jabez Sassafras went to the station and bought his ticket home, and the city editors of the New York papers when they learned the fact forthwith hanged themselves on the sour apple trees most adjacent to their respective offices.—Brooklyn Life.

The Pie of Pies.

Let pastry cooks o'erbrim the books
With recipes for pies
That would incite an anchoret
To wild apostrophes
And tell of such as knew the touch
Of Francatelli great,
My muse always awakes to praise
The pie I never ate.

Though poets blend in odes that tend
The savant to convince
That crafts are naught unless inwrought
With mystery of mince
Or glorify the kind of pie
With pumpkin fruit a-freight,
I'm still content to compliment
The pie I never ate.

It's quite the thing I know, to sing—
To memory awake—
About the pies of goodly size
Our mothers used to make,
But somehow, when I think again
Of such suggestive bait,
With stronger stress my muse would bless
The pie I never ate.

—Boston Courier.

A TRIAL TREATMENT FREE.

Dr. Pearson's Liberal Offer— Consultation Examination, Advice, Medicine and First Treatment Free to All Who Apply in Person.—All Who Need Medical Treatment Will Be Cordially Welcome to This Free Test Without a Penny to Pay.

We are convinced that our method of treatment by local application of cleansing and healing lotions to the inflamed mucous membrane of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes, aided by the administration of medicine internally to correct the general health, is the only proper treatment for these local and general catarrhal inflammations.

We are convinced of this because of the many patients who have yielded so quickly to this system of treatment, after having swallowed medicine for years without obtaining the slightest benefit.

We are convinced of the superiority of our mild and painless method of treatment because it is being endorsed by many physicians in family practice who are sending their catarrhal patients to us, and because many specialists are abandoning their old methods of severe and heroic treatment, throwing away their old instruments by which nitrate of silver, creosote, chromic acid, acetic acid and other caustic medicines were applied, and are now using the mild and cleansing lotions instead.

We are convinced that there is a large class of sufferers from old and obstinate chronic diseases, who have been subjected to harsh and torturous treatment by unscrupulous and ignorant fakir specialists, and who have exhausted their patience and wasted their means in the vain attempt to find relief, until, heart-sick and discouraged, they have concluded to try no more, and expect to suffer as long as they live. It is to this class of sufferers especially that the free test is directed.

We want to convince the sick of this community of the correctness of our claims. We propose to subject our methods to the severest test—a test which can be made by any one absolutely free. In order to enable all to obtain some definite understanding of Dr. Pearson's system of disease treatment, and to test its great practical advantages over all other methods, Drs. Pearson and Carroll offer to all sufferers from catarrh, or other chronic maladies, a trial treatment free.

Remember that all who apply in person will be cordially welcomed to a careful examination, advice, medicine and treatment upon their first visit, absolutely free of charge. This is a test which the patient can make use of without a penny to pay for consultation, examination, advice, medicine and first treatment.

THE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT applies to all Chronic Diseases. If you have Nasal Catarrh, Bronchial Catarrh, Asthma, Deafness or Consumption, Stomach, Liver, Kidney or Nervous Troubles come and test our Treatment without a cent to pay.

DON'T BE DECEIVED.

Remember that Dr. Pearson's mild and painless treatment conquered and overthrew all other forms. Remember that no physician in this city has ever presented such testimonials as these of Drs. Pearson and Carroll. Don't experiment with old fashioned men and methods. Don't be deceived. Don't run the risk of being tortured and injured. WE can stand imitators, but you cannot. The lowest fee, the best service, the cleanest and most perfect equipment, the most thorough attention are yours to command. Call upon Drs. Pearson and Carroll at once.

HOW LONG ARE DRS. PEARSON AND CARROLL GOING TO STAY IN LOWELL? THEY WILL STAY IN LOWELL UNTIL EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD SUFFERING FROM A CHRONIC DISSEASE IS CURED.

CATARRH OF THE HEAD.

This is the most prevalent form of catarrh, and results from repeated and neglected colds, and inhaling irritating particles of dust and smoke. Have you any of the following symptoms?

Is your nose red?
Does the nose itch and burn?
Do you have frequent sneezing spells?
Do the nostrils stop up?
Is the stoppage worse at night?
Do you have headaches?
Is there pain and heaviness over the eyes?
Is your sense of smell impaired?
Is the nose sore and irritated?
Does your nose discharge?
Do you blow out scabs?
Is there a dropping into the throat?
Does your nose bleed?
Have you a foul breath?
Do you hawk a good deal?
Is your throat sore?
Do you sleep with the mouth open?
Do you snore while asleep?
Does your throat tickle?
Are you losing your sense of taste?
Do you spit up mucus?
Have you a tired aching feeling?

ARTHUR E. MORSE, 16 South Loring street, a well known citizen of Lowell, says: "I have suffered for years with a severe throat trouble, and nothing I ever tried before going to Drs. Pearson and Carroll gave me any relief. I have made wonderful improvement under their treatment and I recommend them in the strongest terms."

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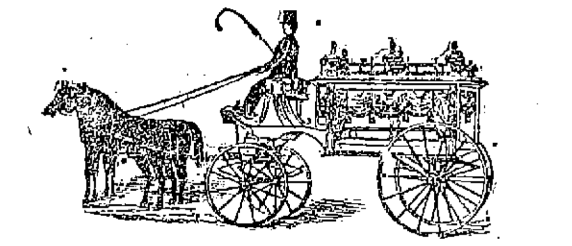

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STORY FROM THE STAGE.

A Fair Chorus Singer's Jump to be Prima Donna.

"The Wayside Inn" With a New Primma Donna Became the Page at a London Theatre—Thereupon Hung a Love Story and a Happy Marriage.

(Story Complete In This Issue.)

The fact that the speaking tube leading from the prompter's de-k to the conductor's chair in the Folly theater at ——shire, England, had refused to fulfill its duties led to two discoveries, one in support of a physical law, the other semiscientific. The physical discovery, so to speak, was that a small mouse can effectually prevent the passage of a large human voice. How the rodent came to make the speaking tube a hiding place matters not. It had forced its way some 10 feet into the tube, and, as Lord Dundreary would say, "The conversation ended." The second discovery was an accidental resultant of the useless condition of the speaking tube.

Forbes Henley, the stage manager of the Folly; Corbett Kenyon, the musical director, and Kelley, the gasman and electrician, were laughing over the mishap to the tube, and Henley remarked:

"I don't see, Kenyon, how you caught the signals if you didn't use the tube."

"That's the oddest thing of all," said Kenyon, taking hold of the electric light which hung over the conductor's music rack. "This lamp did it. When I didn't get the signal for the overture, I happened to lean over by this light, and I heard a small edition of your voice say, 'What the deuce is the matter with the band? Why don't they begin?' I didn't wait to ask questions of myself, and as I couldn't ask any of any one else through the tube I began the music. Well, I found out that by listening at the electric light I could hear everything said on the stage at the prompt entrance. I can't account for it, but it's so."

"Ah," said Mr. Kelley, breaking into the conversation, "I understand it all. The electric wires leading from my electric and gas table to your light form an accidental telephone. It often happens. Why, I've seen an ordinary gas pipe which would let you hear conversations held two or three floors away—something like those whispering galleries I've read about."

"Well, Kelley, I don't think we'll trust to the accidental telephone. You'll patch up the tube before night, won't you?" said Henley.

"All right, sir."

"And see that the opening to the tube is kept shut hereafter, please."

"All right, sir," again replied Kelley.

This conversation had been held after one of the rehearsals of the new opera which the Folly management was about to produce. The members of the company had departed some time ago, and the stage had been "cleared." Up stage, however, during the progress of these discoveries and the talk relating thereto, a young woman had been modestly waiting. Kenyon was the first to notice her and remarked in an undertone to Mr. Henley:

"Forbes, I think there's some one wishes to speak to you."

Henley turned and spoke up quickly after recognizing the young lady:

"Did you wish to see me, Miss Marriott?"

"If you please, sir," replied the young lady, coming down stage hesitatingly.

"Have you been waiting ever since rehearsal? Why didn't you speak before? I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, my dear," using the meaningless term of address in universal use upon the stage.

"I didn't like to interrupt you," she answered.

"What can I do for you?" asked Henley, looking quite earnestly at her. And he could have looked upon few prettier, more ladylike or more modest appearing damsels in the entire dramatic profession.

With evident embarrassment Miss Marriott answered her manager: "Could you and Mr. Kenyon do me a great favor—a favor to my mother as well as myself? Mother, as perhaps you know, sir, was once well known as a singer. She's an invalid now, and all the pleasure left her in this world is music. I've told her about the new opera, and she wishes she could see the score for only one day. Then, too, although I'm only in the chorus, I like to 'run through' all the operas we sing. Mother helps me, and I somehow feel I can understand my own work better when I know the whole opera."

"Do you mean to say you study the whole of the operas we sing?" asked Kenyon, here joining the conversation.

"Yes, sir," replied Miss Mariott, turning to Kenyon. "I've studied all we've played so far."

There was a short silence before Henley spoke, saying: "I'm sure I don't know what to reply to your request. It's against the rules, and"——

"Oh, bother the rules!" interrupted Kenyon. "The opera's ours, isn't it? By Jove, such interest in her work by one of the chorus deserves some recognition. Let Miss Marriott have the extra score. I'll trust her."

"Well," said Henley, with a brightened face, "I'm glad to do so if you're willing." He went away, and soon returning handed the young lady a thick volume of manuscript. "There, my dear, that's the piano score. You'll be careful of it. I rely on your not letting any one but your mother and yourself see it. You can keep it till after Sunday. We shan't need it."

"Oh, thank you so much! I'll keep it sacredly. I'll promise no one shall hear or see a note of it but mother and myself."

And with an uncommon look of thankfulness—and something more—divided one-third to Kenyon, two-thirds to Henley, she hastened away. Henley and Kenyon soon followed.

Of all the provincial theaters in Great Britain the Folly of ——shire was perhaps the most successful. All the London productions had found a quick reproduction here, and unvarying prosperity had attended every venture. The company had become localized, so to speak, and was a united, diligent and admirably constructed corps. Continued success had made the management bold, and now a distinctly daring attempt was on the boards—namely, an entirely new and original opera. "The Wayside Inn" was in rehearsal for early production. Furthermore, the author of the book of the opera was Forbes Henley; the composer of the music was Corbett Kenyon, stage manager and musical director of the Folly respectively. Therefore these two gentlemen, both young and energetic, were doubly interested in the coming event. Everything thus far had tended toward a thoroughly good production. The entire company—principals, chorus, band—all acted as if they had, each member, a personal interest in the welfare of the new work. All—with the inevitable one exception. That exception was the prima donna of the Folly company, Rose Blanville. Now, it must be confessed that Miss Blanville was a good singer, a clever actress and, moreover, a great favorite with the patrons of the Folly. But—oh, how those three letters do interfere with the even current of life's affairs! —she was not a true artist at heart. She was tricky, as flighty as a woodcock, as unreliable as a tailor's promises, and of late she had tried to show her independence by slighting her work, by breaking the established rules of the theater in a score of petty ways. In all England there was no fairer or more just stage manager than Henley, but he did expect the rules to be obeyed. Only the "fakirs" or "shirkers" ever found fault with his discipline. But in the case of Miss Blanville it was "grin and bear" her impertinences, her small misdemeanors, for Rose knew there was not a leading soprano disengaged in all Great Britain. Kenyon knew this, Henley knew it, so they hoped she would grow better natured, and from pride's sake, if nothing more, do her best in the new opera.

The rehearsal of today was the second full one—that is, of the entire opera and by all engaged in it. Excepting one or two small kicks of Miss Blanville, everything had passed off most promisingly, and the hopes of the author and composer were on a high key and at concert pitch.

Several days passed, and rehearsals continued. Improvement was shown at each successive trial, and even the prima donna behaved quite decently. Changes naturally suggested themselves to the author and composer, and a short scene with a few solo lines was introduced into act 2 of "The Wayside Inn." It seemed to strike both Kenyon and Henley at once and alike that Constance Marriott would do this little "bit part" nicely. Therefore that young lady was made happy and proud by being chosen to play this small part and also by the knowledge that her name would no longer be submerged and hidden in the line—villagers, peasants, etc., by the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus. No, although it would be the last on the list there it would read: "Stella (a dairy maid)—Miss Constance Marriott."

It was quite pleasant, too, to find that the choice had been a good one, for Miss Marriott sang and acted the little scene charmingly. True, both Henley and Kenyon gave her an unusual amount of time and attention in the early rehearsals, but soon, however, she needed no further instructions.

Thus it went on till the Friday night before the Monday night on which "The Wayside Inn" was to be first produced. The local papers had been full of glorious "advance notices" of the event, and every seat salable had been secured for the opening night. Indeed the London journals had taken up the story, and the musical critics of The Times, The Standard, The Telegraph and a half dozen more of the leading dailies in the metropolis and elsewhere had requested "seats to be set aside" for them for the first night.

Henley was happy. Kenyon was confident. As the former said, "Everything is coming our way." Had he foreseen Friday night's happenings and their consequences he might have added, "And the devil came also."

There is a very strict rule regarding smoking in the dressing rooms of a theater. Actors—yes, and actresses, so far as cigarettes go—often break the rule, but if caught it means a sure fine, unless for some special reason there is a winking at the offense. Now, Henley could forgive anything almost but the ladies smoking cigarettes in their dressing rooms. Too much lace and flimsy stuffs hang around or lie scattered about on the chairs not to make it very dangerous if a lighted cigarette should be dropped carelessly about. It might result in a dire and dread panic, a conflagration, the loss of many lives.

On the third floor of that part of the theater devoted to the dressing rooms in a large room where some half dozen of the chorus ladies were wont to attire themselves for the stage between the acts Constance Marriott sat alone on this Friday night. There was no change of dress for the beginning of the next act of the opera being played, and the fair chorus girl had sought seclusion from the chatter of her companions in the dressing room. Perhaps she was "blue." At any rate, she seemed to be thinking deeply of something or somebody, and with closed eyes she leaned her pretty head against the wall, her chair carelessly tipped back. She was aroused from her reverie by the sound of voices, not near by—no, they seemed, although every word could be distinctly heard, to be far away. Comparing sight and sound, she heard as one sees through opera glasses reversed. Miss Marriott was mortal, a woman, and—well, she listened. She even blushed at the sound of the voices, for she recognized the speakers.

"Miss Blanville, I've asked you a score of times not to smoke cigarettes in your dressing room. It's against the rules."

"You don't like it, eh?" The sound of a woman's voice came up to the listener.

"No," was the quick reply, a little louder, "but that's not the reason of the rule nor of my request. Smoking in the theater invalidates our insurance. If I"——

"Our insurance—ahem! Our insurance!" was the sarcastic interruption.

"I beg your pardon. The insurance." Here came a pause.

"Will you be so kind as to throw that cigarette away?"

"Yes, when I've smoked all I wish to of it and not before," was the answer.

"Then, Miss Blanville, I shall fine you £5."

"You will, will you? And I'll not pay it," said the feminine voice

"I think you will," was the subdued but firm rejoinder in male tones.

"And I know blamed well I'll not," answered the woman.

Just as the conversation ended at this point another of the chorus girls came into the dressing room where Constance Marriott had been listening.

"Oh, Millie," cried Constance at the sight of her companion, "when you go down stairs will you tell Mr. Henley I'm ill? Ask him to excuse me (be next act, will you? There's a dear! I don't want to be fined."

"Why, Connie, are you sick?"

"Yes, dear, I am truly—my head aches fearfully."

"Of course I'll tell him. I'll come back in a minute if I can help you any," said Millie, running out and then returning to say: "Connie, dear, in the pocket of my sack—the gray one—there's a bit of sherry in a flask. Take a drop of it, dear. It'll do you good."

Constance didn't wait for the drink or for Millie's return. For only a moment she pressed her ear against the wall and listened. She heard Rose Blanville utter a man's oath, and evidently talking to her waiting maid heard the prima donna say:

"The confounded upstart! Fine me, will he? I fancy he'll not! I'll pay him out. Wait till Monday night! He'll find his leading lady out of town. Where'll his blooming opera be then?"

"You can't do that, miss, can you?" asked the maid.

"I can't, can't I? You see if I can't! My old man's been begging me to give up here. He'll take me to America, he says. He'll buy me a doctor's certificate. I'll play 'Walker' with Mr. Henley, the duffer! It'll be 'Tommy Dodd' with his old opera."

That was enough for Constance. Poor girl, she was in a quandary. All the Blanville's talk might be mere boast. What was Constance to do? She couldn't be a telltale and warn Henley. It would look, too, like currying favor, and how could she tell him the source of her information? Of course she knew as well as if she had shared in the scene all that had taken place in the star dressing room on the first floor, knew who the speakers were as well as if she had seen their lips moving.

She hastened from the theater. Saturday morning a kind note from Henley advising her, if she were a bit ill, not to come to the theater, either to the matinee or evening performance. "I want you to be bright and strong for the last rehearsal Monday," ran the note. It made the tears start to Constance's bright eyes when she read the words the "last rehearsal." Now, when a stage manager writes a note of this sort to a chorus girl it means a good deal. You may not know stage etiquette, and as the boys say, "I'll give you that for a tipper." But you and I do know that Constance was not ill at all. Nevertheless she remained at home Saturday and did not go out on that or the following day. Both Henley and Kenyon called at the door of her lodging between matinee and night performances, but she simply sent a message in reply to their queries, saying that she was much better and would certainly be all right Monday morning.

The eventful day arrived. Eventful days are always acting that way—in fact, all days are eventful to some one or another, and they continue to turn up as regularly as tax bills.

Contrary to the usual plan, there had been no Sunday rehearsal. Every one was "dead letter perfect," and the interested parties had decided that a good day's rest before the final rehearsal was worth more than one more going over the opera.

Ten a. m. Monday found everybody who should be present on the stage of the Folly theater. The customary "20 minutes' grace" was uncalled for. Every one felt so deep an interest in the new production and had so much pride in doing the best for their fellow manager's and director's opera that, as the low comedy man said, "They sat up all night to be on time and would have come on crutches, except that that might suggest a lame performance."

"The Wayside Inn" was bound to be "a great go," so everybody said.

The orchestra got a good grasp upon the note A—that is to say, every member of the band put his instrument in tune.

The scene for act 1 of "The Wayside Inn" was set, and Henley said in a low voice, standing in front of Kenyon's desk, "I think we're all ready, Corbett." Kenyon rapped his men to attention and held his baton aloft. A lad came to Henley's side and touched his arm, and the baton slowly descended. "Well, what is it, Williams?" sharply asked Henley.

"I don't think Miss Blanville is here, sir," replied the callboy.

Henley said afterward that so far as temperature was concerned the call boy's words prepared him for arctic exploration in just two seconds. He was outwardly calm, however, and seemed careless in his remark:

"All right, we'll have to wait a few minutes then. She's got five minutes more of grace anyhow," looking at his watch. He did not need even the five minutes, for a messenger boy appeared and handed him a letter. He tore the envelope open and read as follows:

MONDAY MORNING.

To Forbes Henley, Esq., Stage Manager Folly Theater:

DEAR SIR—I beg to inclose the herewith dr.'s certificate, wich will show you I can't sing tonight. Maybee I shan't smoke no more cigarettes, anyway in your theater. yours truly.

ROSE BLANVILLE.

Miss Blanville was a better singer than a speller.

The inclosure was as follows:

This is to certify that, being professionally called in yesterday (Sunday) by Miss Rose Blanville, I find her suffering with acute bronchitis. It would probably cause the loss of her voice should she attempt to sing for several weeks to come, and in my professional capacity I have forbidden her to use her voice until I give her permission so to do.

FRANCIS A. CLARRIDGE, M. D.

"It's a lie!" said Henley hoarsely. He paused only a moment and then turned to the assembled company, each man, woman and child of which had seen something was "gone wrong," and said in a steady but very precise manner of speech:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to say that I have a doctor's certificate here announcing the sudden illness of Miss Blanville. The rehearsal is postponed for one hour, if you please, while the management—Mr. Kenyon and myself—consult as to what will be done in the emergency. Please do me the favor not to speak of the matter about town yet awhile. Everything may come out all right. I rely upon your co-operation."

There was a murmur which seemed a ground swell of pity and commiseration for their stage manager, and the men were ugly in their remarks about that "so and so" Blanville, and the women said, "What a shame!" etc., for no one believed a particle in Miss Blanville's illness. The people were slowly departing when Constance Marriott came down stage and stood before Henley. She said in a quiet, confident way:

"Mr. Henley, I wish you would call the people back."

"Miss Marriott, this is no time for pleasantry. I hardly expected it of you," rejoined the stage manager, with an emphasis on the "you."

"Pardon me, Mr. Henley! If you will only try me, I know I can sing every note of Miss Blanville's part. I think I can act it, with a little help, for I've watched the business carefully"——

"Wait a minute!" cried Henley, his face ablaze with hope. He called at the top of his voice: "Please don't go, ladies and gentlemen! Remain where you are just a moment!" Everybody took a position as if for a tableau, and all looked at Constance Marriott and Forbes Henley. "Now go on," said he to the quondam chorus girl.

"Only this," continued Miss Marriott. "I feared Miss Blanville would disappoint you, and with my mother's help I've learned the music of the part she was to play. You can try me. It will do no harm, and if I succeed you need not postpone the opening."

Before Henley could reply Kenyon, who was never heard before or after to utter a profane word, shouted out to the stage manager:

"Forbes, I've heard every word she's said, and by ——, I think she can do it. She shall have a try anyhow." And he rapped his men to attention again.

Henley said: "We'll begin the rehearsal, please. Attention, every one! Places! Act 1. Off you go, Corbett!"

The overture went with a snap and dash and needed not a word of correction. The opening chorus, too, seemed to be sung better than ever before, and everything went swimmingly till the entrance of Grace Damal—the rôle of the prima donna. Then Constance entered, came down stage for her opening number, a beautiful, quiet, rather pathetic song. Kenyon stood up at his desk and whispered to her: "Take your own time! Sing confidently! Trust to me! I'll help you out!"

She didn't need a bit of help—not a bit. True, at first her voice trembled just a trifle, but Henley whispered, "Don't be afraid—you're all right." And her tones came out clear as a bell. That girl had been taught the right way to produce a note. In heaven's name, what had such a voice been doing in a chorus?

Kenyon smiled, sat down, and albeit watching Constance closely showed he had no fear or hesitation.

The solo ended, the rehearsal stopped. It was no use. It could not go on. The entire company burst into a shout of applause, and as for Henley and Kenyon the latter had jumped upon the stage right over the footlights and held Constance's hands in his, shaking them up and down as if they were rattles and he a big baby. Henley—well, Henley kissed her, he did, and then, looking like a fool, said, "I fine myself £20, but it's worth it." It was quite awhile before the assemblage got back to its united senses.

Why, Miss Marriott's voice was infinitely purer and better than the absent Blanville's. She felt the music and made you feel it too. Sing? She sang the proverbial lark out of his whole gamut. Finally the rehearsal was resumed, and allowing for a little crudeness here and there, but no awkwardness—and even the crudeness disappeared as Miss Marriott gained confidence—the role was acted with remarkable finish. "Save your voice, dear," said Henley. "You're all right," smiling on his pretty savior from disaster.

"Just hum through the principal numbers once more to get the action," said Kenyon, and by this means parts of the opera were gone over twice or thrice long before 3 o'clock.

When night came, to the crowded house Henley made a splendid speech of explanation regarding the change of cast in the principal role. The audience was a trifle cold and hesitating until after Constance's first solo, and then, as Kenyon said when he held his stick on high for the tumultuous encore which followed, "She's got 'em!" And in fact she did "have them."

The performance was a complete triumph, but whether "The Wayside Inn" or the new prima donna had won the greater success it was difficult to say. The London critics telegraphed over a column each to their several journals, and in one night Constance Marriott sprang from a simple chorus girl to the foremost rank among comic opera singers. Henley whispered to Kenyon as they stood at the stage door after the performance.

"All right, old boy. I envy you. Wish you luck," said Kenyon, and he started on ahead of his partner in success.

Henley walked home with Constance Marriott. He must beg her pardon for giving her that kiss. He did so quite eloquently, and she gave it back to him when they got inside the door of her dwelling. What a welcome came from the sweet invalid mother!

Well, well, well, what a happy hour it was, while Constance told how, after the first rehearsal we have spoken of, she had overheard the description of the accidental telephone from the prompt side to the leader's desk; how she, too, had discovered the same sort of a line of communication leading from the star dressing room to the chorus room, how she had listened that Friday night, how she had deliberately bribed the librarian of the theater to let her have the score, telling him that she had been made "understudy" and needed to look over the prima donna's part; how she and her mother had worked at the role all Saturday and Sunday, and——

You know or can imagine the rest. Forbes kissed her again—this time right before her own mother, who laughed a very knowing laugh. Then Forbes actually kissed the mother.

"The Wayside Inn" ran to crowded houses for over five months and was then taken off. Miss Marriott was unable to appear for two weeks, and the public would have no one else in her role. She took this fortnight's vacation because Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Henley went on their wedding tour.—Nath Childs in Short Stories.

Army and Navy Officers' Outfits.

An army officer's outfit is expensive. The army outfit costs at the very lowest $180. Very few officers would be satisfied with a $180 outfit. It is made of cheap cloth, poorly finished. It is "regulation," and the commanding officer would have to pass it. But an officer would feel very mean in one of these outfits at an official reception. From $180 the cost of the outfit ranges up to $350. Most of the difference is in the cost of the material of the uniform. A naval officer's outfit costs even more. At the navy department they say that in round numbers a "good" outfit will cost $450. There are 1,410 officers in the navy on the active list. If the navy department took a notion to alter the character of the uniform and equipment of its officers so radically that the present outfit would be useless, it would cost $634,500 to make the change. All of this would come out of the pockets of the officers themselves. It is very well to make officers pay for their own outfits, but they cannot see the justice of paying for changes which depend on the whims of a superior officer and which benefit no one but Uncle Sam.—Washington Star.

The Gallery God as a Critic.

The gallery god is the best critic of melodrama. The essential feature of good melodrama is thrill, and he always thrills at the proper time and is not afraid to manifest the same. The thrill may extend down stairs, but somehow the atmosphere down there is not so highly charged with enthusiasm, or else the high priced patrons are averse to showing their feelings, so they thrill in silence if at all and weep under the pretense of wiping their eyeglasses. Not so the gallery god. He is outspoken in his praise or condemnation. He knows a good point when he sees it, and he is not afraid to say so. Moreover, if the melodrama does not come up to his standard, which is pretty high, he never goes again.—Washington Post.

In a Japanese Theater.

A Japanese audience, when they wish to express disapproval of a bad play, do not hiss or hoot or make any hideous and inconvenient noise. They merely rise to their feet and turn their backs to the stage, upon which the curtain immediately descends, and the play is forthwith tabooed.—Indianapolis News.

Song.

There is a wondrous story
That I would sing to thee,
A song of golden glory,
Love's faith and constancy.
The winter day is ended,
But in the sky above
A thousand lights are blended,
The thousand thoughts of love,
Bright thoughts of love.

The western skies are golden
As some great wheaten sheaf,
But brighter far that olden
Sweet tale of love's belief.
The sunsets die and vanish
With each departing day,
But years serve not to banish
The love that lives alway,
And this is my song.

—Flavel Scott Mines in Godey's Lady Book.

MORPHINE ANTIDOTE.

DR. MOOR'S PROOF THAT HE HAS CONQUERED THE POISON.

Permanganate of Potash Demonstrates Its Mastery Over Morphine of an Equal Amount—Poisons, No Matter How Administered, Reach the Stomach.

Dr. William Moor, the discoverer of the new antidote for morphine, is experimenting with strychnine, cocaine and other poisons.

Dr. Moor has demonstrated by staking his life upon it that the permanganate will instantly counteract all the poisonous effects of morphine. When he took three grains of the poison, against the protests of 12 physicians, he demonstrated not only the success of his antidote, which he took immediately afterward, but proved that it was a new discovery to the medical profession.

Dr. Moor is 28 years old. He is tall, with a black mustache and a restless, energetic manner. He has all the enthusiasm of an inventor. Poisons are his playthings and experiment his amusement. He is an Austrian by birth, studied two years in Berlin and one in Paris and is a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city. He has been in practice a little over three years.

Dr. Moor was asked how his attention came to be called to permanganate of potash. He said it had always been a favorite with him when as a boy he performed chemical experiments. "It is very pretty to look at," said he. Then he took a pill made of the permanganate and put it in a glass of water. When he touched it with a spoon, it turned the whole glass to a rich purple color, like that of a fine Burgundy. This showed that the drug, which usually comes in dark purple, needlelike crystals, is easily soluble.

"I will show you how it affects morphine," said Dr. Moor. Then he took a little bottle of sulphate of morphine. He poured out a grain of morphine. This he dissolved in a half glass of water. It was colorless. The reporter, who tasted it, found it intensely bitter. "Now watch the effect," said Dr. Moor. He poured the colorless morphine solution into the glass containing the beautiful purple liquid. The liquid immediately turned a dirty black, like ink, and the color at once began to precipitate in fine particles toward the bottom of the glass.

"Now taste it," said Dr. Moor.

It was tasteless. The bitterness had all disappeared, showing that the morphine had been instantly annihilated by contact with the permanganate of potash. The liquid at the top began to get clearer. The fine black particles in five minutes formed a thick layer, and all the rest looked like pure water. This residuum is black manganese dioxide, a harmless substance. "That is the way it acts in the human stomach," said Dr. Moor. "The morphine or any of the salts of opium is at once rendered harmless by contact with the permanganate. The antidote at once seeks the poison, passing by the other substances. The soluble salt of morphine is acted upon by the antidote 75,000 times quicker than albumen and several thousand times quicker than pepton."

"How did you find this out?"

"I experimented upon the white of egg," said Dr. Moor. "That is pure albumen. It is converted into pepton by the action of pepsin. Pepton is the chief rival of the permanganate, because pepton is soluble in water and permanganate of potash acts most quickly on soluble substances. You have seen the demonstration which I have just given.

"The effect of the permanganate on morphine is instantaneous, as you see. But for purposes of calculation I estimate it as occupying a second. Then I watch the effect of permanganate of potash on white of egg and calculate the time until the effect is produced. It is infinitely slower—75,000 times slower. Thus I knew that the permanganate would seek the morphine and not the pepton in the stomach."

"But that is only theoretical. Did you have no practical test before you took the three grains of morphine yourself?" he was asked.

"Oh, yes," said Dr. Moor. "I tried it on a couple of rabbits by hypodermic injections, administering the same quantity of morphine to each. In the one which I gave the antidote the temperature remained normal. In the other it fell to 16. Then I began trying it on myself, taking first an eighth of a grain, then a quarter, then a half, then three-quarters. When I took the antidote, there was no apparent effect. I never took as much as three grains at one time until I gave my demonstration before the west side German clinic. Dr. Gottheil was very much frightened. I told him I would just as lief take six grains. Almost any quantity of morphine would be harmless if a similar quantity of the antidote were taken.

"Professor Hitzig in Germany a year or two ago proved that poisons of all kinds, no matter how administered, find their way to the stomach. Thus a snake poison received in the leg or a hypodermic injection of morphine in the arms begins to get into the stomach within a few seconds. Professor Hitzig found that one-half the poison will get into the stomach within an hour. The same is true of poisons received through the stomach, which pass back to the stomach again. So it follows that permanganate of potash, if administered while a person is still alive, begins at once to destroy the poison. It should be administered in successive doses, say at intervals of 20 minutes. I do not claim, however, that atropine should not also be administered hypodermically. Everything should be done to maintain the heart's action."

Dr. Moor is hopeful that the power of the permanganate in killing poison extends to poisons other than those derived from opium. Cocaine is one of the substances with which he is experimenting in addition to strychnine and atropine. He knows from experiment that the effects of permanganate upon these substances is different from that upon morphine and in the case of strychnine is very much slower. He said yesterday that he did not know that it had ever been ascertained what was the active principle of a rattlesnake's poison. "I am going to experiment with the rattlesnake, however," said he. "If the poison gets into the stomach, there ought to be a way of reaching it, as is done with morphine."—New York World.

Difference of Opinion.

As Sims Reeves finished singing "Come Into the Garden, Maud," one night amid thunders of applause a gentleman turned to his neighbor and shouted, "Isn't that grand, magnificent, beautiful?"

To his astonishment the reply bawled into his ear was:

"Well, I dunno, mister, but to my way of thinkin yon mon's a gradely fool for axin Maud or any other young woman to come to th' garden gate expectin to find him by hisself, when he knows as th' row he's kicpin up wi' his howlin 'll waken all th' people within half a mile and fetch 'em out to see what all th' bother's about."—London Telegram.

For Cleaning Milk Bottles.

Stale tea [illegible] are said to be excellent for cleaning bottles that have had milk in them. Put a few leaves in the bottle, pour in water, shake, then rinse out with clear water. It will make them clear as crystal and remove any particle of milk

NOVEL TELEGRAPHING.

It Looked Like Thought Transference, but the Explanation Was Simple.

A prominent lawyer thought he had discovered a wonderful instance of thought transference the other day. He has two typewriter operators. One works in his private office, and the other has a desk in an adjoining room. Of late he has been puzzled upon giving instructions to his private stenographer, to be delivered to the other typewriter, to find that she never quit the room, yet the girl in the next room would always execute the order just as if she had been told explicitly what was required.

The attorney for a long time had been trying to account for this seeming telepathic communication between the two young ladies. Yesterday he thought he would make a test of the matter, and calling his stenographer he said, "I want you to take down this article of agreement and give it to Miss Blank to transcribe." He then dictated a lengthy and technical document, trying to make it as difficult as possible.

The stenographer took it down and then went to her machine and began operating it. The attorney watched her closely and saw that she never stopped her work. He waited for a half hour, then he turned to his typewriter and said:

"Miss So-and-so, I think you have forgotten to give Miss Blank that dictation I gave you for her."

"Oh, no," replied the young lady. "Miss Blank has it finished and waiting for you out there."

This nonplused the attorney. He was sure his private stenographer had not left the room and did not see how it could be possible for such a complicated agreement to be transferred by telepathic communication. He went out to Miss Blank, who handed him the agreement completed. The attorney could not contain himself any longer as he said: "Miss Blank, I have been noticing something strange for the past month. Will you tell me how you receive my instructions from Miss So-and-so without her leaving my room? Here you have transcribed a very difficult dictation, and I am sure you have had no communication with her." The young lady began to smile and said:

"Mr. ——, you should not be so sure that we have had no communication. We can converse with each other when the door is open just as well as if we were in the same room. No, it's not thought transference, but plain telegraphy. You see, Miss So-and-so and I have learned telegraphy recently, and we practice in this way.

"We found the space bars of our typewriters made perfect telegraph keys, so that we can send messages just as well as with a regular telegraph instrument. So it's not so mysterious after all."

The young lady showed her employer the manner of sending a message, and he began to think how easily some mysterious incidents could be explained if we only knew the truth.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Sang His Father Out of Jail.

Little Davie Connelly, the sweet voiced lad who is known all over the Pacific coast, sang his father out of jail in the Spokane police court once. David Connelly, Sr., had been arrested for being drunk and had been fined $1 and costs by Judge Miller. Then Davie appeared. Inspector Gough was an admirer of the lad, and so was Prosecutor Plattor.

At their request the little fellow sang in a voice of affecting sweetness, "Kiss and Let's Make Up." Judge Miller listened, and when he had concluded asked his name.

"Davie Connelly," said the lad.

"Why—ahem—who's your father?" asked the judge, with a suspicion of tenderness in his voice.

"Why, he's the man you just sent to jail," said the little fellow.

"I think we had better let the father go for the boy's sake," said Mr. Plattor.

"Sing 'My Mother's Picture,'" suggested Inspector Gough, and the boy sang with tender emotion the appeal of the child not to sell his mother's portrait. It was a sweet, pathetic refrain that brought emotions to the heart.

"Does your father get drunk often?" asked the judge as he looked sympathetically at the little singer.

"No, sir. This is the first time in a year," he replied. "And, judge, if you will let him go, I'll work at the Louvre next week and bring you the money for his fine."

"You? Why, what do you earn?"

"Seventeen dollars and a half a week," replied Davie. And in another minute it was arranged, and the parent was allowed to go.—Portland Oregonian.

An Oddity of Skin Grafting.

After a series of observations extending over a period of 12 years and experimenting on 23 individuals of both sexes and of opposite colors Professor Thiersch of Leipsic has given the following as the result: If a piece of negro's skin is grafted on the flesh of a white man or woman, the transplanted piece, as soon as it begins to properly adhere, gradually changes in color and texture until it becomes indistinguishable from that of the surrounding cuticle, the process of change usually occupying a period of from 92 to 112 days to make the complete transformaiton. On the other hand, when the skin of a white person is grafted to the flesh of a negro, the change, which it has already been admitted finally takes place, is not nearly so rapid, usually occupying a period of upward of a year. As to texture, it can be truly said that the white piece, though it changes to all appearance to real negro skin, is never as fine and soft as its ebony surroundings.

The question now arises: Should further experiment prove this to be true beyond a doubt, will the belles of the future have their faces denuded and patched up with negro skin in order to give them a fashionable texture?—St. Louis Republic.

That Sinking Feeling.

A Detroit doctor is laying for a boy about 16 years old, who came into his office one day last week, and after getting the doctor's advice disappeared and has not since been seen, at least by him.

"Doctor," said the boy, "I have a sinking feeling all over a great many times a day."

"Ever at night?" asked the doctor.

"Hardly ever."

"Let me see your tongue."

The boy showed his tongue. The doctor felt his pulse, sounded his chest, worked a stethoscope on him, listened at his heartbeats and then told him what was the matter with him and what to take for it.

"Maybe my business has got something to do with it, doctor?" suggested the boy as the physician stepped into the adjoining room to get a vial.

"Hardly that, I think," cheerily sang out the physician from the other room. "What is your business?"

"I run an elevator," responded the lad.

And before the doctor could get to him he had disappeared, as above stated.—Detroit Free Press.

Santa Fits the System.

Dudley Nobs—Pa, there is one thing about Santa Claus I never could understand.

Mr. Nobs—What is that, my son?

Dudley Nobs—Why does Santa always leave valuable presents to rich folks and cheap ones to poor people? Why don't he even things up?—New York Journal.

Boston and Maine Railroad.

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Commencing January 21, 1894.

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For Boston, at 6.50, 8.15, 9.20, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15 12.45, 3.25, 4.10, 5.10, 6.55, 9.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.65, 7.30, p. m.
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For Salem and Lynn, 12.15, 5.10 p. m.
For Newburyport, 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 6.15 p. m.
For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.
For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25 p. m.
For Somersworth, N.H., Salmon Falls Saco and Portland 8.30 a.m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35.
For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.
For Bangor; Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.
For St. John N. B., Montreal, Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays); SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.
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or Woburn, 6 30, §7 01, 7 35, *7 45, 11 00 a.m.; 1 35, 4 30, *§5 33, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8 45 a. m. §4 25, §6 03, p.m.
*Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.
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For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m.; 12.00, 5.10 and 5.40 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p. m.
For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.57, 3.13, 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.
For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m. and 3.43 p. m.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.43, 9.14, 9.45, 12.11 a.m.; 12.57, 1.47, 3.43, (5.04 Nashua only), 5.42, 6.22, 8.13, 8.43 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.00, a. m. to Nashua only), 2.00, 6.00 8.13, 8.43 p. m.
For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.14, 9.45, 12.11, a. m.; 1.47, (5.42 Franklin only), †8.13 p. m.
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For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.15 a.m.; 1.47 and †8.43.
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STORY FROM THE STAGE.

A Fair Chorus Singer's Jump to be Prima Donna.

"The Wayside Inn" With a New Primma Donna Became the Page at a London Theatre—Thereupon Hung a Love Story and a Happy Marriage.

(Story Complete in This Issue.)

The fact that the speaking tube leading from the prompter's desk to the conductor's chair in the Folly theater at ——shire, England, had refused to fulfill its duties led to two discoveries, one in support of a physical law, the other semiscientific. The physical discovery, so to speak, was that a small mouse can effectually prevent the passage of a large human voice. How the rodent came to make the speaking tube a hiding place matters not. It had forced its way some 10 feet into the tube, and, as Lord Dundreary would say, "The conversation ended." The second discovery was an accidental resultant of the useless condition of the speaking tube.

Forbes Henley, the stage manager of the Folly; Corbett Kenyon, the musical director, and Kelley, the gasman and electrician, were laughing over the mishap to the tube, and Henley remarked:

"I don't see, Kenyon, how you caught the signals if you didn't use the tube."

"That's the oddest thing of all," said Kenyon, taking hold of the electric light which hung over the conductor's music rack. "This lamp did it. When I didn't get the signal for the overture, I happened to lean over by this light, and I heard a small edition of your voice say, 'What the deuce is the matter with the band? Why don't they begin?' I didn't wait to ask questions of myself, and as I couldn't ask any of any one else through the tube I began the music. Well, I found out that by listening at the electric light I could hear everything said on the stage at the prompt entrance. I can't account for it, but it's so."

"Ah," said Mr. Kelley, breaking into the conversation, "I understand it all. The electric wires leading from my electric and gas table to your light form an accidental telephone. It often happens. Why, I've seen an ordinary gas pipe which would let you hear conversations held two or three floors away—something like those whispering galleries I've read about."

"Well, Kelley, I don't think we'll trust to the accidental telephone. You'll patch up the tube before night, won't you?" said Henley.

"All right, sir."

"And see that the opening to the tube is kept shut hereafter, please."

"All right, sir," again replied Kelley.

This conversation had been held after one of the rehearsals of the new opera which the Folly management was about to produce. The members of the company had departed some time ago, and the stage had been "cleared." Up stage, however, during the progress of these discoveries and the talk relating thereto, a young woman had been modestly waiting. Kenyon was the first to notice her and remarked in an undertone to Mr. Henley:

"Forbes, I think there's some one wishes to speak to you."

Henley turned and spoke up quickly after recognizing the young lady:

"Did you wish to see me, Miss Marriott?"

"If you please, sir," replied the young lady, coming down stage hesitatingly.

"Have you been waiting ever since rehearsal? Why didn't you speak before? I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, my dear," using the meaningless term of address in universal use upon the stage.

"I didn't like to interrupt you," she answered.

"What can I do for you?" asked Henley, looking quite earnestly at her. And he could have looked upon few prettier, more ladylike or more modest appearing damsels in the entire dramatic profession.

With evident embarrassment Miss Marriott answered her manager: "Could you and Mr. Kenyon do me a great favor—a favor to my mother as well as myself? Mother, as perhaps you know, sir, was once well known as a singer. She's an invalid now, and all the pleasure left her in this world is music. I've told her about the new opera, and she wishes she could see the score for only one day. Then, too, although I'm only in the chorus, I like to 'run through' all the operas we sing. Mother helps me, and I somehow feel I can understand my own work better when I know the whole opera."

"Do you mean to say you study the whole of the operas we sing?" asked Kenyon, here joining the conversation.

"Yes, sir," replied Miss Mariott, turning to Kenyon. "I've studied all we've played so far."

There was a short silence before Henley spoke, saying: "I'm sure I don't know what to reply to your request. It's against the rules, and"——

"Oh, bother the rules!" interrupted Kenyon. "The opera's ours, isn't it? By Jove, such interest in her work by one of the chorus deserves some recognition. Let Miss Marriott have the extra score. I'll trust her."

"Well," said Henley, with a brightened face, "I'm glad to do so if you're willing." He went away, and soon returning handed the young lady a thick volume of manuscript. "There, my dear, that's the piano score. You'll be careful of it. I rely on your not letting any one but your mother and yourself see it. You can keep it till after Sunday. We shan't need it."

"Oh, thank you so much! I'll keep it sacredly. I'll promise no one shall hear or see a note of it but mother and myself."

And with an uncommon look of thankfulness—and something more—divided one-third to Kenyon, two-thirds to Henley, she hastened away. Henley and Kenyon soon followed.

Of all the provincial theaters in Great Britain the Folly of ——shire was perhaps the most successful. All the London productions had found a quick reproduction here, and unvarying prosperity had attended every venture. The company had become localized, so to speak, and was a united, diligent and admirably constructed corps. Continued success had made the management bold, and now a distinctly daring attempt was on the boards—namely, an entirely new and original opera. "The Wayside Inn" was in rehearsal for early production. Furthermore, the author of the book of the opera was Forbes Henley; the composer of the music was Corbett Kenyon, stage manager and musical director of the Folly respectively. Therefore these two gentlemen, both young and energetic, were doubly interested in the coming event. Everything thus far had tended toward a thoroughly good production. The entire company—principals, chorus, band—all acted as if they had, each member, a personal interest in the welfare of the new work. All—with the inevitable one exception. That exception was the prima donna of the Folly company, Rose Blanville. Now, it must be confessed that Miss Blanville was a good singer, a clever actress and, moreover, a great favorite with the patrons of the Folly. But—oh, how those three letters do interfere with the even current of life's affairs! —she was not a true artist at heart. She was tricky, as flighty as a woodcock, as unreliable as a tailor's promises, and of late she had tried to show her independence by slighting her work, by breaking the established rules of the theater in a score of petty ways. In all England there was no fairer or more just stage manager than Henley, but he did expect the rules to be obeyed. Only the "fakirs" or "shickers" ever found fault with his discipline. But in the case of Miss Blanville it was "grin and bear" her impertinences, her small misdemeanors, for Rose knew there was not a leading soprano disengaged in all Great Britain. Kenyon knew this, Henley knew it, so they hoped she would grow better natured, and from pride's sake, if nothing more, do her best in the new opera.

The rehearsal of today was the second full one—that is, of the entire opera and by all engaged in it. Excepting one or two small kicks of Miss Blanville, everything had passed off most promisingly, and the hopes of the author and composer were on a high key and at concert pitch.

Several days passed, and rehearsals continued. Improvement was shown at each successive trial, and even the prima donna behaved quite decently. Changes naturally suggested themselves to the author and composer, and a short scene with a few solo lines was introduced into act 2 of "The Wayside Inn." It seemed to strike both Kenyon and Henley at once and alike that Constance Marriott would do this little "bit part" nicely. Therefore that young lady was made happy and proud by being chosen to play this small part and also by the knowledge that her name would no longer be submerged and hidden in the line—villagers, peasants, etc., by the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus. No, although it would be the last on the list there it would read: "Stella (a dairy maid) —Miss Constance Marriott."

It was quite pleasant, too, to find that the choice had been a good one, for Miss Marriott sang and acted the little scene charmingly. True, both Henley and Kenyon gave her an unusual amount of time and attention in the early rehearsals, but soon, however, she needed no further instructions.

Thus it went on till the Friday night before the Monday night on which "The Wayside Inn" was to be first produced. The local papers had been full of glorious "advance notices" of the event, and every seat salable had been secured for the opening night. Indeed the London journals had taken up the story, and the musical critics of The Times, The Standard, The Telegraph and a half dozen more of the leading dailies in the metropolis and elsewhere had requested "seats to be set aside" for them for the first night.

Henley was happy. Kenyon was confident. As the former said, "Everything is coming our way." Had he foreseen Friday night's happenings and their consequences he might have added, "And the devil came also."

There is a very strict rule regarding smoking in the dressing rooms of a theater. Actors—yes, and actresses, so far as cigarettes go—often break the rule, but if caught, it means a sure fine, unless for some special reason there is a winking at the offense. Now, Henley could forgive anything almost but the ladies smoking cigarettes in their dressing rooms. Too much lace and flimsy stuffs hang around or lie scattered about on the chairs not to make it very dangerous if a lighted cigarette should be dropped carelessly about. It might result in a dire and dread panic, a conflagration, the loss of many lives.

On the third floor of that part of the theater devoted to the dressing rooms in a large room where some half dozen of the chorus ladies were wont to attire themselves for the stage between the acts Constance Marriott sat alone on this Friday night. There was no change of dress for the beginning of the next act of the opera being played, and the fair chorus girl had sought seclusion from the chatter of her companions in the dressing room. Perhaps she was "blue." At any rate, she seemed to be thinking deeply of something or somebody, and with closed eyes she leaned her pretty head against the wall, her chair carelessly tipped back. She was aroused from her reverie by the sound of voices, not near by no, they seemed, although every word could be distinctly heard, to be far away. Comparing sight and sound, she heard as one sees through opera glasses reversed. Miss Marriott was mortal, a woman, and—well, she listened. She even blushed at the sound of the voices, for she recognized the speakers.

"Miss Blanville, I've asked you a score of times not to smoke cigarettes in your dressing room. It's against the rules."

"You don't like it, eh?" The sound of a woman's voice came up to the listener.

"No," was the quick reply, a little louder, "but that's not the reason of the rule nor of my request. Smoking in the theater invalidates our insurance. If I"——

"Our insurance—ahem! Our insurance!" was the sarcastic interruption.

"I beg your pardon. The insurance." Here came a pause.

"Will you be so kind as to throw that cigarette away?"

"Yes, when I've smoked all I wish to of it and not before," was the answer.

"Then, Miss Blanville, I shall fine you £5."

"You will, will you? And I'll not pay it," said the feminine voice.

"I think you will," was the subdued but firm rejoinder in male tones.

"And I know blamed well I'll not," answered the woman.

Just as the conversation ended at this point another of the chorus girls came into the dressing room where Constance Marriott had been listening.

"Oh, Millie," cried Constance at the sight of her companion, "when you go down stairs will you tell Mr. Henley I'm ill? Ask him to excuse me the next act, will you? There's a dear! I don't want to be fined."

"Why, Connie, are you sick?"

"Yes, dear, I am truly—my head aches fearfully."

"Of course I'll tell him. I'll come back in a minute if I can help you any," said Millie, running out and then returning to say: "Connie, dear, in the pocket of my sack—the gray one—there's a bit of sherry in a flask. Take a drop of it, dear. It'll do you good."

Constance didn't wait for the drink or for Millie's return. For only a moment she pressed her ear against the wall and listened. She heard Rose Blanville utter a man's oath, and evidently talking to her waiting maid heard the prima donna say:

"The confounded upstart! Fine me, will he? I fancy he'll not! I'll pay him out. Wait till Monday night! He'll find his leading lady out of town. Where'll his blooming opera be then?"

"You can't do that, miss, can you?" asked the maid.

"I can't, can't I? You see if I can't! My old man's been begging me to give up here. He'll take me to America, he says. He'll buy me a doctor's certificate. I'll play 'Walker' with Mr. Henley, the duffer! It'll be 'Tommy Dodd' with his old opera."

That was enough for Constance. Poor girl, she was in a quandary. All the Blanville's talk might be mere boast. What was Constance to do? She couldn't be a telltale and warn Henley. It would look, too, like currying favor, and how could she tell him the source of her information? Of course she knew as well as if she had shared in the scene all that had taken place in the star dressing room on the first floor, knew who the speakers were as well as if she had seen their lips moving.

She hastened from the theater. Saturday morning a kind note from Henley advising her, if she were a bit ill, not to come to the theater, either to the matinee or evening performance. "I want you to be bright and strong for the last rehearsal Monday," ran the note. It made the tears start to Constance's bright eyes when she read the words the "last rehearsal." Now, when a stage manager writes a note of this sort to a chorus girl it means a good deal. You may not know stage etiquette, and as the boys say, "I'll give you that for a tipper." But you and I do know that Constance was not ill at all. Nevertheless she remained at home Saturday and did not go out on that or the following day. Both Henley and Kenyon called at the door of her lodging between matinee and night performances, but she simply sent a message in reply to their queries, saying that she was much better and would certainly be all right Monday morning.

The eventful day arrived. Eventful days are always acting that way—in fact, all days are eventful to some one or another, and they continue to turn up as regularly as tax bills.

Contrary to the usual plan, there had been no Sunday rehearsal. Every one was "dead letter perfect," and the interested parties had decided that a good day's rest before the final rehearsal was worth more than one more going over the opera.

Ten a. m. Monday found everybody who should be present on the stage of the Folly theater. The customary "20 minutes' grace" was uncalled for. Every one felt so deep an interest in the new production and had so much pride in doing the best for their fellow manager's and director's opera that, as the low comedy man said, "They sat up all night to be on time and would have come on crutches, except that that might suggest a lame performance."

"The Wayside Inn" was bound to be "a great go," so everybody said.

The orchestra got a good grasp upon the note A—that is to say, every member of the band put his instrument in tune.

The scene for act 1 of "The Wayside Inn" was set, and Henley said in a low voice, standing in front of Kenyon's desk, "I think we're all ready, Corbett." Kenyon rapped his men to attention and held his baton aloft. A lad came to Henley's side and touched his arm, and the baton slowly descended. "Well, what is it, Williams?" sharply asked Henley.

"I don't think Miss Blanville is here, sir," replied the callboy.

Henley said afterward that so far as temperature was concerned the call boy's words prepared him for arctic exploration in just two seconds. He was outwardly calm, however, and seemed careless in his remark:

"All right, we'll have to wait a few minutes then. She's got five minutes more of grace anyhow," looking at his watch. He did not need even the five minutes, for a messenger boy appeared and handed him a letter. He tore the envelope open and read as follows:

MONDAY MORNING.

To Forbes Henley, Esq., Stage Manager Folly Theater:

DEAR SIR—I beg to inclose the herewith dr.'s certificate, wich will show you I can't sing tonight. Maybee I shan't smoke no more cigarettes, anyway in your theater. yours truly,

ROSE BLANVILLE.

Miss Blanville was a better singer than a speller.

The inclosure was as follows:

This is to certify that, being professionally called in yesterday (Sunday) by Miss Rose Blanville, I find her suffering with acute bronchitis. It would probably cause the loss of her voice should she attempt to sing for several weeks to come, and in my professional capacity I have forbidden her to use her voice until I give her permission so to do.

FRANCIS A. CLARRIDGE, M. D.

"It's a lie!" said Henley hoarsely. He paused only a moment and then turned to the assembled company, each man, woman and child of which had seen something was "gone wrong," and said in a steady but very precise manner of speech:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to say that I have a doctor's certificate here announcing the sudden illness of Miss Blanville. The rehearsal is postponed for one hour, if you please, while the management —Mr. Kenyon and myself—consult as to what will be done in the emergency. Please do me the favor not to speak of the matter about town yet awhile. Everything may come out all right. I rely upon your co-operation."

There was a murmur which seemed a ground swell of pity and commiseration for their stage manager, and the men were ugly in their remarks about that "so and so" Blanville, and the women said, "What a shame!" etc., for no one believed a particle in Miss Blanville's illness. The people were slowly departing when Constance Marriott came down stage and stood before Henley. She said in a quiet, confident way:

"Mr. Henley, I wish you would call the people back."

"Miss Marriott, this is no time for pleasantry. I hardly expected it of you," rejoined the stage manager, with an emphasis on the "you."

"Pardon me, Mr. Henley! If you will only try me, I know I can sing every note of Miss Blanville's part. I think I can act it, with a little help, for I've watched the business carefully"——

"Wait a minute!" cried Henley, his face ablaze with hope. He called at the top of his voice: "Please don't go, ladies and gentlemen! Remain where you are just a moment!" Everybody took a position as if for a tableau, and all looked at Constance Marriott and Forbes Henley. "Now go on," said he to the quondam chorus girl.

"Only this," continued Miss Marriott. "I feared Miss Blanville would disappoint you, and with my mother's help I've learned the music of the part she was to play. You can try me. It will do no harm, and if I succeed you need not postpone the opening."

Before Henley could reply Kenyon, who was never heard before or after to utter a profane word, shouted out to the stage manager:

"Forbes, I've heard every word she's said, and by —— I think she can do it. She shall have a try anyhow." And he rapped his men to attention again.

Henley said: "We'll begin the rehearsal, please. Attention, every one! Places! Act 1. Off you go, Corbett!"

The overture went with a snap and dash and needed not a word of correction. The opening chorus, too, seemed to be sung better than ever before, and everything went swimmingly till the entrance of Grace Dainal—the role of the prima donna. Then Constance entered, came down stage for her opening number, a beautiful, quiet, rather pathetic song. Kenyon stood up at his desk and whispered to her: "Take your own time! Sing confidently! Trust to me! I'll help you out!"

She didn't need a bit of help—not a bit. True, at first her voice trembled just a trifle, but Henley whispered, "Don't be afraid—you're all right." And her tones came out clear as a bell. That girl had been taught the right way to produce a note. In heaven's name, what had such a voice been doing in a chorus?

Kenyon smiled, sat down, and albeit watching Constance closely showed he had no fear or hesitation.

The solo ended, the rehearsal stopped. It was no use. It could not go on. The entire company burst into a shout of applause, and as for Henley and Kenyon the latter had jumped upon the stage right over the footlights and held Constance's hands in his, shaking them up and down as if they were rattles and he a big baby. Henley—well, Henley kissed her, he did, and then, looking like a fool, said, "I fine myself £20, but it's worth it." It was quite awhile before the assemblage got back to its united senses.

Why, Miss Marriott's voice was infinitely purer and better than the absent Blanville's. She felt the music and made you feel it too. Sing? She sang the proverbial lark out of his whole gamut. Finally the rehearsal was resumed, and allowing for a little crudeness here and there, but no awkwardness—and even the crudeness disappeared as Miss Marriott gained confidence—the role was acted with remarkable finish. "Save your voice, dear," said Henley. "You're all right," smiling on his pretty savior from disaster.

"Just hum through the principal numbers once more to get the action," said Kenyon, and by this means parts of the opera were gone over twice or thrice long before 3 o'clock.

When night came, to the crowded house Henley made a splendid speech of explanation regarding the change of cast in the principal role. The audience was a trifle cold and hesitating until after Constance's first solo, and then, as Kenyon said when he held his stick on high for the tumultuous encore which followed, "She's got 'em!" And in fact she did "have them."

The performance was a complete triumph, but whether "The Wayside Inn" or the new prima donna had won the greater success it was difficult to say. The London critics telegraphed over a column each to their several journals, and in one night Constance Marriott sprang from a simple chorus girl to the foremost rank among comic opera singers. Henley whispered to Kenyon as they stood at the stage door after the performance.

"All right, old boy. I envy you. Wish you luck," said Kenyon, and he started on ahead of his partner in success.

Henley walked home with Constance Marriott. He must beg her pardon for giving her that kiss. He did so quite eloquently, and she gave it back to him when they got inside the door of her dwelling. What a welcome came from the sweet invalid mother!

Well, well, well, what a happy hour it was, while Constance told how, after the first rehearsal we have spoken of, she had overheard the description of the accidental telephone from the prompt side to the leader's desk; how she, too, had discovered the same sort of a line of communication leading from the star dressing room to the chorus room; how she had listened that Friday night, how she had deliberately bribed the librarian of the theater to let her have the score, telling him that she had been made "understudy" and needed to look over the prima donna's part; how she and her mother had worked at the role all Saturday and Sunday, and——

You know or can imagine the rest. Forbes kissed her again—this time right before her own mother, who laughed a very knowing laugh. Then Forbes actually kissed the mother.

"The Wayside Inn" ran to crowded houses for over five months and was then taken off. Miss Marriott was unable to appear for two weeks, and the public would have no one else in her role. She took this fortnight's vacation because Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Henley went on their wedding tour.—Nath Childs in Short Stories.

Army and Navy Officers' Outfits.

An army officer's outfit is expensive. The army outfit costs at the very lowest $180. Very few officers would be satisfied with a $180 outfit. It is made of cheap cloth, poorly finished. It is "regulation," and the commanding officer would have to pass it. But an officer would feel very mean in one of these outfits at an official reception. From $180 the cost of the outfit ranges up to $350. Most of the difference is in the cost of the material of the uniform. A naval officer's outfit costs even more. At the navy department they say that in round numbers a "good" outfit will cost $450. There are 1,410 officers in the navy on the active list. If the navy department took a notion to alter the character of the uniform and equipment of its officers so radically that the present outfit would be useless, it would cost $634,500 to make the change. All of this would come out of the pockets of the officers themselves. It is very well to make officers pay for their own outfits, but they cannot see the justice of paying for changes which depend on the whims of a superior officer and which benefit no one but Uncle Sam.—Washington Star.

The Gallery God as a Critic.

The gallery god is the best critic of melodrama. The essential feature of good melodrama is thrill, and he always thrills at the proper time and is not afraid to manifest the same. The thrill may extend down stairs, but somehow the atmosphere down there is not so highly charged with enthusiasm, or else the high priced patrons are averse to showing their feelings, so they thrill in silence if at all and weep under the pretense of wiping their eyeglasses. Not so the gallery god. He is outspoken in his praise or condemnation. He knows a good point when he sees it, and he is not afraid to say so. Moreover, if the melodrama does not come up to his standard, which is pretty high, he never goes again.—Washington Post.

In a Japanese Theater.

A Japanese audience, when they wish to express disapproval of a bad play, do not hiss or hoot or make any hideous and inconvenient noise. They merely rise to their feet and turn their backs to the stage, upon which the curtain immediately descends, and the play is forthwith tabooed. —Indianapolis News.

Song.

There is a wondrous story
That I would sing to thee,
A song of golden glory,
Love's faith and constancy.
The winter day is ended,
But in the sky above
A thousand lights are blended,
The thousand thoughts of love,
Bright thoughts of love.

The western skies are golden
As some great wheaten sheaf,
But brighter far that olden
Sweet tale of love's belief.
The sunsets die and vanish
With each departing day,
But years serve not to banish
The love that lives alway,
And this is my song.

—Flavel Scott Mines in Godey's Lady Book.

MORPHINE ANTIDOTE.

DR. MOOR'S PROOF THAT HE HAS CONQUERED THE POISON.

Permanganate of Potash Demonstrates Its Mastery Over Morphine of an Equal Amount—Poisons, No Matter How Administered, Reach the Stomach.

Dr. William Moor, the discoverer of the new antidote for morphine, is experimenting with strychnine, cocaine and other poisons.

Dr. Moor has demonstrated by staking his life upon it that the permanganate will instantly counteract all the poisonous effects of morphine. When he took three grains of the poison, against the protests of 12 physicians, he demonstrated not only the success of his antidote, which he took immediately afterward, but proved that it was a new discovery to the medical profession.

Dr. Moor is 26 years old. He is tall, with a black mustache and a restless, energetic manner. He has all the enthusiasm of an inventor. Poisons are his playthings and experiment his amusement. He is an Austrian by birth, studied two years in Berlin and one in Paris and is a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city. He has been in practice a little over three years.

Dr. Moor was asked how his attention came to be called to permanganate of potash. He said it had always been a favorite with him when as a boy he performed chemical experiments. "It is very pretty to look at," said he. Then he took a pill made of the permanganate and put it in a glass of water. When he touched it with a spoon, it turned the whole glass to a rich purple color, like that of a fine Burgundy. This showed that the drug, which usually comes in dark purple, needlelike crystals, is easily soluble.

"I will show you how it affects morphine," said Dr. Moor. Then he took a little bottle of sulphate of morphine. He poured out a grain of morphine. This he dissolved in a half glass of water. It was colorless. The reporter, who tasted it, found it intensely bitter. "Now watch the effect," said Dr. Moor. He poured the colorless morphine solution into the glass containing the beautiful purple liquid. The liquid immediately turned a dirty black, like ink, and the color at once began to precipitate in fine particles toward the bottom of the glass.

"Now taste it," said Dr. Moor.

It was tasteless. The bitterness had all disappeared, showing that the morphine had been instantly annihilated by contact with the permanganate of potash. The liquid at the top began to get clearer. The fine black particles in five minutes formed a thick layer, and all the rest looked like pure water. This residuum is black manganese dioxide, a harmless substance. "That is the way it acts in the human stomach," said Dr. Moor. "The morphine or any of the salts of opium is at once rendered harmless by contact with the permanganate. The antidote at once seeks the poison, passing by the other substances. The soluble salt of morphine is acted upon by the antidote 75,000 times quicker than albumen and several thousand times quicker than pepton."

"How did you find this out?"

"I experimented upon the white of egg," said Dr. Moor. "That is pure albumen. It is converted into pepton by the action of pepsin. Pepton is the chief rival of the permanganate, because pepton is soluble in water and permanganate of potash acts most quickly on soluble substances. You have seen the demonstration which I have just given.

"The effect of the permanganate on morphine is instantaneous, as you see. But for purposes of calculation I estimate it as occupying a second. Then I watch the effect of permanganate of potash on white of egg and calculate the time until the effect is produced. It is infinitely slower—75,000 times slower. Thus I knew that the permanganate would seek the morphine and not the pepton in the stomach."

"But that is only theoretical. Did you have no practical test before you took the three grains of morphine yourself?" he was asked.

"Oh, yes," said Dr. Moor. "I tried it on a couple of rabbits by hypodermic injections, administering the same quantity of morphine to each. In the one which I gave the antidote the temperature remained normal. In the other it fell to 16. Then I began trying it on myself, taking first an eighth of a grain, then a quarter, then a half, then three-quarters. When I took the antidote, there was no apparent effect. I never took as much as three grains at one time until I gave my demonstration before the west side German clinic. Dr. Gottheil was very much frightened. I told him I would just as lief take six grains. Almost any quantity of morphine would be harmless if a similar quantity of the antidote were taken.

"Professor Hitzig in Germany a year or two ago proved that poisons of all kinds, no matter how administered, find their way to the stomach. Thus a snake poison received in the leg or a hypodermic injection of morphine in the arms begins to get into the stomach within a few seconds. Professor Hitzig found that one-half the poison will get into the stomach within an hour. The same is true of poisons received through the stomach, which pass back to the stomach again. So it follows that permanganate of potash, if administered while a person is still alive, begins at once to destroy the poison. It should be administered in successive doses, say at intervals of 20 minutes. I do not claim, however, that atropine should not also be administered hypodermically. Everything should be done to maintain the heart's action."

Dr. Moor is hopeful that the power of the permanganate in killing poison extends to poisons other than those derived from opium. Cocaine is one of the substances with which he is experimenting in addition to strychnine and atropine. He knows from experiment that the effects of permanganate upon these substances is different from that upon morphine and in the case of strychnine is very much slower. He said yesterday that he did not know that it had ever been ascertained what was the active principle of a rattlesnake's poison. "I am going to experiment with the rattlesnake, however," said he. "If the poison gets into the stomach, there ought to be a way of reaching it, as is done with morphine."—New York World.

Difference of Opinion.

As Sims Reeves finished singing, "Come Into the Garden, Maud," one night amid thunders of applause a gentleman turned to his neighbor and shouted, "Isn't that grand, magnificent, beautiful?"

To his astonishment the reply bawled into his ear was:

"Well, I dunno, mister, but to my way of thinkin you mon's a gradely fool for axin Maud or any other young woman to come to th' garden gate expectin to find him by hissel', when he knows as th' row he's kickin up wi' his howlin 'll woken all th' people within half a mile and fetch 'em out to see what all th' bother's about."—London Telegram.

For Cleaning Milk Bottles.

Stale tea leaves are said to be excellent for cleaning bottles that have had milk in them. Put a few leaves in the bottle, pour in water, shake, then rinse out with clear water. It will make them clear as crystal and remove any particle of milk.

NOVEL TELEGRAPHING.

It Looked Like Thought Transference, but the Explanation Was Simple.

A prominent lawyer thought he had discovered a wonderful instance of thought transference the other day. He has two typewriter operators. One works in his private office, and the other has a desk in an adjoining room. Of late he has been puzzled upon giving instructions to his private stenographer, to be delivered to the other typewriter, to find that she never quit the room, yet the girl in the next room would always execute the order just as if she had been told explicitly what was required.

The attorney for a long time had been trying to account for this seeming telepathic communication between the two young ladies. Yesterday he thought he would make a test of the matter, and calling his stenographer he said, "I want you to take down this article of agreement and give it to Miss Blank to transcribe." He then dictated a lengthy and technical document, trying to make it as difficult as possible.

The stenographer took it down and then went to her machine and began operating it. The attorney watched her closely and saw that she never stopped her work. He waited for a half hour, then he turned to his typewriter and said:

"Miss So-and-so, I think you have forgotten to give Miss Blank that dictation I gave you for her."

"Oh, no," replied the young lady. "Miss Blank has it finished and waiting for you out there."

This nonplused the attorney. He was sure his private stenographer had not left the room and did not see how it could be possible for such a complicated agreement to be transferred by telepathic communication. He went out to Miss Blank, who handed him the agreement completed. The attorney could not contain himself any longer as he said: "Miss Blank, I have been noticing something strange for the past month. Will you tell me how you receive my instructions from Miss So-and-so without her leaving my room? Here you have transcribed a very difficult dictation, and I am sure you have had no communication with her." The young lady began to smile and said:

"Mr. ——, you should not be so sure that we have had no communication. We can converse with each other when the door is open just as well as if we were in the same room. No, it's not thought transference, but plain telegraphy. You see, Miss So-and-so and I have learned telegraphy recently, and we practice in this way.

"We found the space bars of our typewriters made perfect telegraph keys, so that we can send messages just as well as with a regular telegraph instrument. So it's not so mysterious after all."

The young lady showed her employer the manner of sending a message, and he began to think how easily some mysterious incidents could be explained if we only knew the truth.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Sang His Father Out of Jail.

Little Davie Connelly, the sweet voiced lad who is known all over the Pacific coast, sang his father out of jail in the Spokane police court once. David Connelly, Sr., had been arrested for being drunk and had been fined $1 and costs by Judge Miller. Then Davie appeared. Inspector Gough was an admirer of the lad, and so was Prosecutor Plattor.

At their request the little fellow sang in a voice of affecting sweetness, "Kiss and Let's Make Up." Judge Miller listened, and when he had concluded asked his name.

"Davie Connelly," said the lad.

"Why—ahem—who's your father?" asked the judge, with a suspicion of tenderness in his voice.

"Why, he's the man you just sent to jail," said the little fellow.

"I think we had better let the father go for the boy's sake," said Mr. Plattor.

"Sing 'My Mother's Picture,'" suggested Inspector Gough, and the boy sang with tender emotion the appeal of the child not to sell his mother's portrait. It was a sweet, pathetic refrain that brought emotions to the heart.

"Does your father get drunk often?" asked the judge as he looked sympathetically at the little singer.

"No, sir. This is the first time in a year," he replied. "And, judge, if you will let him go, I'll work at the Louvre next week and bring you the money for his fine."

"You? Why, what do you earn?"

"Seventeen dollars and a half a week," replied Davie. And in another minute it was arranged, and the parent was allowed to go.—Portland Oregonian.

An Oddity of Skin Grafting.

After a series of observations extending over a period of 12 years and experimenting on 23 individuals of both sexes and of opposite colors Professor Thiersch of Leipsic has given the following as the result: If a piece of negro's skin is grafted on the flesh of a white man or woman, the transplanted piece, as soon as it begins to properly adhere, gradually changes in color and texture until it becomes indistinguishable from that of the surrounding cuticle, the process of change usually occupying a period of from 32 to 112 days to make the complete transformation. On the other hand, when the skin of a white person is grafted to the flesh of a negro, the change, which it has already been admitted finally takes place, is not nearly so rapid, usually occupying a period of upward of a year. As to texture, it can be truly said that the white piece, though it changes to all appearance to real negro skin, is never as fine and soft as its ebony surroundings.

The question now arises: Should further experiment prove this to be true beyond a doubt, will the belles of the future have their faces denuded and patched up with negro skin in order to give them a fashionable texture?—St. Louis Republic.

That Sinking Feeling.

A Detroit doctor is laying for a boy about 10 years old, who came into his office one day last week, and after getting the doctor's advice disappeared and has not since been seen, at least by him.

"Doctor," said the boy, "I have a sinking feeling all over a great many times a day."

"Ever at night?" asked the doctor.

"Hardly ever."

"Let me see your tongue."

The boy showed his tongue. The doctor felt his pulse, sounded his chest, worked a stethoscope on him, listened at his heartbeats and then told him what was the matter with him and what to take for it.

"Maybe my business has got something to do with it, doctor?" suggested the boy as the physician stepped into the adjoining room to get a vial.

"Hardly that, I think," cheerily sang out the physician from the other room. "What is your business?"

"I run an elevator," responded the lad.

And before the doctor could get to him he had disappeared, as above stated.—Detroit Free Press.

Santa Fits the System.

Dudley Nobs—Pa, there is one thing about Santa Claus I never could understand.

Mr. Nobs—What is that, my son?

Dudley Nobs—Why does Santa always leave valuable presents to rich folks and cheap ones to poor people? Why don't he even things up?—New York Journal.

Boston and Maine Railroad.

WESTERN DIVISION

Commencing January 21, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE CENTRAL STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, at 6.50, 8.15, 9.20, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 12.45, 3.25, 4.10, 5.10, 6.55, 9.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.05, 7.30, p. m.

For Lawrence, 8.30, 9.20, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 5.10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.30 p. m.

For Haverhill, 8.30, 9.20 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 5.10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.30 p. m.

For Salem and Lynn, 12.15, 5.10 p. m.

For Newburyport, 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 6.15 p. m.

For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25 p. m.

For Somersworth, N. H., Salmon Falls Saco and Portland 8.30 a.m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35.

For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.00 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Bangor, Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For St. John N. B., Montreal, Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays) SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.

For Eastport and St. John's (per steamer), on Mondays and Thursdays at 12.15 p. m.

Southern Division.

Trains leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell.

For Boston—5.45, 6.30, ¶6.50, *7.45, *8.50, ¶9.25, *9.50, 11.00 a. m.; *12.10, 1.35, 2.10, ¶3.00, 4.30, ¶5.40 p. m. SUNDAYS, ¶7.45, 8.45, *9.15 a. m.

Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell, as follows:

For Boston—5.48, 6.31, ¶6.53, 7.01, *7.18, *7.27, *7.48, *8.57, 9.28, *9.55, *9.58, 11.03, 11.44 a. m., *12.17, 1.33, 2.13, ¶3.03, 4.02, 4.33, *5.33, ¶5.43, *6.28, 7.52, p. m. SUNDAYS, *7.17, *7.27, ¶7.48, 8.48, *9.20 a. m.; 5.25, 6.03 p. m.

For Woburn, 6.30, ¶7.01, 7.35, *7.45, 11.00 a.m.; 1.35, 4.30, *5.33, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45 a. m. 5.25, 6.03, p.m.

*Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.

For Lawrence—6.30, 10.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.25, 2.10, 4.45, 6.50 p. m. SUNDAYS 9.10 a. m., 7.10 p. m.

For Salem and Way Stations—§7.38 a. m., 1.25, 5.50 p. m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m.

☞ Time below is from Northern depot.

For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m.; 12.00, 5.10 and 6.49 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p. m.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.57, 3.43, 6.32 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.

For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m., and 3.43 p. m.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.43, 9.14, 9.45, 12.11 a.m.; 12.57, 1.47, 3.43, (5.04 Nashua only), 6.42, 6.22, 8.13, 8.43 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.00 a. m. to Nashua only), 2.00, 6.00 8.18, 8.43 p. m.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.14, 9.45, 12.11, a. m.; 1.47, (5.42 Franklin only), 8.13 p. m.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.43 a.m.; 1.47 p. m.

For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.45 a.m.; 1.47 and 8.43.

For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.45 a. m.; 12.11, 8.13 p. m.

For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.45 a. m.; 8.43 p. m.

Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.47 8.13, p. m., daily except Sunday.

☞ †Daily for Montreal.

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NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Mate Leroy Describes Attractive Silks For Spring Wear.

The Princess Form of Evening Dress Growing In Favor—New Fancies In Light Wool Fabrics—Tea Gowns Meet With Renowned Favor—Magenta and Solferino Reds.

(COPYRIGHTED.)

STYLISH NEW BODICES.

The upper bodice is of hair line cheviot trimmed with velvet ribbon and fine embroidery picked out with jet beads. That on the right is of mauve crepon and heliotrope silk, trimmed with borders of peacock flues. That on the left is of challis and faille, with trimming of quilted satin ribbon in dark blue, the rest being light. That at the bottom is of black faille, with a shirred yoke and sleeves. The bertha is trimmed with narrow black silk soutache.

There are quite a number of novelties this week, but as is generally the case at this intermediate season they are mostly confined to the designs of gowns for different requirements. Next summer's goods have all been picked over and the choicest chosen by those who can command ready money. The rest remain for those who have to "save up" for whatever they want or who were not forehanded enough to buy each season's goods ahead of time.

I saw in one place, however, some handsome silks which will be the fashionable ones for the late spring and summer. Taffetas and lustrings will have a place they have not enjoyed as dress fabrics for at least two generations. These are seen mostly in very narrow stripes and clouded or mottled effect, and the coloring is not as brilliant as it was last season. There will be very little if any changeable silk worn by grown persons, though the children will fairly revel in the iridescent beauties of the dove and the rainbow.

HOME AND PARTY GOWNS.

There is an immense line of cheney silk, with soft, shadowy patterns that look as though seen through a hazy mist. The delicate beauty of these silks as well as their rich, firm quality has made them prime favorites for certainly over a hundred years. There are two styles of these—one having medium sized patterns on dark or dull grounds for day dresses, and the other having enormous floral designs on light grounds for evening wear. Some of these are made up into one entire dress, while others have combinations of plain silk—such as faille or bengaline or even satin and velvet. To have the front breadth made of plain silk, richly embroidered with silk or chenille, with metal threads, and in some cases imitation jewels or jet beads to add to the effect, is a favorite manner of making them.

The princess form for evening dresses grows in favor, and the effect is always heightened by having the front open over a breadth of something else always more or less ornamented. The rich cheney silks may be and frequently are cut so as to have the front breadth open, and also to have a couple of breadths of velvet or other plain fabric set in with very deep plaits, so that they form a fan shaped train. Some of the fronts are made of lace, either in a succession of flounces or in one deep fall. Beaded lace for this purpose is very fashionable. Some black lace has a deep palm leaf pattern worked upon it with floss silks and pearl, black or colored beads. This is an exceptionally handsome decoration.

One modiste told me that she had received orders for eight light taffeta frocks, and every one was to have 12 three inch pinked ruffles on the skirt overlapping each other. Two of them were to have white lace laid over each ruffle. One very pretty though sober pattern of taffeta had a snuff brown ground, with clouded or mottled pattern in black. The taffeta silk is the kind that rustles so delightfully, though the quality is fine and close rather than heavy and rich. The taffetas are also very glossy silks. The lustrings are thinner and have little or no rustle.

A very pleasing home gown of striped black and dark green taffeta had a plain gathered skirt, with a straight band of dark green rep. There was a draped upper skirt, which also had a band of the rep. The upper portion of the sleeves, the jockeys, and the yoke, and the draped belt were all of the rep. The waist was laid in Norfolk plaits from the yoke down to the belt. A little fancy picot braid edged the yoke and jockeys, and altogether this made a neat and youthful gown. I might have mentioned when speaking of the taffeta that it will wash if the colors are not too delicate.

I saw a pretty party dress of pale blue taffeta, with a puffed overskirt of black dotted net, for a young lady. I might perhaps have called it a festooned skirt, for at equal distances all around the lace was gathered up, and over the gathers there were velvet ribbons ending in a bunch of loops. The corsage was draped surplice style and was made of dark blue velvet, and there was a full crushed puff of the same all round the bottom. Fur is to be used as a bordering to many of these taffetas, though until they are seen together it is difficult to imagine them as suitable for each other.

NEW MODES FOR EARLY SPRING.

There are several new fancies in light wool fabrics for late spring. One is called Shetland cloth and is, I think, of Scotch origin. It is of light color, or as nearly of no definable color as it is possible to get a material. It is soft and drapes easily and blends with almost everything. A gown was made of it over a jupon of bottle green velutina bordered with gray fox fur. The overskirt of the wool was plaited and made to hang peplum fashion, with five deep points. The corsage was round and open—peasant style—over a full waist of mustic surah. The corsage was edged with fur, as were the wrists. There were caps to the gigot sleeves of the velutina.

Overskirts, double skirts and polonaise draperies are surely returning, and so are modest little bustles. Some figures can dispense with them, but more really require a judicious pad of horsehair to hold the skirts up a trifle in the back. Where there really is no overskirt many gowns are trimmed so as to simulate one. A hairline cheviot was made with a plain skirt, and down both sides of the front breadth were sewed velvet ribbons 2 inches wide to about four inches from the bottom, and from there it extended all around the skirt, simulating an open overdress.

The corsage to this was extremely dainty and quite new. The front was pointed at the waist line, and the back was perfectly straight, and the edge was finished with a piping. The velvet ribbon was placed along the sides, meeting that of the skirt exactly, and that portion lying between the velvet was laid in close plaits. There was a velvet pelerine collar, edged with large jet beads, and between the points formed by the collar a strip of velvet ribbon added to the effect. The sleeves were double puffed, with a band of velvet between the puffs, and another reached around each wrist and up the arm to the first puff. The chief value of this gown is that it is very simple, while having a dressy effect.

Some dressmakers feel that the proper way to make a dress is to cut the material into little bits and sew them together again in some unheard of manner, but the wise woman will have her gown, if it is one of good material, made of large straight pieces as far as it can be done. In a season or two it can be cut up and joined in with something else with benefit, whereas if it is cut up in the first place nothing can ever be done with it after the first style has changed. Some of the wealthiest ladies in New York have their gowns made over sometimes twice and are proud of it.

Skirts can be worn with long tea jackets or with blouse waists long after the original corsage has been forgotten. The jackets are beautiful now and made of the pretty new colored crepons, with much lace and many dainty ribbon bows. They are certainly among the most attractive articles of a woman's attire. The newest fancy is to have the tea cap of the same color or material as the tea jacket or tea gown.

There has been much talk against tea gowns in general, and for a time it did seem as if the fashion had received its deathblow, but this season shows a revival of the craze, and tea gowns surpass themselves in color, grace of form and outline and beauty of material. I saw one in a large show window made of magenta surah, trimmed with masses of black and white lace, so mingled that it was difficult to separate them. The gown was lined with cream colored brocade, and there must have been 100 yards of velvet ribbon in tiny but very full rosettes set down the sides like a double row of buttons.

There was another tea gown of ivory brocade, with a puffing of emerald green velvet all around the long skirt and up the fronts,

FOR THE YOUNGSTERS.

which opened over an inner dress draped Greek style, with a loose gold girdle. The inner dress was of shell pink china crape. The sleeves were immense bishops of green velvet bordered with ermine. Another had the outer part nearly the same, but had a border of coon down fur, and the under part was of heavily beaded green crape studded and fringed with mock pearls. The whole front from the neck to the feet was almost covered with these pearls, which showed up exquisitely on the soft green crape.

Magenta and solferino in all their raw shades are to be the favorite reds of the coming season, and one may see them in every line of goods. Few flowers have those hideous colors, and so we may be spared some agony. The aniline dies have produced the two shades in fast colors on many cotton fabrics, among them some zephyr ginghams and sateens. The most of the ginghams, however, are very delicate and dainty, notably the striped ones. These last are so silky and soft that it will be a delight to possess three or four of them. I noticed among the new percales and ginghams that at last apple green is made a fast color. This shade of green is so delicate and combines so well with almost every color and with white and looks so cool and fresh on a sultry day that it is a matter for rejoicing to know that it will not fade out with the first washing.

Percale and pique are to be worn as dress goods this season, though they have been relegated to the children for many years. They will be made quite simply, with French yoke or surplice waists.

Speaking of children reminds me of the new suits for wee laddies of 6 and 8. One was a suit all in one piece of plaid, shetland brown and white, cut on the bias. The suit was cut like a loose sack, quite flaring at the bottom. It was belted with a leather belt. The collar and cuffs were of brown cloth, feather stitched with white. The other was a sailor, of dark blue storm serge, with long trousers, not nearly as wide as usual. The blouse gathered around the waist with an elastic. The V shaped piece was of thick ribbed flannel.

I notice among the new garments for children, both boys and girls, a simplicity as great as can be achieved for all ordinary clothes, while for dress occasions they are much more trimmed than they have been for several years. This is a very sensible movement. We like to have our children feel free and untrammeled to romp and play, but there are times when the garments that are intended for such rough wear are not those which would set off the childish beauty we are all so proud of in our own youngsters. So now, fond mothers, you can bedille your boy to your hearts' content and sew as many yards of fancy braiding as you like on his little suits, and you can make your mite of a girl into a thing of ruffs, tuckers and flounces, for fashion says so. MATE LEROY.

The Biblical Captain.

The word captain, so often used in the Bible, simply means officer.

A Cyclone Tale.

"Cyclones is funny things," said the man with the ginger beard.

"Yes," assented the grocer as he lifted the cat out of the dried apple barrel. "I guess you are about right. I've read"——

"I don't know just what you might have read, but I can tell you of things I have seed. I see a little town out in Kansas wiped exactly half out by a cyclone, while the other half wasn't even touched. Place was cut in two just as if it had been done with a knife. Funny thing. The mayor of the place was a-standin in the middle of the street when old Cy came along. Now, this here feller he had the finest pair of side whiskers I ever see. In fact, that is how it come that he was mayor—the women vote out there, you see. Well, as I was sayin, he was a-standin in the middle of the street when the twister come along. An what does it do but jist barely reach out to where he was and pull one of them side whiskers clean off, while the other side of his face wasn't touched. That shows what a clean and narrer path one of them cyclones takes. So never you mind what you have read about cyclones in the lyin newspaper. No man knows nothing about them when he didn't seen one."—Indianapolis Journal.

Just the Thing.

A German girl who recently came to America to marry a man who had been here for some years, and who had made himself so indispensable to his employers that he could not even be spared long enough to go to Germany to fetch his bride, tells some amusing experiences in her new home.

"The thing which vexed me most," she said after relating all sorts of queer mistakes which she naturally made, "was about my sheets. I had a beautiful set, all linen and all embroidered and worked with initials by my own hands. When I got here, the American beds were all so big that not one of my sheets could be used."

"What a shame!" exclaimed her sympathetic listener. "What did you do?"

"Well, you see," the bride answered with a smile, "of course they were as much too large for handkerchiefs as they were too small for sheets, and so I took them for towels. And everybody thinks they are lovely."—Youth's Companion.

Made an Impression.

City Girl—Lord Nabobb must have made quite an impression in this section, didn't he?

Country Girl—Yes, indeed. We took him to a picnic, and he sat on a pie.—New York Weekly.

CURIOSITY SHOP.

FOLKLORE OF THE LILLEY OF THE VALLEY.

Account of the Sassafras Tree—Cheating the Gods—Tunnel Through the Rockies—Fish Culture.

This is one of the plants long held in estimation by common people before the present methods of forcing them for use as winter flowers. The name of the plant, ronvallaria, comes from a Latin word meaning growing in the valley. The plant called Solomon's Seal, a native of our woods, belongs to the same family, and gets its English name, Solomon's Seal, on account of its fleshy roots being full of knots, which when cut obliquely are figured with veins, having somewhat the appearance of a seal; others say on account of the seallike mark left where the shoot grows out from the stem after it has died away.

While the normal color of the lily of the valley is white, it has been known to come red. There are also kinds with double flowers. With such old favorites folklore is certain to be associated. Thus in the forest of St. Leonard, Sussex, a legend runs that the plant sprung up from the blood of St. Leonard, who once encountered a mighty worm, or "fire drake," in the forest, engaging with it for three successive days. Eventually, of course, the saint came off victorious, but not without being seriously wounded, and wherever his blood was shed there sprang up lilies of the valley in profusion.

Old Culpepper says in his time it was called conval lily, male lily and lily constancy. It was under the dominion of Mercury, and therefore it strengthened the brain, recruited the memory and made it strong again. The distilled water, dropped into the eyes, helped infirmity there, as also that infirmity which they call a pin and web. "Gerrard saith that if the flowers are close topped up in a glass, put into an ant hill, and taken away again a month after, ye shall find a liquor in the glass, which, being outwardly applied, helps the gout."

Such, as summed up by The Prairie Farmer, is the history of this little plant which once cut quite a figure in the simples of a ruder age.

Sassafras Trees.

Almost every country has one or more species of this tree, all said to differ in some characteristic from ours, but all, according to Science, having the same odor and similar aromatic, sweetish taste. But one country has larger trees. Those of New Zealand grow to a height of 100 to 150 feet. This tree appears in every clime and is described as having "a large head of horizontal branches." The fruit is a small black drupe, which is not palatable, but is eaten by birds. The sassafras oil of commerce is made from these seeds and the buds. The leaves of our species are very dark green, rather thick, broad, oblong and elliptical.

In Italy it is more like the American species than any other and is known as sassafrasso. The word comes from the Latin saxum, a stone, and frango, I brake, so named because it was believed that the use of the tea made from it would dissolve the gall stones of the bladder and prevent their formation.

In the southern states sassafras grows to the size of trees, generally small, but very abundant. The air is said to be more pregnant with its aroma than farther north, and it can be detected a great distance at sea. The bark seems to be more fragrant, too, when steeped.

They Cheat the Gods.

From The North China Herald comes an item about a curious industry carried on in China. It is the manufacture of "cheat money," to be buried with corpses. From time immemorial it has been the pious custom of the Chinese to bury with their departed friends a considerable sum of money, that they might not find themselves paupers in the other world. This custom they have found rather costly, and having no very high opinion of the shrewdness of spiritual shopkeepers they have taken to manufacturing a very cheap counterfeit of the Mexican dollar to pass off in the other world. It is simply a bit of pasteboard with tinfoil surfaces stamped with a die. A hundred of these dollars in a box retails for 34 cash.

A Great Tunnel Through the Rockies.

The great Ivanhoe tunnel, which pierces the backbone of the Rocky mountain, 12 miles west of Leadville, has been opened. It is 9,400 feet long, being the third longest in the United States. The Hoosac tunnel, in Massachusetts, and the Bowlder tunnel, in Montana, alone exceed it. Its construction will do away with nine miles of the most dangerous part of the road over the great divide. The tunnel runs straight from Busk, on the eastern slope, to Ivanhoe, on the western side. It enters the mountain at the altitude of 10,860 feet, being 21 feet high and 15 feet wide. Three years and a half have been required to cut it through, says The Industrial World, authority for these facts.

Fish Culture.

From statistics of the Russian Association of Pisiculture and Fisheries it appears that the 80 fish hatcheries in North America (66 in the United States and 14 in Canada and Newfoundland) produced in the year of their last report 1,016,027,192 fish hatched and 416 hatcheries in Europe, 277,973,016 young fish. The North American hatcheries are all governmental. Most of those in Europe are in private hands. The average production of one hatchery is 668,000 in Europe and 13,400,000 in North America.

How Indians Make Their Bows.

The California Indian's bow is made from the white sap of wood of the cedar, the outside of the tree being the outer side of the bow, says American Cultivator. The stick is scraped and polished with pieces of obsidian. Then it is roasted in ashes and bent into shape. Their arrows are made of button willow, twigs of the buckeye and canes.

A Tree With an Ancient Record.

Within the city limits of Dijon, France, stands a tree bearing a label which informs the sightseer that it is the oldest poplar in France. The town council has a record tracing the history of the tree since the year 722 A. D. It is 122 feet in height and 45 feet in circumference at the base.

From the Arabic.

Algebra, almanac, cipher, zenith, zero, talisman, alcohol, alkali, amber, camphor, cotton, crimson, jar, laudanum, lute, mattress, sugar, amulet, arsenal, magazine, are all said to be derived from the Arabic.

Nerve and Muscle.

Scientists are about to test a new theory by means of experiments—i. e., that strength depends less upon the size of the muscles of the human body than upon the strength of the nerves.

Method In Her Madness.

Clarissa—Why, you silly thing! What are you putting your damp hands out on the window sill for? You'll get them all rough and red!

Annabel—Yes, I know. But Mr. de Million thinks that every woman ought to do all sorts of housework, and I'm getting my hands ready to show off tonight.—New York World.

WALL STREET SUPERSTITIONS.

Brokers Who Have Their Mascots—The Number 13 Feared and Respected.

Luck does not rule Wall street so completely as the uninitiated suppose. Nevertheless it exercises considerable influence, and consequently many brokers and speculators have all the superstitions that mark the gambler. It would be difficult to find among them a man who has not something unpleasant to say about Fridays. Even financiers who are pillars of the church hesitate about beginning big operations on that day, and they will frequently suffer inconvenience, if not actual loss, rather than do so. Men who can look at the tape as it runs out of the ticker and see fortunes slipping out of their grasp without a change of expression will turn pale when they remember that they forgot to tip a beggar before entering the exchange. There are others who will not sit down to luncheon without first walking around their chair.

There is a hatter in New York who has a block that was made for a certain Wall street man many years ago. It is still in use. Styles have changed a hundred times since it was made, but the man who ordered it has paid no attention to them. In other respects he carefully follows the mandates of fashion, but this antique headgear he wears through winters and summers. He is a wealthy banker and broker, a man of practical mind, unhampered by theories on any other subject but this, yet not for $1,000 could he be induced to walk upon the floor of the exchange wearing a hat of any other style or make.

Nearly every dabbler in stocks has a mascot of some kind which is priceless. I remember meeting a well known speculator up town during one of the exciting days of the panic. "Why, what are you doing here?" I asked. "Why are you not in the street?"

"I am on my way home," he replied. "I forgot my mascot, and I won't touch anything in the street until I get it. I'm going for it now and am in a great hurry. Goodby."

I have met another operator, a man of very practical and unromantic mind, who sets great store by a peculiar scarfpin. He admits that it is merely a superstition, but he would not dare to enter into speculation on a day when he did not wear it.

The fear of Friday is, however, the most universal superstition of the street. The great panic of 1869, when scores of wealthy men were ruined in a day, has been known in Wall street ever since as Black Friday. A broker who is a partner in one of the biggest houses in the street once declared: "There are two things that I am superstitious about—one is Friday and the other is the number 13. Some months ago I came down to my office on Friday and tore the leaf off my calendar. To my horror the figure 13 stared me in the face. It was Friday and the 13th of the month. 'Great heavens!' I thought to myself, 'now I'll catch it sure!' Within two hours I received word that a Brooklyn elevator had burned, and that 50,000 bushels of grain, which we had stored there, had gone up in smoke. Then some stocks in which we were heavily interested went down three points."—Munsey's Magazine.

A Snail's Formidable Mouth.

"It's a fortunate thing for man and the rest of the animal kingdom," said the naturalist, "that no large wild animal has a mouth constructed with the devouring apparatus built on the plan of the insignificant looking snail's mouth, for that animal could outdevour anything that lives. The snail itself is such an entirely unpleasant, not to say loathsome, creature to handle that few amateur naturalists care to bother with it, but by neglecting the snail they miss studying one of the most interesting objects that come under their observation.

"Any one who has noticed a snail feeding on a leaf must have wondered how such a soft, flabby, slimy animal can make such a sharp and clean cut incision in the leaf, leaving an edge as smooth and straight as if it had been cut with a knife. That is due to the peculiar and formidable mouth he has. The snail eats with his tongue and the roof of his mouth. The tongue is a ribbon which the snail keeps in a coil in his mouth. The tongue is in reality a band saw, with the teeth on the surface instead of on the edge. The teeth are so small that as many as 30,000 of them have been found on one snail's tongue. He can uncoil as much of this as he chooses, and the uncoiled part he brings into service. The roof of his mouth is as hard as bone. He grasps the leaf between his tongue and that hard substance, and rasping away with his tongue saws through the toughest leaf with ease, always leaving the edge very smooth and straight."—New York Journal.

Early Rising.

The old idea of attributing special morality to early rising is a bygone, out of date maxim.

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise)

is a rhyme which has had its day. A certain medical man once discovered—with much statistical search—that he never found a case of extreme longevity unaccompanied by the habit of early rising, from which one might infer that they who rise late die early. But this would fail to take into account one well known fact—the fact that most elderly people are early risers because they cannot sleep o' mornings. It is putting the cart before the horse, a reversal of cause and effect, to infer that people live to be old because they do not sleep late. Arranged in logical sequence, the conclusion is that they do not sleep late because they are old, and it is folly for human beings to regulate their movements on ornithological principles.—Philadelphia Press.

Where to Put the Moral.

A preacher says that one time while addressing about 3,000 children and entertaining them with a variety of stories he thought it might be well to point the moral of one of them. He had hardly, however, begun to say, "Now, this teaches," when a little ragamuffin on the front bench cried out: "Never mind what it teaches. Give's another story." "I learned from the little rascal," he said, "to wrap the moral well in the heart of the story, not to put it as a sting into the tail."—Ram's Horn.

Must Be Very Good.

Jenny—Papa, cook must be very good.

Papa—Why, my dear?

Jenny—Because in my lesson last Sunday it said that the wicked shall not live out half their days, and cook says she has lived out all her life.—Harper's Young People.

Her View of It.

Old Maid—Is he hurt much, doctor?

Doctor—Not much, but pretty well shaken up.

Old Maid (eagerly)—Then he's ready to be taken, ain't he, doctor?—Atlanta Constitution.

It is estimated that the cost of supporting such an establishment as would be expected of a married man in society in New York city would not be less than $50,000 a year and would be more apt to reach $100,000.

Why are buttons on men's clothing on the right hand side and on women's clothing on the left hand side? This is curious, but true. It would be interesting to know the reason.

DR. W. WILSON
Can be Consulted Free of Charge.

HE IS MAKING MORE CURES THAN ANY PHYSICIAN IN LOWELL.

AS A SPECIALIST he excels in consumption, Nervous Prostration, Seminal Debility, Errors of Youth, Chronic Complicated Diseases, Brain Exhaustion, Loss of Memory, Blood Diseases, Female Troubles peculiar to the Sex, by a method strictly his own, speedy and safe, Fits or Epilepsy (that most painful affliction), all kinds of malformations; also Spinal Troubles, Kidney Disease, Skin Disease, Removes Superfluous Hair FREE FROM PAIN, producing a Clear Skin. Free Examinations from 9 A. M to 8½ P. M. Sunday Excepted.

A WORD TO MOTHERS, A CHILD SAVED.

This certifies that DR. WILSON has restored my child to perfect health after all other doctors had failed. Some said it was suffering from its teeth, others said it could not live. It was failing all the time and was restless. No one knew what ailed the child, but said it could not be cured. At length one of Dr. Wilson's patients advised me to consult him. He understood and explained every ailment. With his peculiar method of diagnosing nothing is hid. He saw the child was suffering from a combination of difficulties, torpidity of the liver, chronic constipation and general phthisis. He said he could cure it, and he has been as good as his word. The child is now in the best of health. I would advise all mothers to take their children to DR. WILSON if they wish to save them. His skill has proved to be second to none.

With a mother's gratitude and many thanks to DR. WILSON,

MRS. LIZZIE'S ARUNDEL, 433 Broadway, Lowell, Mass.

Dec. 23, 1893.

Dr. W. Wilson's Dispensary

Late 14, New No. 26 Central Street, Swan's Building.

A. G. Pollard & Co.,

Merrimack, Palmer and Middle Sts.

347 pieces of one kind of goods is a big purchase, but that is what we closed from the mills of **LADIES' CLOTH SUITINGS,** which are slightly imperfect, but the imperfections are hardly noticeable and are mostly near the selvage, which you will not mind, as they are full double width and full strength and the price is but **39c. PER YARD.**

You have a great variety from which to make your selection: Black, Blue, Dark Grey, Light Grey, Dark Brown, Light Brown, Red, Dark Green, Light Green, Slate, Plum, Brown Mixture, Tan, Garnet.

☞PALMER STREET, RIGHT.

When you are down town don't miss taking a walk through our Basement Department as you will find the purchasing power of a dollar equal to almost double its regular worth.

☞BASEMENT, MERRIMACK STREET

Odds and ends in our Blanket Stock have had their prices reduced to get them where they belong—in the consumers' hands. Some are slightly soiled, caused by being handled; no harm to the wearing qualities, but they will not sell for perfect, so the prices have undergone a change.

☞MERRIMACK STREET, BASEMENT.

Newest effects in Veilings are being received daily at our store. Some are the extreme of Fashion.

☞MERRIMACK STREET, REAR.

A. G. POLLARD & CO.,

Merrimack, Palmer, and Middle Streets.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235, and 237 Central Street.

Not Only Offer Immense Bargains in All Kinds of Woolen Hosiery, Underwear, etc., for Ladies and Children,

But today show a stock of nearly 100 dozen Little Children's, Misses' and School Girls' Made-up Cotton Dresses, ranging in price from 15c. up to $1 each. Some of them ranging from 50c. to $1 each are made from Flannelette, and are suitable for immediate use.

We also show today a lot of Misses' and School Girl's Woolen Dresses, sizes 8 to 14, which we wish to close out at once, and are willing to take a loss of about 50c on a dollar to do so.

Here is the bargain of the town---50 dozen Ladies' Perfect Fitting Shirt Waists, 32 to 44 bust measure, at 31c for choice. These are made from real Indigo and Fast Red best Prints, Nearly all Polka Dots, of different sizes and small figures, have 4 flaits back and front, belt, turn down collar, ruffled front, high sleeves, with cuffs and good buttons and button holes, well worked. Don't fail to see this 50c Shirt Waist at only 31c.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235 and 237 Central Street.

LESTER'S SCHOOL - OF - DANCING.

Advanced Class, Wednesday Ev'gs, 8 to 10.30
Intermediate, Thursday " 8 to 10.
Beginners' - - Friday " 8 to 10.

Children's Classes, 2nd term, Saturday, Jan. 27. BEGINNERS' at 2 p. m. | ADVANCED at 3 p. m.

The new German Court Dance, the Gavotte Lancers or Dance Aristocratic, which is meeting with such great favor all over the country, will be taught in advanced classes, also the Chautauqua Square, Minuet Quadrille, the Adlienne and the Two Step.

D. C. LESTER,

Member National Association Masters of Dancing

Fifth Annual Reception occurs at Huntington Hall, Tuesday, March 27th.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at the SUN office

LOOK!!!

Vaseline 5c. Bottle. 25c. lb.
25c. Pint Bottle Best Amonia 10c.
10c. Cake of Soap 4c., 35c. dozen.
Tooth Brushes from 5c. to 50c. Each.

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DON'T BE WITHOUT IT.

MOORS' DIARRHŒA CORDIAL.

Sure cure for all Summer Complaints; Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc.

PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Mate Leroy Describes Attractive Silks For Spring Wear.

The Princess Form of Evening Dress Growing In Favor—New Fancies In Light Wool Fabrics—Tea Gowns Meet With Renowned Favor—Magenta and Solferino Reds.

(COPYRIGHTED.)

STYLISH NEW BODICES.

The upper bodice is of hair line cheviot trimmed with velvet ribbon and fine embroidery picked out with jet beads. That on the right is of mauve crepon and heliotrope silk, trimmed with borders of peacock flues. That on the left is of challis and faille, with trimming of quilted satin ribbon in dark blue, the rest being light. That at the bottom is of black faille, with a shirred yoke and sleeves. The bertha is trimmed with narrow black silk soutache.

There are quite a number of novelties this week, but as is generally the case at this intermediate season they are mostly confined to the designs of gowns for different requirements. Next summer's goods have all been picked over and the choicest chosen by those who can command ready money. The rest remain for those who have to "save up" for whatever they want or who were not forehanded enough to buy each season's goods ahead of time.

I saw in one place, however, some handsome silks which will be the fashionable ones for the late spring and summer. Taffetas and lustrings will have a place they have not enjoyed as dress fabrics for at least two generations. These are seen mostly in very narrow stripes and clouded or mottled effect, and the coloring is not as brilliant as it was last season. There will be very little if any changeable silk worn by grown persons, though the children will fairly revel in the iridescent beauties of the dove and the rainbow.

HOME AND PARTY GOWNS.

There is an immense line of cheney silk, with soft, shadowy patterns that look as though seen through a hazy mist. The delicate beauty of these silks as well as their rich, firm quality has made them prime favorites for certainly over a hundred years. There are two styles of these—one having medium sized patterns on dark or dull grounds for day dresses, and the other having enormous floral designs on light grounds for evening wear. Some of these are made up into one entire dress, while others have combinations of plain silk—such as faille or bengaline or even satin and velvet. To have the front breadth made of plain silk, richly embroidered with silk or chenille, with metal threads, and in some cases imitation jewels or jet beads to add to the effect, is a favorite manner of making them.

The princess form for evening dresses grows in favor, and the effect is always heightened by having the front open over a breadth of something else always more or less ornamented. The rich cheney silks may be and frequently are cut so as to have the front breadth open, and also to have a couple of breadths of velvet or other plain fabric set in with very deep plaits, so that they form a fan shaped train. Some of the fronts are made of lace, either in a succession of flounces or in one deep fall. Beaded lace for this purpose is very fashionable. Some black lace has a deep palm leaf pattern worked upon it with floss silks and pearl, black or colored beads. This is an exceptionally handsome decoration.

One modiste told me that she had received orders for eight light taffeta frocks, and every one was to have 12 three inch plaited ruffles on the skirt overlapping each other. Two of them were to have white lace laid over each ruffle. One very pretty though sober pattern of taffeta had a snuff brown ground, with clouded or mottled pattern in black. The taffeta silk is the kind that rustles so delightfully, though the quality is fine and close rather than heavy and rich. The taffetas are also very glossy silks. The lustrings are thinner and have little or no rustle.

A very pleasing home gown of striped black and dark green taffeta had a plain gathered skirt, with a straight band of dark green rep. There was a draped upper skirt, which also had a band of the rep. The upper portion of the sleeves, the jockeys, and the yoke, and the draped belt were all of the rep. The waist was laid in Norfolk plaits from the yoke down to the belt. A little fancy picot braid edged the yoke and jockeys, and altogether this made a neat and youthful gown. I might have mentioned when speaking of the taffeta that it will wash if the colors are not too delicate.

I saw a pretty party dress of pale blue taffeta, with a puffed overskirt of black dotted net, for a young lady. I might perhaps have called it a festooned skirt, for at equal distances all around the lace was gathered up, and over the gathers there were velvet ribbons ending in a bunch of loops. The corsage was draped surplice style and was made of dark blue velvet, and there was a full crushed puff of the same all round the bottom. Fur is to be used as a bordering to many of these taffetas, though until they are seen together it is difficult to imagine them as suitable for each other.

NEW MODES FOR EARLY SPRING.

There are several new fancies in light wool fabrics for late spring. One is called Shetland cloth and is, I think, of Scotch origin. It is of light color, or as nearly of no definable color as it is possible to get a material. It is soft and drapes easily and blends with almost everything. A gown was made of it over a jupon of bottle green velutina bordered with gray fox fur. The overskirt of the wool was plaited and made to hang peplum fashion, with five deep points. The corsage was round and open—peasant style—over a full waist of mastic surah. The corsage was edged with fur, as were the wrists. There were caps to the gigot sleeves of the velutina.

Overskirts, double skirts and polonaise draperies are surely returning, and so are modest little bustles. Some figures can dispense with them, but more really require a judicious pad of horsehair to hold the skirts up a trifle in the back. Where there really is no overskirt many gowns are trimmed so as to simulate one. A hairline cheviot was made with a plain skirt, and down both sides of the front breadth were sewed velvet ribbons 2 inches wide to about four inches from the bottom, and from there it extended all around the skirt, simulating an open overdress.

The corsage to this was extremely dainty and quite new. The front was pointed at the waist line, and the back was perfectly straight, and the edge was finished with a piping. The velvet ribbon was placed along the sides, meeting that of the skirt exactly, and that portion lying between the velvet was laid in close plaits. There was a velvet pelerine collar, edged with large jet beads, and between the points formed by the collar a strip of velvet ribbon added to the effect. The sleeves were double puffed, with a band of velvet between the puffs, and another reached around each wrist and up the arm to the first puff. The chief value of this gown is that it is very simple, while having a dressy effect.

Some dressmakers feel that the proper way to make a dress is to cut the material into little bits and sew them together again in some unheard of manner, but the wise woman will have her gown, if it is one of good material, made of large straight pieces as far as it can be done. In a season or two it can be cut up and joined in with something else with benefit, whereas if it is cut up in the first place nothing can ever be done with it after the first style has changed. Some of the wealthiest ladies in New York have their gowns made over sometimes twice and are proud of it.

Skirts can be worn with long tea jackets or with blouse waists long after the original corsage has been forgotten. The jackets are beautiful now and made of the pretty new colored crepons, with much lace and many dainty ribbon bows. They are certainly among the most attractive articles of a woman's attire. The newest fancy is to have the tea cap of the same color or material as the tea jacket or tea gown.

There has been much talk against tea gowns in general, and for a time it did seem as if the fashion had received its deathblow, but this season shows a revival of the craze, and tea gowns surpass themselves in color, grace of form and outline and beauty of material. I saw one in a large show window made of magenta surah, trimmed with masses of black and white lace, so mingled that it was difficult to separate them. The gown was lined with cream colored brocade, and there must have been 100 yards of velvet ribbon in tiny but very full rosettes set down the sides like a double row of buttons.

There was another tea gown of ivory brocade, with a puffing of emerald green velvet all around the long skirt and up the fronts, which opened over an inner dress draped Greek style, with a loose gold girdle. The inner dress was of shell pink china crape. The sleeves were immense bishops of green velvet bordered with ermine. Another had the outer part nearly the same, but had a border of coon down fur, and the under part was of heavily beaded green crape studded and fringed with mock pearls. The whole front from the neck to the feet was almost covered with these pearls, which showed up exquisitely on the soft green crape.

FOR THE YOUNGSTERS.

Magenta and solferino in all their raw shades are to be the favorite reds of the coming season, and one may see them in every line of goods. Few flowers have those hideous colors, and so we may be spared some agony. The aniline dies have produced the two shades in fast colors on many cotton fabrics, among them some zephyr ginghams and sateens. The most of the ginghams, however, are very delicate and dainty, notably the striped ones. These last are so silky and soft that it will be a delight to possess three or four of them. I noticed among the new percales and ginghams that at last apple green is made a fast color. This shade of green is so delicate and combines so well with almost every color and with white and looks so cool and fresh on a sultry day that it is a matter for rejoicing to know that it will not fade out with the first washing.

Percale and pique are to be worn as dress goods this season, though they have been relegated to the children for many years. They will be made quite simply, with French yoke or surplice waists.

Speaking of children reminds me of the new suits for wee laddies of 6 and 8. One was a suit all in one piece of plaid, shetland brown and white, cut on the bias. The suit was cut like a loose sack, quite flaring at the bottom. It was belted with a leather belt. The collar and cuffs were of brown cloth, feather stitched with white. The other was a sailor, of dark blue storm serge, with long trousers, not nearly as wide as usual. The blouse gathered around the waist with an elastic. The V shaped piece was of thick ribbed flannel.

I notice among the new garments for children, both boys and girls, a simplicity as great as can be achieved for all ordinary clothes, while for dress occasions they are much more trimmed than they have been for several years. This is a very sensible movement. We like to have our children feel free and untrammeled to romp and play, but there are times when the garments that are intended for such rough wear are not those which would set off the childish beauty we are all so proud of in our own youngsters. So now, fond mothers, you can ruffle your boy to your hearts' content and sew as many yards of fancy braiding as you like on his little suits, and you can make your mite of a girl into a thing of ruffs, tuckers and flounces, for fashion says so. MATE LEROY.

The Biblical Captain.

The word captain, so often used in the Bible, simply means officer.

A Cyclone Tale.

"Cyclones is funny things," said the man with the ginger beard.

"Yes," assented the grocer as he lifted the cat out of the dried apple barrel. "I guess you are about right. I've read"——

"I don't know just what you might have read, but I can tell you of things I have seed. I see a little town out in Kansas wiped exactly half out by a cyclone, while the other half wa'n't even touched. Place was cut in two jist as if it had been done with a knife. Funny thing. The mayor of the place was a-standin in the middle of the street when old Cy came along. Now, this here feller he had the finest pair of side whiskers I ever see. In fact, that is how it come that he was mayor—the women vote out there, you see. Well, as I was sayin, he was a-standin in the middle of the street when the twister come along. An what does it do but jist barely reach out to where he was and pull one of them side whiskers clean off, while the other side of his face wa'n't touched. That shows what a clean and narrer path one of them cyclones takes. So never you mind what you have read about cyclones in the lyin newspaper. No man knows nothing about them when he didn't seen one."—Indianapolis Journal.

Just the Thing.

A German girl who recently came to America to marry a man who had been here for some years, and who had made himself so indispensable to his employers that he could not even be spared long enough to go to Germany to fetch his bride, tells some amusing experiences in her new home.

"The thing which vexed me most," she said after relating all sorts of queer mistakes which she naturally made, "was about my sheets. I had a beautiful set, all linen and all embroidered and worked with initials by my own hands. When I got here, the American beds were all so big that not one of my sheets could be used."

"What a shame!" exclaimed her sympathetic listener. "What did you do?"

"Well, you see," the bride answered with a smile, "of course they were as much too large for handkerchiefs as they were too small for sheets, and so I took them for towels. And everybody thinks they are lovely."—Youth's Companion.

Made an Impression.

City Girl—Land Naboth must have made quite an impression in this section, didn't he?

Country Girl—Yes, indeed. We took him to a picnic, and he set on a pie.—New York Weekly.

CURIOSITY SHOP.

FOLKLORE OF THE LILLEY OF THE VALLEY.

Account of the Sassafras Tree—Cheating the Gods—Tunnel Through the Rockies—Fish Culture.

This is one of the plants long held in estimation by common people before the present methods of forcing them for use as winter flowers. The name of the plant, convallaria, comes from a Latin word meaning growing in the valley. The plant called Solomon's Seal, a native of our woods, belongs to the same family, and gets its English name, Solomon's Seal, on account of its fleshy roots being full of knots, which when cut obliquely are figured with veins, having somewhat the appearance of a seal; others say on account of the seallike mark left where the shoot grows out from the stem after it has died away.

While the normal color of the lily of the valley is white, it has been known to come red. There are also kinds with double flowers. With such old favorites folklore is certain to be associated. Thus in the forest of St. Leonard, Sussex, a legend runs that the plant sprung up from the blood of St. Leonard, who once encountered a mighty worm, or "fire drake," in the forest, engaging with it for three successive days. Eventually, of course, the saint came off victorious, but not without being seriously wounded, and wherever his blood was shed there sprang up lilies of the valley in profusion.

Old Culpepper says in his time it was called conval lily, male lily and lily constancy. It was under the dominion of Mercury, and therefore it strengthened the brain, recruited the memory and made it strong again. The distilled water, dropped into the eyes, helped infirmity there, as also that infirmity which they call a pin and web. "Gerrard saith that if the flowers are close topped up in a glass, put into an ant hill, and taken away again a month after, ye shall find a liquor in the glass, which, being outwardly applied, helps the gout."

Such, as summed up by The Prairie Farmer, is the history of this little plant which once cut quite a figure in the simples of a ruder age.

Sassafras Trees.

Almost every country has one or more species of this tree, all said to differ in some characteristic from ours, but all, according to Science, having the same odor and similar aromatic, sweetish taste. But one country has larger trees. Those of New Zealand grow to a height of 100 to 150 feet. This tree appears in every clime and is described as having "a large head of horizontal branches." The fruit is a small black drupe, which is not palatable, but is eaten by birds. The sassafras oil of commerce is made from these seeds and the buds. The leaves of our species are very dark green, rather thick, broad, oblong and elliptical.

In Italy it is more like the American species than any other and is known as sassafrasso. The word comes from the Latin saxum, a stone, and frango, I brake, so named because it was believed that the use of the tea made from it would dissolve the gall stones of the bladder and prevent their formation.

In the southern states sassafras grows to the size of trees, generally small, but very abundant. The air is said to be more pregnant with its aroma than further north, and it can be detected a great distance at sea. The bark seems to be more fragrant, too, when steeped.

They Cheat the Gods.

From The North China Herald comes an item about a curious industry carried on in China. It is the manufacture of "cheat money," to be buried with corpses. From time immemorial it has been the pious custom of the Chinese to bury with their departed friends a considerable sum of money, that they might not find themselves paupers in the other world. This custom they have found rather costly, and having no very high opinion of the shrewdness of spiritual shopkeepers they have taken to manufacturing a very cheap counterfeit of the Mexican dollar to pass off in the other world. It is simply a bit of pasteboard with tinfoil surfaces stamped with a die. A hundred of these dollars in a box retails for 34 cash.

A Great Tunnel Through the Rockies.

The great Ivanhoe tunnel, which pierces the backbone of the Rocky mountain, 12 miles west of Leadville, has been opened. It is 9,400 feet long, being the third longest in the United States. The Hoosac tunnel, in Massachusetts, and the Bowlder tunnel, in Montana, alone exceed it. Its construction will do away with nine miles of the most dangerous part of the road over the great divide. The tunnel runs straight from Busk, on the eastern slope, to Ivanhoe, on the western side. It enters the mountain at the altitude of 10,800 feet, being 21 feet high and 15 feet wide. Three years and a half have been required to cut it through, says The Industrial World, authority for these facts.

Fish Culture.

From statistics of the Russian Association of Pisiculture and Fisheries it appears that the 80 fish hatcheries in North America (66 in the United States and 14 in Canada and Newfoundland) produced in the year of their last report 1,616,027,102 fish hatched and 416 hatcheries in Europe, 277,973,018 young fish. The North American hatcheries are all governmental. Most of those in Europe are in private hands. The average production of one hatchery is 668,000 in Europe and 19,400,000 in North America.

How Indians Make Their Bows.

The California Indian's bow is made from the white sap of wood of the cedar, the outside of the tree being the outer side of the bow, says American Cultivator. The stick is scraped and polished with pieces of obsidian. Then it is roasted in ashes and bent into shape. Their arrows are made of button willow, twigs of the buckeye and canes.

A Tree With an Ancient Record.

Within the city limits of Dijon, France, stands a tree bearing a label which informs the sightseer that it is the oldest poplar in France. The town council has a record tracing the history of the tree since the year 722 A. D. It is 122 feet in height and 45 feet in circumference at the base.

From the Arabic.

Algebra, almanac, cipher, zenith, zero, talisman, alcohol, alkali, amber, camphor, cotton, crimson, jar, laudanum, lute, mattress, sugar, amulet, arsenal, magazine, are all said to be derived from the Arabic.

Nerve and Muscle.

Scientists are about to test a new theory by means of experiments—i. e., that strength depends less upon the size of the muscles of the human body than upon the strength of the nerves.

Method In Her Madness.

Clarissa—Why, you silly thing! What are you putting your damp hands out on the window sill for? You'll get them all rough and red!

Annabel—Yes, I know. But Mr. de Million thinks that every woman ought to do all sorts of housework, and I'm getting my hands ready to show off tonight.—New York World.

WALL STREET SUPERSTITIONS.

Brokers Who Have Their Mascots—The Number 13 Feared and Respected.

Luck does not rule Wall street so completely as the uninitiated suppose. Nevertheless it exercises considerable influence, and consequently many brokers and speculators have all the superstitions that mark the gambler. It would be difficult to find among them a man who has not something unpleasant to say about Fridays. Even financiers who are pillars of the church hesitate about beginning big operations on that day, and they will frequently suffer inconvenience, if not actual loss, rather than do so. Men who can look at the tape as it runs out of the ticker and see fortunes slipping out of their grasp without a change of expression will turn pale when they remember that they forgot to tip a beggar before entering the exchange. There are others who will not sit down to luncheon without first walking around their chair.

There is a hatter in New York who has a block that was made for a certain Wall street man many years ago. It is still in use. Styles have changed a hundred times since it was made, but the man who ordered it has paid no attention to them. In other respects he carefully follows the mandates of fashion, but this antique headgear he wears through winters and summers. He is a wealthy banker and broker, a man of practical mind, unhampered by theories on any other subject but this, yet not for $1,000 could he be induced to walk upon the floor of the exchange wearing a hat of any other style or make.

Nearly every dabbler in stocks has a mascot of some kind which is priceless. I remember meeting a well known speculator up town during one of the exciting days of the panic. "Why, what are you doing here?" I asked. "Why are you not in the street?"

"I am on my way home," he replied. "I forgot my mascot, and I won't touch anything in the street until I get it. I'm going for it now and am in a great hurry. Goodby."

I have met another operator, a man of very practical and unromantic mind, who sets great store by a peculiar scarfpin. He admits that it is merely a superstition, but he would not dare to enter into speculation on a day when he did not wear it.

The fear of Friday is, however, the most universal superstition of the street. The great panic of 1880, when scores of wealthy men were ruined in a day, has been known in Wall street ever since as Black Friday. A broker who is a partner in one of the biggest houses in the street once declared: "There are two things that I am superstitious about—one is Friday and the other is the number 13. Some months ago I came down to my office on Friday and tore the leaf off my calendar. To my horror the figure 13 stared me in the face. It was Friday and the 13th of the month. 'Great heavens!' I thought to myself, 'now I'll catch it sure!' Within two hours I received word that a Brooklyn elevator had burned, and that 50,000 bushels of grain, which we had stored there, had gone up in smoke. Then some stocks in which we were heavily interested went down three points."—Munsey's Magazine.

A Snail's Formidable Mouth.

"It's a fortunate thing for man and the rest of the animal kingdom," said the naturalist, "that no large wild animal has a mouth constructed with the devouring apparatus built on the plan of the insignificant looking snail's mouth, for that animal could outdevour anything that lives. The snail itself is such an entirely unpleasant, not to say loathsome, creature to handle that few amateur naturalists care to bother with it, but by neglecting the snail they miss studying one of the most interesting objects that come under their observation.

"Any one who has noticed a snail feeding on a leaf must have wondered how such a soft, flabby, slimy animal can make such a sharp and clean cut incision in the leaf, leaving an edge as smooth and straight as if it had been cut with a knife. That is due to the peculiar and formidable mouth he has. The snail eats with his tongue and the roof of his mouth. The tongue is a ribbon which the snail keeps in a coil in his mouth. The tongue is in reality a band saw, with the teeth on the surface instead of on the edge. The teeth are so small that as many as 30,000 of them have been found on one snail's tongue. He can uncoil as much of this as he chooses, and the uncoiled part he brings into service. The roof of his mouth is as hard as bone. He grasps the leaf between his tongue and that hard substance, and rasping away with his tongue saws through the toughest leaf with ease, always leaving the edge very smooth and straight."—New York Journal.

Early Rising.

The old idea of attributing special morality to early rising is a bygone, out of date maxim.

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise

is a rhyme which has had its day. A certain medical man once discovered—with much statistical search—that he never found a case of extreme longevity unaccompanied by the habit of early rising, from which one might infer that they who rise late die early. But this would fail to take into account one well known fact—the fact that most elderly people are early risers because they cannot sleep o' mornings. It is putting the cart before the horse, a reversal of cause and effect, to infer that people live to be old because they do not sleep late. Arranged in logical sequence, the conclusion is that they do not sleep late because they are old, and it is folly for human beings to regulate their movements on ornithological principles.—Philadelphia Press.

Where to Put the Moral.

A preacher says that one time while addressing about 3,000 children and entertaining them with a variety of stories he thought it might be well to point the moral of one of them. He had hardly, however, begun to say, "Now, this teaches," when a little ragamuffin on the front bench cried out: "Never mind what it teaches. Give's another story." "I learned from the little rascal," he said, "to wrap the moral well in the heart of the story, not to put it as a sting into the tail."—Ram's Horn.

Must Be Very Good.

Jenny—Papa, cook must be very good.

Papa—Why, my dear?

Jenny—Because in my lesson last Sunday it said that the wicked shall not live out half their days, and cook says she has lived out all her life.—Harper's Young People.

Her View of It.

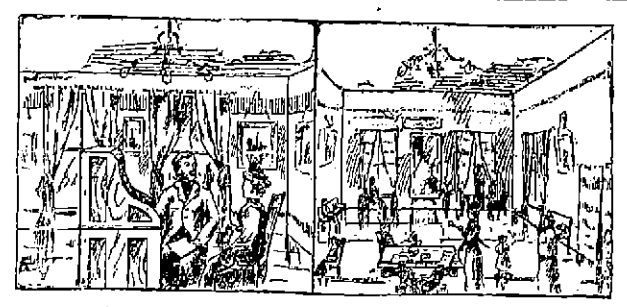
Old Maid—Is he hurt much, doctor?

Doctor—Not much, but pretty well shaken up.

Old Maid (eagerly)—Then he's ready to be taken, ain't he, doctor?—Atlanta Constitution.

It is estimated that the cost of supporting such an establishment as would be expected of a married man in society in New York city would not be less than $50,000 a year and would be more apt to reach $100,000.

Why are buttons on men's clothing on the right hand side and on women's clothing on the left hand side? This is curious, but true. It would be interesting to know the reason.



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HE IS MAKING MORE CURES THAN ANY PHYSICIAN IN LOWELL.

AS A SPECIALIST he excels in consumption, Nervous Prostration, Seminal Debility, Errors of Youth, Chronic Complicated Diseases, Brain Exhaustion, Loss of Memory, Blood Diseases, Female Troubles peculiar to the Sex, by a method strictly his own, speedy and safe, Fits or Epilepsy (that most painful affliction), all kinds of malformations; also Spinal Troubles, Kidney Disease, Skin Disease, Removes Superfluous Hair FREE FROM PAIN, producing a Clear Skin. Free Examinations from 9 A. M to 8½ P. M. Sunday Excepted.

A WORD TO MOTHERS, A CHILD SAVED.

This certifies that DR. WILSON has restored my child to perfect health after all other doctors had failed. Some said it was suffering from its teeth, others said it could not live. It was failing all the time and was restless. No one knew what ailed the child, but said it could not be cured. At length one of Dr. Wilson's patients advised me to consult him. He understood and explained every ailment. With his peculiar method of diagnosing nothing is hid. He saw the child was suffering from a combination of difficulties, torpidity of the liver, chronic constipation and general phthisis. He said he could cure it, and he has been as good as his word. The child is now in the best of health. I would advise all mothers to take their children to DR. WILSON if they wish to save them. His skill has proved to be second to none.

With a mother's gratitude and many thanks to DR. WILSON,

MRS. LIZZIE'S ARUNDEL, 493 Broadway, Lowell, Mass.

Dec. 23, 1893.

Dr. W. Wilson's Dispensary

Late 14, New No. 26 Central Street, Swan's Building.

A. G. Pollard & Co.,

Merrimack, Palmer and Middle Sts.

347 pieces of one kind of goods is a big purchase, but that is what we closed from the mills of LADIES' CLOTH SUITINGS, which are slightly imperfect, but the imperfections are hardly noticeable and are mostly near the selvage, which you will not mind, as they are full double width and full strength and the price is but 39c. PER YARD.

You have a great variety from which to make your selection: Black, Blue, Dark Grey, Light Grey, Dark Brown, Light Brown, Red, Dark Green, Light Green, Slate, Plum, Brown Mixture, Tan, Garnet.

PALMER STREET, RIGHT.

When you are down town don't miss taking a walk through our Basement Department as you will find the purchasing power of a dollar equal to almost double its regular worth.

BASEMENT, MERRIMACK STREET.

Odds and ends in our Blanket Stock have had their prices reduced to get them where they belong—in the consumers' hands. Some are slightly soiled, caused by being handled; no harm to the wearing qualities, but they will not sell for perfect, so the prices have undergone a change.

MERRIMACK STREET, BASEMENT.

Newest effects in Veilings are being received daily at our store. Some are the extreme of Fashion.

MERRIMACK STREET, REAR.

A. G. POLLARD & CO.,

Merrimack, Palmer, and Middle Streets.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235, and 237 Central Street.

Not Only Offer Immense Bargains in All Kinds of Woolen Hosiery, Underwear, etc., for Ladies and Children,

But today show a stock of nearly 100 dozen Little Children's, Misses' and School Girls' Made-up Cotton Dresses, ranging in price from 15c. up to $1 each. Some of them ranging from 50c. to $1 each are made from Flannelette, and are suitable for immediate use.

We also show today a lot of Misses' and School Girls Woolen Dresses, sizes 8 to 14, which we wish to close out at once, and are willing to take a loss of about 50c on a dollar to do so.

Here is the bargain of the town---50 dozen Ladies' Perfect Fitting Shirt Waists, 32 to 44 bust measure, at 31c for choice. These are made from real Indigo and Fast Red best Prints, Nearly all Polka Dots, of different sizes and small figures, have 4 flaits back and front, belt, turn down collar, ruffled front, high sleeves, with cuffs and good buttons and button holes, well worked. Don't fail to see this 50c Shirt Waist at only 31c.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

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LESTER'S SCHOOL - OF - DANCING.

Advanced Class, Wednesday Ev'gs, 8 to 10.30
Intermediate, Thursday " 8 to 10.
Beginners' - - Friday " 8 to 10.

Children's Classes, 2nd term, Saturday, Jan. 27. BEGINNERS' at 2 p. m. | ADVANCED at 3 p. m.

The new German Court Dance, the Gavotte Lancers or Dance Aristocratic, which is meeting with such great favor all over the country, will be taught in advanced classes, also the Chautauqua Square, Minuet Quadrille, the Adrienne and the Two Step.

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Fifth Annual Reception occurs at Huntington Hall, Tuesday, March 27th.

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LOOK!!!

Vaseline 5c. Bottle, 25c. lb.
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Sure cure for all Summer Complaints: Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc.

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BEST USES OF POETRY.

GREAT ENGLISH LAWYER TELLS US WHAT THEY ARE.

Poetry a Friend to Memory—Advantages of Classic Verses When Memorized—Comments on Some English Poets—Good Books the Best Companions.

Speaking as an old lawyer, I may say that few things compare in usefulness with a retentive, accurate memory. It is in youth that this faculty is formed and trained, and one of the best methods of strengthening it is the habit of learning by heart passages we admire from authors, both in verse and prose. What we learn in youth we are apt to remember well. Mental impressions at that period of life do not easily fade, and although they are easily received they are indelibly retained, and if they are impressions of noble thoughts clothed in noble language we are laying up a store of intellectual pleasure at one end of life for enjoyment at the other. Many of us live to grow old. If we do, our minds, if not ourselves, grow lonely. The interests of the world fade away, and the fashion of the beauty of it vanisheth, and a time comes when we feel that

"'Tis meet that we should pause awhile
Ere we put off this mortal coil,
And in the stillness of old age
Muse on our earthly pilgrimage.

At such time the recollection of great thoughts, of lovely images, of musical words, comes to us with a comfort, with an innocent pleasure which it is difficult to exaggerate. And what should you learn? Speaking generally, the safest rule to follow is to learn that which pleases you best. I assume that it is not bad. But as to what is best taste is very varied, and that which commends itself to one man perhaps repels another. My own taste you must take just for what it is worth. But leaving out for obvious reasons all Greek and Latin writers, before and above every one, including them, I should myself place Shakespeare, an inexhaustible storehouse of wisdom, instruction and exquisite diction, indispensable to any one who has anything to do with speaking or writing. Next Shakespeare I for one should put Milton. Have any of you not heard the magnificent eloquence of John Bright? He told me himself that he was built on Milton, and if you heard him—nay, even if you read him—you can see that he is steeped in the spirit of this great poet, and that, though he does not imitate Milton, he speaks after Milton. And next for use—yes, for daily use—read Wordsworth. Much of Wordsworth has passed into the language, the poet of nature and of lofty spiritual thought, whose verse makes bright things brighter and happy men happier, the man of whose song Matthew Arnold says that when he spoke

Our foreheads felt the wind and ran.
Our youth returned, for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furled,
The freshness of the early world.

There is one man in English literature—perhaps there are two—who wrote too little. Gray is one. Every word he wrote is precious. He has the perfection of diction and of melody. Every line contains a thought or a picture complete in itself, and you cannot change a word without marring its perfection. The other perhaps is Wolfe. Every one knows his lines on the "Burial of Sir John Moore," of which, in my judgment, no higher praise is possible than to say they are worthy of their subject. But he wrote also "Go, Forget Me," and "If I Had Known Thou Couldst Have Died," two poems now but little known, but of which, if it is too much to say they are as fine as the one on Sir John Moore, it is not too much to say that they are worthy of the poet who wrote it. The time would fail me if I were to speak at length of Shelley, of Keats, of Scott, of Ben Jonson, of Ford, of Massinger, of Dryden, Pope and Young, not to mention more recent authors. Coleridge I omit, of course. Tennyson I omit, because I know that any estimate which places him, as I should place him, in an order of men far below Shakespeare is at present the mark of a Philistine.

Browning I omit, because, though I have admired him since I was a boy at school, I have not been so fortunate as always to understand him. He once rebuked me in a way which I relate for the comfort of those small striving souls who watch his flights and try to follow his course in vain, till he disappears from them in cloud. He was so kind as to give me many of his volumes, and he knew I honestly read them. Soon after one had thus been given me he asked me how I liked it. I replied that what I could understand I heartily admired, and that parts of it, I thought, ought to be immortal, but that as to much of it I really could not tell whether I admired it or no, as I could not understand it. "Ah, well," he said, "if a reader of your caliber understands 10 per cent of what I write, I think he ought to be content."

Whether for present or future comfort I cannot too earnestly recommend your acquainting yourselves with good books. They are the best of companions. In sickness, in misfortune, in sorrow, in sleepless nights and days of pain, you will find your recollection of great and wholesome literature a constant solace and refreshment. And as a man is known by the company he keeps, still more truly is he known by the books he reads and the authors he loves. Read only the best books and never read bad ones. Good books will nerve you for the work—the serious and earnest work, which is the lot of all true and good men. For, to quote a great writer, Dr. Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts," not from that book, however, but from his "Satires," a book much less known:

This is the scene of combat, not of rest.
Man's is laborious happiness at best.
On this side death his labors never cease.
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

—Lord Coleridge in Contemporary Review.

A Princess In Slavery.

"An African princess was owned before the war by a family in Scott county, Va.," said E. L. Dement. "She lived to a great age and never lost sight of the fact that she was of royal blood. She was the daughter of one of the most powerful kings in Africa and had wandered away with a retinue of servants when the party was captured by a slave trader. Her fine physique caused her to bring a high price, and she could only be trained to work by teaching the other slaves to do deference to her, which they readily did."—Chicago Tribune.

Tea Taking the Place of Beer.

Tea, the beverage of the higher classes in Germany, though more consumed in the north, is rapidly winning favor also with the middle classes in the south. Everywhere the tea table is growing popular, and Germany will probably at no distant period become a large consumer of tea.—Philadelphia Press.

Government Cats.

Several hundred cats are maintained by the United States government, and the cost of their support is a regular item on the accounts of the postoffice department. They are distributed among the postoffices in the chief cities, where they perform their duty of keeping rats and mice from destroying postal matter and mail sacks.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE JUDGMENT.

A Negro Preacher's Description of What Will Happen on the Last Day.

"The most wonderful sermon I ever heard," said a business man, "was delivered by a colored preacher in South Carolina in a slave pen which was being utilized as a church shortly after the war. I happened to drop into this gathering of colored people one night and was informed that a new preacher was about to be tried.

"The minister arose back of a pulpit that had been improvised from a barrel turned bottom upward, on which was a lighted candle stuck in a bottle. He began to read the Bible, but stumbled at every word, spelling some throughout before pronouncing them. A man in the rear said, 'Go ahead with your sermon.' And the preacher ceased reading. He stood up at full length, and in the dim, flickering light of the lone candle looked more like an apparition than a man.

"His subject was 'The Judgment.' Here came in that wonderful imaginative quality for which the colored race is noted. In going about during the war he had become imbued with the military spirit, so he began by giving a vivid word picture of the hosts of heaven lying in their tents asleep the night before the judgment day. Then he worked up to a point where the bugle sounded to prepare for the descent upon the sinful world. He pictured the heavenly hosts hurriedly running out of their tents to form in line of battle, with the Great Commander in front. Then he described the stillness that reigned when all was ready, awaiting the command to advance.

"By this time the whole congregation, including myself, were sitting with nerves strained, excited in the extreme, and as the preacher described the tramp, tramp, tramp of the mighty host approaching the earth I saw several members, terrified, get down under the benches. He then followed a courier coming from the distance, who reported 'Death on a white horse' as having appeared far away. When the preacher described the Commander detailing a squad of his soldiers to 'go capture Death,' a terrified moan came from the audience.

"Finally he brought the army of heaven down to earth just before daybreak and had them resting on their arms awaiting Gabriel's trumpet. He pictured at length how quiet everything was; then, putting his hand to his mouth, he imitated the bugle call, which so terrified and completely unstrung his audience that the greater portion of it arose hurriedly and rushed out of the building. In all my life I have never heard a sermon that had such a startling effect upon a congregation."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Made Her Comfortable For Life.

"There are more ways than one to make a living," said a demure little woman with flashing black eyes who came down town in a School street car. "I know a woman who was left penniless in New York. She was riding on the elevated road one day when she was struck with the sameness of the advertisements that are posted up in the cars. She thought that she could write good advertisements, and she thought out a lot of little four line rhymes for a certain article. She submitted them to the advertising manager of that firm, and they were accepted, and now she is making a lot of money every year with her verses extolling various wares."

"Pshaw," said the blond who sat next to the demure little woman, "I know of a case right there in Buffalo that discounts that."

"I don't believe it," said the demure little woman.

"Well, I do, and I'll tell you about it to prove it. A friend of mine who had been doing some newspaper work got the craze for writing advertisements, and she went around to a lot of stores, only to find that they were well supplied with people to look after that branch of their business. She did find one firm that was willing to let her try her hand, and she began work. In less than a year she was comfortably off for the rest of her life."

"Did she invent some new style of writing or something of that kind?" asked the demure little woman.

"No," replied the blond, "but she married the senior partner."—Philadelphia Times.

Cut Sheet Rubber.

A large quantity of what is termed "cut sheet" india rubber is used by English manufacturers in that line, the material being the pure gum which has been massed upon a mixing mill and afterward put into a rectangular iron box and pressed into a solid cake, this box being fitted with a traveling arrangement something like that of a planer, so that the cake of rubber can be slowly fed out of one end against a small revolving knife, which cuts it into the thinnest possible sheets. These sheets are used in making balloons, tobacco pouches and articles of that kind, no little skill, however, being required to insure success in producing such goods from the vulcanized material. Thus to make a perfect sphere it is a matter of common knowledge among balloon makers that no number of pieces less than seven can be used. The pattern cutters, it is said, use 9, 11, 13 or 15 pieces, always going on the odd number, it being alleged that a balloon made of 8, 10 or 12 pieces would not expand evenly. Goods made of this cut sheet are usually cured by the cold process or by the vapor cure, and in some cases no vulcanization is resorted to at all. Formerly india rubber thread was made of gum treated in much the same manner as the cut sheet, and a great deal of skill was attained in its manipulation.—New York Sun.

His Left Foot.

Speaking of the innate superstitions of man, a member of the Penn club said: "One of the cleverest lawyers at the Philadelphia bar, yet one of the most matter of fact kind, now some years dead, was so superstitious that he began the day by putting his left foot out of the bed first, his left foot first out of his house and his left foot first in his office. If going any distance, he always walked on the left side of the street.

"His peculiarity was so well known that once after a jury had been impaneled and he was about to open a case I guessed what had happened when he asked to be excused for a few minutes. I watched him go out, and going to the window saw him turn about and re-enter the building with his left foot first. He lost that case and attributed his ill luck to forgetfulness in not putting his left foot first when he first entered the court."—Philadelphia Record.

His Comparison.

The huckster was yelling "Strawberries!" and the lady of the house hailed him.

"Will you let me have three quarts for 50 cents?" she asked.

"Yes, lady," he said, handing her out three boxes.

"There aren't three quarts in them," she said doubtfully as she gave him the half dollar.

"And there din't 50 cents in this half dollar either," he retorted, "but it passes for that just the same," and he drove on.—Exchange.

A landlord at Lynn, Mass., in order to get rid of an objectionable tenant, stopped up the chimney, filling the house full of smoke. The occupants soon departed.

There are 11 American cities that spread over more territory than Paris, while Berlin is exceeded in area by 17 of our cities.

Fate.

She paints daily pictures on plates
And embroiders for hours and hours,
Writes verses imploring the fates
To sprinkle ambition with showers.

She always is up with the lark
And is seen with her cheeks rosy red
Walking rapidly down through the park
With her nose pointed straightway ahead.

She lectures on mummies and things
That survived in the long ago hence;
She's a corker on solarized rings,
As a linguist she's counted immense.

Adroitly she pulls at an oar.
Can she act on a stage? Well, she can.
She has gained all her wants and some more,
But she never has collared a man.

—H. S. Keller in St. Paul Globe.

"Between You and I."

What in the world is to be done with those otherwise good people who persist in conversation in using "I" and "he" in the objective? Most of these people know better, though some of them are college graduates, but they go on saying, "Will you go with Dick and I to the symphony?" and even, "It was between he and I," though they would never, of course, say, "Will you go with I?" The number of people who use this solecism is apparently increasing. Public school teachers use it, and the sound of it is not altogether unfamiliar in what is called good society, though "me and him did it" is not a whit more ungrammatical than "between you and I." Evidently some people use the phrase without knowing that they do it, but why should they? Still other people, who have been taught that "me and him went" is not correct, ignorantly suppose that "between you and me" is also ungrammatical. In this case, of course, the mistake is due to pure ignorance, and no one can complain of it, because ignorance is generally a misfortune rather than a fault. But when people who have been to school use the nominative case in the objective and say "between you and I," or "I will let you and he know" one feels like projecting some convenient article of furniture at them. Perhaps some form of violence will have to be resorted to in order to break up the practice.—Boston Transcript.

The Bite of the Tsetse Fly.

Singular indeed is the effect of the bite, or as the Boers call it, the "stick," of the tsetse fly, for the carcass, when examined, is found to be almost bloodless. The cellular tissue under the skin is distended with air, resembling a number of soap bubbles, the fat is yellowish green and oily, the heart so soft that the fingers can be made to meet through it, the lungs and liver are diseased, the stomach and bowels are pale and empty and the gall bladder is distended with bile. Yet, as Livingstone says, wild animals nearly akin to the horse and ox, such as the buffalo and zebra, suffer no harm. Neither do pigs, goats and wild antelopes, but dogs suffer as severely as horses and oxen.

The skin of an animal which has died from the tsetse shows all the punctures on the inside, with a ring of yellow mucus on the flesh beneath each puncture as large as the palm of the hand and resembling the appearance of a snake bite. No certain remedy is known for the puncture of this terrible fly.—Chambers' Journal.

Photographing the Sea Bottom.

Experiments have been made in France which promise considerable success in submarine photography. A specially constructed camera was carried down by a diver to a depth of 22 or 23 feet, and with an exposure of half an hour negatives were obtained which, although showing a lack of depth, were fairly satisfactory.

It was found that the best results were obtained by placing a blue glass in front of the lens. It is intended to have lenses specially constructed for under water work.

Instantaneous photographs of the sea bottom during a storm have been obtained with the aid of a flash light. This light was furnished by an alcohol lamp fed from a reservoir of oxygen. Magnesium powder was projected into the flame through a tube from the shore. It is thought that such flashlight photographs may be made at any depth to which a diver can go down.—Youth's Companion.

His Test.

"I can't live without her," he said to a friendly adviser, "and I am sure that away down in her heart she has a little feeling for me. I am going to test her." He pulled out a pistol, saying: "I am going to her with this and say, 'Here, shoot me down. I cannot live without you!'"

"You had better not," said the friend. "She might pull the trigger."

"I don't care for that," replied the heartbroken lover. "I don't care for that. I have filled the weapon with blank cartridges."—London Tit-Bits.

Red Hair and Sunstroke.

Nobody ever heard of a redheaded man being sunstruck. Why a red head should afford any protection from the rays of the sun or give its owner immunity from one of the most singular affections that humanity is heir to is one of those mysteries that even the doctors cannot fathom, but the fact remains that men with red hair can stand almost any amount of exertion in or out of doors during the hottest weather and never feel any serious results from it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Royalties at St. Helena.

Napoleon Bonaparte has two royal successors on the island of St. Helena. They are Dinizulu, the son and heir of Cetewayo, the Zulu king, and Undabuko, brother of the same monarch. The climate of St Helena obliges them to wear a blanket or some heavy covering much of the time. It is doubtful whether they will ever leave their island prison alive.—Paris Herald.

The jade mines in upper Burmah promise to become a more regular source of national prosperity than the ruby mines themselves. Jade is going up in value, owing to the large demand from China, where cups and various vessels are made of the precious material, besides ornaments.

He Forgot.

On the World's fair grounds the other day an electric launch was approaching the landing at the Woman's building.

"The next landing will be the Wimmen's building—the Wimmen's building."

It was the guard who said this, and his pronunciation was exasperating.

"Guard," said a middle aged woman, "I have a favor to ask of you."

"Yes, marm," said the guard.

"You will have to say that same thing more than a million times this summer, and I suppose you would rather be a million times right than a million times wrong, hadn't you?"

"Yes, marm."

"Then will you please say 'Woman's building?' Now, don't forget, 'Woman's building!'"

"Yes, marm."

At the Woman's building landing the middle aged woman got out. Just before the boat reached the next landing a passenger said to the guard:

"Ah, guard, what is this landing ahead of us?"

"The Transportation building."

"I see. And that one that we just left?"

"The Wimmin's building. Eh—er—I should say—the Woman's building."

Then the passengers laughed, and the guard's face was as red as the building he was approaching.—Chicago News.

BOSTON BABIES.

The Heirs of the Wealthy as They Appear on Commonwealth Avenue.

The Commonwealth avenue baby is a pattern of propriety, a paragon of excellence, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Its pupa does not walk the floor with it at night, and its mother does not drag it through the shopping district by day. A whole freight car of infant food and hobby horses is at the command of its pleasure, and copies of Browning are within easy reach. When it grows up, it can join the Algonquin club or marry a man able to provide a beautiful home and Parisian modes.

Attention, therefore, that the Commonwealth avenue baby may be studied both on its native heath and apart from its daily environment; that it may be compared with other babies and its status in public life definitely determined; that it may know the great interest taken in its welfare by all classes in the community; that it may learn to comport itself so as to be a model of elegance for all the world—the cosmopolitan Beau Brummel of all infants.

Commonwealth avenue from the Public garden to West Chester park is nine-tenths of a mile in length. In this stretch of ward 11's best territory the baby is pushed in its perambulator. Beyond West Chester park the avenue swings out into a lovely country, through which the baby is drawn in a carriage. This article deals only with those Commonwealth avenue babies that are pushed.

If the casual visitor to Boston reaches the avenue at 2 o'clock on a mild, sunshiny afternoon, he will find the sidewalks and the promenades in the park dotted with baby carriages. The street is 240 feet wide from house to house, or 200 feet from curb to curb. Fully one-quarter of this is available for promenade. This gives an area of 240,000 square feet available to be dotted by baby carriages. If the babies travel 10 feet apart, which is a fair estimate, the size of each dot will be 100 square feet. This will allow for the presence of 2,400 babies.

Think of it! Twenty-four hundred infants out for an afternoon's airing! Twenty-four hundred pairs of tiny feet, 2,400 pairs of bright eyes, 2,400 frocks with appropriate monograms, 2,400 little mouths lisping "Thank you" and "I beg pardon," 2,400 nursegirls at a weekly salary of $4, total $9,600. Can New York or Philadelphia or Chicago produce Commonwealth avenue's equal in this respect? No; there is nothing like it anywhere.

Figures may lie, and circumstances may alter the number and position of the dots, but the fact remains that a sunny day brings out infants on the great Back Bay avenue in a way to beat all records. The procession from West Chester park to Arlington street is wide and continuous. The investigator from other cities is appalled by the exhibit. All doubts as to the productiveness of the Back Bay family are set at rest. The future custodians of ward 11's $146,480,500 worth of property are already on the ground. The cruel slander that the modern rich American family has no children here meets an emphatic refutation.—Boston Herald.

The Engineer's Day.

Where there are no regular runs and the men run "first in first out," it is almost impossible to always have just work enough to go around. The men are as much to blame as the management for the overwork of engineers. They are paid on mountain roads $4 per day. Days are not measured by hours, but by miles. Forty-four mountain or 85 valley miles is a day on freight. On passenger service 105 valley miles is a day's work. The point between valley and mountain mileage is passed when the grade exceeds 200 feet to the mile. Men have made 60 days in a month on these mountains, and they have earned the $240, but they should not have been allowed to do it.

One young man, Hyatt by name, used to threaten to put himself into a receiver's hands when he made less than 40 days a month. Fifty days was fair business, but 60 suited him better. He kept it up for three years, collapsed and had to be hurried out of the country. I don't know that he ever wholly recovered. He was a fine fellow physically, sober and strong, or he would have collapsed sooner. I am afraid the older engineers are a little selfish. When the management proposes to employ more men or promote some firemen, there is usually a protest from the older runners.—McClure's Magazine.

Rev. Mather Byles.

The Rev. Mather Byles of Boston, who preached there in 1776, one fast day effected an exchange with a country clergyman, and each went on horseback to the appointed place. They met by the way, and Dr Byles no sooner saw his friend approaching than he put spurs to his horse and passed him at full gallop. "What is the matter?" cried the other in astonishment. "Why so fast, Brother Byles?" Brother Byles shouted over his shoulder, without slackening speed, "It is fast day!" One day when he was busy in nailing some list upon his doors to exclude the cold a parishioner called to him, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, Dr. Byles!" "Yes, sir," replied the doctor, "and man listeth where the wind bloweth." He was once arrested as a Tory, tried, convicted and sentenced to confinement on board a guardship to be sent to England with his family in 40 days. A sentinel was placed over him. He was removed, replaced and again removed. "I have been guarded, regarded and disregarded," said the doctor. He spoke humorously of his sentinel as his "observe-a-Tory."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Cobwebs and Cuts.

The cry of modern surgery is for chemical cleanliness, and the deluded man or woman who binds a small poultice of microbes, otherwise cobwebs, over a fresh cut as a healing agency is a candidate for Bloomingdale. Pressure will stop the bleeding, if it is not arterial, and will help that. Whether an artery has been tampered with or not is shown by the way the cut bleeds. A pumping flow or a steady spouting stream indicates that it has. Press firmly while the nearest physician is summoned. For ordinary cuts, even those which bleed profusely, firm pressure right upon them will soon check the flow. Then wash them thoroughly in clear hot water, draw the edges together and put strips of court or surgeon's plaster across. Strips should be used instead of a single piece to afford vent for any pus that should gather. The washing is especially necessary when the cut is made by glass or tin, lest any bit of foreign material remain in the wound to fester.—New York Times.

Cremation.

Cremation is now generally preferred to burial by the more intelligent portion of the community, and the day is not far distant when a crematory will be as necessary an adjunct to a cemetery as a gravedigger.—St. Paul Globe.

Help Wanted.

Bank Cashier—I have ventured to call on you, sir, to state that you have a very small balance in the bank, and in the hope that you may be able to make a rousing deposit.

Senior Partner—Well, what if we have. The account is not overdrawn, is it?

Cashier—Oh, no. But I am going on my summer vacation tomorrow.—Clothier and Furnisher.

TOLD BY A RETIRED BURGLAR.

A Robbery In Which He Was Caught With the Goods In His Possession.

"I spent one term in prison that never disturbed me in the least," said a retired burglar, "for the proof against me was of such a nature that there couldn't be any possibility of mistake about it, and then, distressing as it was to me, I couldn't help admiring the manner in which I was caught.

"I had found my way in a house to the principal occupied chamber and had surveyed the room as well as I could by the dim light that was burning without using my own lamp. It was a handsomely furnished room, and it gave one a comfortable feeling just to look into it.

"I got over to the bureau and set my lamp down on top of it and got to work. The key had been left in the top drawer. That seemed a little careless, but it made my work just so much easier. I turned that key as though it had been in velvet. The drawer, like the drawers in all well constructed bureaus, opened smooth and true.

"I reached in at the right hand corner, where people generally keep their pocketbooks, and almost the first thing my hand touched was a silver purse, one of the kind that people used to carry more than they do now, wallet shaped, opening on a hinge, with accordionlike compartments inside and shutting with a snap. This pocketbook was carved or embossed on the sides, and it was beautiful, I knew, and I like pretty things, and I sort of held onto it, with my hand still in the drawer, at the same time running my other hand along toward the other corner. With that hand a moment later I picked up a slender silver bottle, and I never regretted anything so much in my life, for that bottle was the other handle of an electric battery, and I couldn't let go.

"I cried out—I couldn't help it—but that didn't do any harm, for the instant I touched the bottle a bell began to ring loud enough to wake anybody up, even if I hadn't made a sound myself. Then a man sat up in bed, turned up a light and looked at me and said:

"'Hello, there!'

"And I said, 'Hello!' though it was pretty hard work for me to talk.

"All this time he was getting out of bed, and when his feet touched the floor he leaned over and pulled something on the wall. Of course that was simple enough—a police signal. Then he looked over at me again.

"'Think you can stand it?' he said.

"And of course I said I could, though I was lying on the floor now and had about all I could do to keep from twisting and squirming. I had the pocketbook in one hand, you understand, and the silver bottle in the other, and I could see now the wires running from them up into the bureau drawer. All this time the man was keeping on dressing. In two or three minutes more I heard somebody at the street door of the house—the police. A minute later two of them had collared me, and the man shut off the current.

"As I said, this thing never disturbed me in the least, but after I got out as long as I remained in active life I made it a point never to pick up two things at once in the dark."—New York Sun.

Unfortunately For Him, the Boy Saw the Wrong Woman.

"Boy," said the middle aged man with a cane to a lad he met on Fourth street, "I presume you have no objections to earning a dime this morning?"

"No, sir."

"It won't take you over three minutes to do so. Did you ever hear of Enoch Arden?"

"No, sir."

"Probably not, owing to your youth. Enoch left home and was gone a number of years. When he returned, it was to find his wife married to another man. I am not exactly an Enoch Arden. I only left home last night, and I don't anticipate that my wife has rushed matters. That's where I live—on the corner of the alley. I'd like you to walk down and look up at the sitting room windows. You will probably see my wife. I want you to come back and tell me whether she is smiling or weeping—whether she looks red in the face or is pale and solemn. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Owing to your youth I can't explain matters more fully. Whatever you report will be my cue as to how to act. You will know all about it after you grow up and get married. Run along now."

In seven or eight minutes the lad returned and reported that a women, who was very pale and had tears in her eyes, was looking from one of the side windows.

"That signifies that she has repented—wants me to forgive her—and that I'm all right," replied the man as he handed over the dime. "That's all, my son. I'll brace in by the front door and surprise her."

He settled his hat on his head, produced his latchkey and ascended the steps, while the boy waited to see how things would shape. The key had scarcely entered the lock when the door was pulled open, and a woman about 50 years old, with her jaws hard set and three feet of broom handle in her right hand, sprang out. The man was so taken by surprise that he received five or six whacks before he could leap over the railing and make off, while the boy took after him to escape a similar infliction. He caught up with the man about two blocks away and said:

"Mr. Arden, that wasn't the palefaced, tearful lady who sat by the window!"

"No, my son, it was not!" solemnly replied the man. "It was the palefaced, tearful lady's maternal relative, and durn my buttons if I hadn't clean forgotten that I had a mother-in-law in the shanty to deal with! That's where Enoch had the advantage of me, but perhaps I can figure it out some way. That's all you can do for me now, sonny, and you may go home while I wander around and think up some plan to get even with the game."—Detroit Free Press.

The Confederate Cent.

There was only one complete die made for the purpose of coining money by the Confederate States of America—that for a 1 cent piece, which was made by Lovett, the Philadelphia engraver, in 1861. After he had finished the dies Mr. Lovett found that he was unable to send them to the persons that had ordered the work done, and becoming alarmed he "struck off" 12 nickel cents and then carefully secreted both coins and dies. For 12 long years the engraver kept his secret, which was finally revealed through an accident. One day in 1873 he went to the hiding place of the rare coins and selected one for a pocket piece and within the month passed it out unknowingly to Hazeltine, the Philadelphia restaurant keeper. This man, knowing the piece to be Lovett's work, sent it to J. C. Randall, the coin collector. After some little trouble Hazeltine and Randall succeeded in buying the die, and from it they struck 55 copper pieces, 12 in silver and 7 in gold. This accomplished, they mutilated the die, and coin dealers now hold Confederate cents at a very high figure.—St. Louis Republic.

Directions Not Quite Correct.

"Did you deliver that telegram?" a clerk asked his messenger boy.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "Only the man does not live in Abingdon square, but in Charlton street, and not on the ground floor, but up three flights of stairs, and not in the front room, but in the back yard; besides his name isn't Johnson, but Thomson, and he isn't a man, but a woman, and she isn't a wood turner; she's a trained nurse."—New York Mercury.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

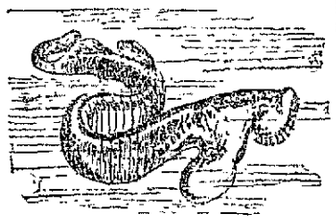
THE LAMPREY A STRANGE PARASITIC ANIMAL.

The Lamprey Belongs to the Lowest Order of Animals and Most Resembles Eel While Approaching Vertebrates.

A cuplous and repulsive looking animal belonging to the family of lampreys is known to naturalists as the Geotria allporti. It is about 1½ feet in length, is a native of Tasmania and is distinguished by a pouch placed behind its mouth, in which is retained the blood sucked from its victims for future use.

Lampreys belong to a very low order of animals, even lower than the eels, which they most resemble, and closely approach the invertebrates.

The lamprey is a parasitic animal and possesses a soft, circular mouth, which acts as a sucker, and by which it attaches itself to other fish or to rocks in the streams. It has no jaws, properly speaking, but the mouth has numerous small teeth on the interior, besides two larger and stronger teeth on the palate. This apparatus ren-



A SINGULAR LAMPREY.

ders it a very formidable enemy to the fish which it attacks and enables it to obtain a luxurious living without effort, like similar parasites of the human species.

Lampreys are found both in the ocean and in rivers, the former species ascending the rivers to deposit their eggs. Very little is known of their methods of reproduction, although some little wormlike fishes which are found in the sandy bottoms of rivers have recently been proved to be the young of the lamprey. The Romans were exceedingly fond of the flesh of this animal, which they kept in ponds constructed for the purpose, and, it is said, occasionally fed them upon the body of a slave to give them a better flavor.

Whether this be true or not, these animals at the present day, when fed on a more legitimate diet, are largely used as food by those who are able to forget their repulsive reptilian appearance in the alleged superiority of their flesh. In this matter, however, tastes differ, and Popular Science News, from which this account of them is reproduced, thinks those who enjoy lampreys and eels as food are entitled to all the satisfaction they can obtain from them.

Traveling Spiders.

There is a certain species of spider which is moved by instinct at certain seasons of the year to travel, and to travel distances that no one would suspect him desirous of covering. What, then, is their method? The spider selects the right kind of a day, one on which there is almost a calm in the air, or rather one when there is just the slightest breeze. He crawls up a tree or a flagstaff or a bulrush or anything that will give him a free position. He then begins to emit the free end of a web from his filament bag, and this is so light and fresh that it floats away in the air and is carried along by the light breeze. He may emit 100 or 200 yards, and every now and then he tries whether there is enough out and floating to buoy him if he lets go his grip on the tree or other elevation. By a nice system of calculation he ascertains just what will buoy him, and then, letting go his hold, the filament is borne off by the wind, and he himself at the end of it, and in this way he can travel miles and miles, according to an exchange.

Exit Paper.

It has been predicted that the year 1900 will usher in the century of aluminium, and a French writer goes still further and says that, while the older metals have one advantage or other over aluminium for special uses and will hold their ground, paper is doomed. Already aluminium can be rolled in sheets of one-tenth of a millimeter in thickness (.004 inch), and in this form the metal weighs less than cardboard and even less than certain papers. The Frenchman promises that the thickness shall be reduced by half very shortly, and then, as he puts it, fini du papier! Books and their covers, letter paper of every description, public and private documents, will be printed or written on the metal, which will not oxide, which is fire and waterproof and which the stoutest worm can make no impression upon.

Use of Windmills In Electric Lighting.

It may be of interest to those who live in districts remote from electric light and power plants to know that the windmill is coming into fashion for the generation of electricity, remarks The Industrial World. It was first used for this purpose by a well known American pioneer in the electric lighting field, but it is now being adopted in Europe for the lighting of country houses. In an installation of this nature at the residence of a gentleman in St. Lunaire, France, the windmill is placed on a masonry tower at a height of 33 feet from the ground, and the power is transmitted by gearing and belt to a dynamo, which charges a number of storage battery cells. In this way current is provided for the lighting of the whole house and for other domestic purposes.

Peculiarities In Moon Photographs.

Late photographs of the moon developed by the astronomer photographer of the Pesth academy are said to exhibit some unaccountable peculiarities. The plate shows hundreds of hills or embankments seemingly about [illegible] feet high and from 125 to 200 yards in width on top. They run parallel to each other and appear to be from 1,000 to 1,500 yards apart.

Mexican Jumping Beans.

A most curious vegetable product is that of the Mexican tree Carpocapsa saltitans. When laid on a flat surface, the beans jump and roll over or slide forward at short intervals without apparent reason.

He Wasn't Particular.

Baroness—To tell the truth, Lieutenant Muller, you are the first officer I have ever danced with who did not belong to the nobility.

Lieutenant Muller—I can't imagine why my brother officers who belong to the nobility should shun you that way and refuse to dance with you, but perhaps they are too proud and don't care to dance with everybody. It does not make any difference to me whom I dance with.

The baroness did not again refer to the subject.—New York Mercury.

Ikey's Lesson.

"Ikey," exclaimed Abram Einstein as he glanced over his son's copybook, "who wrote dat gopy, 'Nothink sugseeds like sugseess?'"

"Mein teacher," replied Ikey.

"Dot yes all wrong, Ikey. Nothink sugseeds like failures und blenty of dem. Don't you forget to remember dot."—Stonington Bulletin.

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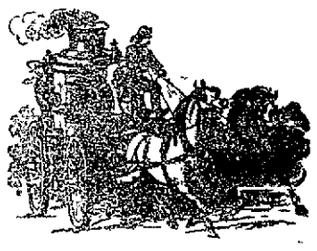

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Speaking as an old lawyer, I may say that few things compare in usefulness with a retentive, accurate memory. It is in youth that this faculty is formed and trained, and one of the best methods of strengthening it is the habit of learning by heart passages we admire from authors, both in verse and prose. What we learn in youth we are apt to remember well. Mental impressions at that period of life do not easily fade, and although they are easily received they are indelibly retained, and if they are impressions of noble thoughts clothed in noble language we are laying up a store of intellectual pleasure at one end of life for enjoyment at the other. Many of us live to grow old. If we do, our minds, if not ourselves, grow lonely. The interests of the world fade away, and the fashion of the beauty of it vanisheth, and a time comes when we feel that

> 'Tis meet that we should pause awhile
> Ere we put off this mortal coil,
> And in the stillness of old age
> Muse on our earthly pilgrimage.

At such time the recollection of great thoughts, of lovely images, of musical words, comes to us with a comfort, with an innocent pleasure which it is difficult to exaggerate. And what should you learn? Speaking generally, the safest rule to follow is to learn that which pleases you best. I assume that it is not bad. But as to what is best taste is very varied, and that which commends itself to one man perhaps repels another. My own taste you must take just for what it is worth. But leaving out for obvious reasons all Greek and Latin writers, before and above every one, including them, I should myself place Shakespeare, an inexhaustible storehouse of wisdom, instruction and exquisite diction, indispensable to any one who has anything to do with speaking or writing. Next Shakespeare I for one should put Milton. Have any of you not heard the magnificent eloquence of John Bright? He told me himself that he was built on Milton, and if you heard him—nay, even if you read him—you can see that he is steeped in the spirit of this great poet, and that, though he does not imitate Milton, he speaks after Milton. And next for use—yes, for daily use—read Wordsworth. Much of Wordsworth has passed into the language, the poet of nature and of lofty spiritual thought, whose verse makes bright things brighter and happy men happier, the man of whose song Matthew Arnold says that when he spoke

> Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
> Our youth returned, for there was shed
> On spirits that had long been dead,
> Spirits dried up and closely furled,
> The freshness of the early world.

There is one man in English literature—perhaps there are two—who wrote too little. Gray is one. Every word he wrote is precious. He has the perfection of diction and of melody. Every line contains a thought or a picture complete in itself, and you cannot change a word without marring its perfection. The other perhaps is Wolfe. Every one knows his lines on the "Burial of Sir John Moore," of which, in my judgment, no higher praise is possible than to say they are worthy of their subject. But he wrote also "Go, Forget Me," and "If I Had Known Thou Couldst Have Died," two poems now but little known, but of which, if it is too much to say they are as fine as the one on Sir John Moore, it is not too much to say that they are worthy of the poet who wrote it. The time would fail me if I were to speak at length of Shelley, of Keats, of Scott, of Ben Jonson, of Ford, of Massinger, of Dryden, Pope and Young, not to mention more recent authors. Coleridge I omit, of course. Tennyson I omit, because I know that any estimate which places him, as I should place him, in an order of men far below Shakespeare is at present the mark of a Philistine.

Browning I omit, because, though I have admired him since I was a boy at school, I have not been so fortunate as always to understand him. He once rebuked me in a way which I relate for the comfort of those small striving souls who watch his flights and try to follow his course in vain, till he disappears from them in clouds. He was so kind as to give me many of his volumes, and he knew I honestly read them. Soon after one had thus been given me he asked me how I liked it. I replied that what I could understand I heartily admired, and that parts of it, I thought, ought to be immortal, but that as to much of it I really could not tell whether I admired it or no, as I could not understand it. "Ah, well," he said, "if a reader of your caliber understands 10 per cent of what I write, I think he ought to be content."

Whether for present or future comfort I cannot too earnestly recommend your acquainting yourselves with good books. They are the best of companions. In sickness, in misfortune, in sorrow, in sleepless nights and days of pain, you will find your recollection of great and wholesome literature a constant solace and refreshment. And as a man is known by the company he keeps, still more truly is he known by the books he reads and the authors he loves. Read only the best books and never read bad ones. Good books will nerve you for the work—the serious and earnest work, which is the lot of all true and good men. For, to quote a great writer, Dr. Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts," not from that book, however, but from his "Satires," a book much less known:

> This is the scene of combat, not of rest.
> Man's is laborious happiness at best.
> On this side death his labors never cease.
> His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

—Lord Coleridge in Contemporary Review.

A Princess In Slavery.

"An African princess was owned before the war by a family in Scott county, Va.," said E. L. Dement. "She lived to a great age and never lost sight of the fact that she was of royal blood. She was the daughter of one of the most powerful kings in Africa and had wandered away with a retinue of servants when the party was captured by a slave trader. Her fine physique caused her to bring a high price, and she could only be trained to work by teaching the other slaves to do deference to her, which they readily did."—Chicago Tribune.

Tea Taking the Place of Beer.

Tea, the beverage of the higher classes in Germany, though more consumed in the north, is rapidly winning favor also with the middle classes in the south. Everywhere the tea table is growing popular, and Germany will probably at no distant period become a large consumer of tea.—Philadelphia Press.

Government Cats.

Several hundred cats are maintained by the United States government, and the cost of their support is a regular item on the accounts of the postoffice department. They are distributed among the postoffices in the chief cities, where they perform their duty of keeping rats and mice from destroying postal matter and mail sacks.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE JUDGMENT.

A Negro Preacher's Description of What Will Happen on the Last Day.

"The most wonderful sermon I ever heard," said a business man, "was delivered by a colored preacher in South Carolina in a slave pen which was being utilized as a church shortly after the war. I happened to drop into this gathering of colored people one night and was informed that a new preacher was about to be tried.

"The minister arose back of a pulpit that had been improvised from a barrel turned bottom upward, on which was a lighted candle stuck in a bottle. He began to read the Bible, but stumbled at every word, spelling some throughout before pronouncing them. A man in the rear said, 'Go ahead with your sermon.' And the preacher ceased reading. He stood up at full length, and in the dim, flickering light of the lone candle looked more like an apparition than a man.

"His subject was 'The Judgment.' Here came in that wonderful imaginative quality for which the colored race is noted. In going about during the war he had become imbued with the military spirit, so he began by giving a vivid word picture of the hosts of heaven lying in their tents asleep the night before the judgment day. Then he worked up to a point where the bugle sounded to prepare for the descent upon the sinful world. He pictured the heavenly hosts hurriedly running out of their tents to form in line of battle, with the Great Commander in front. Then he described the stillness that reigned when all was ready, awaiting the command to advance.

"By this time the whole congregation, including myself, were sitting with nerves strained, excited in the extreme, and as the preacher described the tramp, tramp, tramp of the mighty host approaching the earth I saw several members, terrified, get down under the benches. He then followed a courier coming from the distance, who reported 'Death on a white horse' as having appeared far away. When the preacher described the Commander detailing a squad of his soldiers to 'go capture Death,' a terrified moan came from the audience.

"Finally he brought the army of heaven down to earth just before daybreak and had them resting on their arms awaiting Gabriel's trumpet. He pictured at length how quiet everything was; then, putting his hand to his mouth, he imitated the bugle call, which so terrified and completely unstrung his audience that the greater portion of it arose hurriedly and rushed out of the building. In all my life I have never heard a sermon that had such a startling effect upon a congregation."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Made Her Comfortable For Life.

"There are more ways than one to make a living," said a demure little woman with flashing black eyes who came down town in a School street car. "I know a woman who was left penniless in New York. She was riding on the elevated road one day when she was struck with the sameness of the advertisements that are posted up in the cars. She thought that she could write good advertisements, and she thought out a lot of little four line rhymes for a certain article. She submitted them to the advertising manager of that firm, and they were accepted, and now she is making a lot of money every year with her verses extolling various wares."

"Pshaw," said the blond who sat next to the demure little woman, "I know of a case right here in Buffalo that discounts that."

"I don't believe it," said the demure little woman.

"Well, I do, and I'll tell you about it to prove it. A friend of mine who had been doing some newspaper work got the craze for writing advertisements, and she went around to a lot of stores, only to find that they were well supplied with people to look after that branch of their business. She did find one firm that was willing to let her try her hand, and she began work. In less than a year she was comfortably off for the rest of her life."

"Did she invent some new style of writing or something of that kind?" asked the demure little woman.

"No," replied the blond, "but she married the senior partner."—Philadelphia Times.

Cut Sheet Rubber.

A large quantity of what is termed "cut sheet" india rubber is used by English manufacturers in that line, the material being the pure gum which has been massed upon a mixing mill and afterward put into a rectangular iron box and pressed into a solid cake, this box being fitted with a traveling arrangement something like that of a planer, so that the cake of rubber can be slowly fed out of one end against a small revolving knife, which cuts it into the thinnest possible sheets. These sheets are used in making balloons, tobacco pouches and articles of that kind, no little skill, however, being required to insure success in producing such goods from the vulcanized material. Thus to make a perfect sphere it is a matter of common knowledge among balloon makers that no number of pieces less than seven can be used. The pattern cutters, it is said, use 9, 11, 13 or 15 pieces, always going on the odd number, it being alleged that a balloon made of 8, 10 or 12 pieces would not expand evenly. Goods made of this cut sheet are usually cured by the cold process or by the vapor cure, and in some cases no vulcanization is resorted to at all. Formerly india rubber thread was made of gum treated in much the same manner as the cut sheet, and a great deal of skill was attained in its manipulation.—New York Sun.

His Left Foot.

Speaking of the innate superstitions of man, a member of the Penn club said: "One of the cleverest lawyers at the Philadelphia bar, yet one of the most matter of fact kind, now some years dead, was so superstitious that he began the day by putting his left foot out of the bed first, his left foot first out of his house and his left foot first in his office. If going any distance, he always walked on the left side of the street.

"His peculiarity was so well known that once after a jury had been impaneled and he was about to open a case I guessed what had happened when he asked to be excused for a few minutes. I watched him go out, and going to the window saw him turn about and re-enter the building with his left foot first. He lost that case and attributed his ill luck to forgetfulness in not putting his left foot first when he first entered the court."—Philadelphia Record.

His Comparison.

The huckster was yelling "Strawberries!" and the lady of the house hailed him.

"Will you let me have three quarts for 50 cents?" she asked.

"Yes, lady," he said, handing her out three boxes.

"There aren't three quarts in them," she said doubtfully as she gave him the half dollar.

"And there ain't 50 cents in this half dollar either," he retorted, "but it passes for that just the same," and he drove on.—Exchange.

A landlord at Lynn, Mass., in order to get rid of an objectionable tenant, stopped up the chimney, filling the house full of smoke. The occupants soon departed.

There are 11 American cities that spread over more territory than Paris, while Berlin is exceeded in area by 17 of our cities.

Fate.

> She paints daily pictures on plates
> And embroiders for hours and hours,
> Writes verses imploring the fates
> To sprinkle ambition with showers.
>
> She always is up with the lark
> And is seen with her cheeks rosy red
> Walking rapidly down through the park
> With her nose pointed straightway ahead.
>
> She lectures on mummies and things
> That survived in the long ago hence;
> She's a corker on solarized rings;
> As a linguist she's counted immense.
>
> Adroitly she pulls at an oar.
> Can she act on a stage? Well, she can.
> She has gained all her wants and some more,
> But she never has collared a man.

—H. S. Keller in St. Paul Globe.

"Between You and I."

What in the world is to be done with those otherwise good people who persist in conversation in using "I" and "he" in the objective? Most of these people know better, though some of them are college graduates, but they go on saying, "Will you go with Dick and I to the symphony?" and even, "It was between he and I," though they would never, of course, say, "Will you go with I?" The number of people who use this solecism is apparently increasing. Public school teachers use it, and the sound of it is not altogether unfamiliar in what is called good society, though "me and him did it" is not a whit more ungrammatical than "between you and I." Evidently some people use the phrase without knowing that they do it, but why should they? Still other people, who have been taught that "me and him went" is not correct, ignorantly suppose that "between you and me" is also ungrammatical. In this case, of course, the mistake is due to pure ignorance, and no one can complain of it, because ignorance is generally a misfortune rather than a fault. But when people who have been to school use the nominative case in the objective and say "between you and I," or "I will let you and he know" one feels like projecting some convenient article of furniture at them. Perhaps some form of violence will have to be resorted to in order to break up the practice.—Boston Transcript.

The Bite of the Tsetse Fly.

Singular indeed is the effect of the bite, or as the Boers call it, the "stick," of the tsetse fly, for the carcass, when examined, is found to be almost bloodless. The cellular tissue under the skin is distended with air, resembling a number of soap bubbles, the fat is yellowish green and oily, the heart so soft that the fingers can be made to meet through it, the lungs and liver are diseased, the stomach and bowels are pale and empty and the gall bladder is distended with bile. Yet, as Livingstone says, wild animals nearly akin to the horse and ox, such as the buffalo and zebra, suffer no harm. Neither do pigs, goats and wild antelopes, but dogs suffer as severely as horses and oxen.

The skin of an animal which has died from the tsetse shows all the punctures on the inside, with a ring of yellow mucus on the flesh beneath each puncture as large as the palm of the hand and resembling the appearance of a snake bite. No certain remedy is known for the puncture of this terrible fly.—Chambers' Journal.

Photographing the Sea Bottom.

Experiments have been made in France which promise considerable success in submarine photography. A specially constructed camera was carried down by a diver to a depth of 22 or 23 feet, and with an exposure of half an hour negatives were obtained which, although showing a lack of depth, were fairly satisfactory.

It was found that the best results were obtained by placing a blue glass in front of the lens. It is intended to have lenses specially constructed for under water work.

Instantaneous photographs of the sea bottom during a storm have been obtained with the aid of a flash light. This light was furnished by an alcohol lamp fed from a reservoir of oxygen. Magnesium powder was projected into the flame through a tube from the shore. It is thought that such flashlight photographs may be made at any depth to which a diver can go down.—Youth's Companion.

His Test.

"I can't live without her," he said to a friendly adviser, "and I am sure that away down in her heart she has a little feeling for me. I am going to test her." He pulled out a pistol, saying: "I am going to her with this and say, 'Here, shoot me down. I cannot live without you!'"

"You had better not," said the friend. "She might pull the trigger."

"I don't care for that," replied the heartbroken lover. "I don't care for that. I have filled the weapon with blank cartridges."—London Tit-Bits.

Red Hair and Sunstroke.

Nobody ever heard of a redheaded man being sunstruck. Why a red head should afford any protection from the rays of the sun or give its owner immunity from one of the most singular affections that humanity is heir to is one of those mysteries that even the doctors cannot fathom, but the fact remains that men with red hair can stand almost any amount of exertion in or out of doors during the hottest weather and never feel any serious results from it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Royalties at St. Helena.

Napoleon Bonaparte has two royal successors on the island of St. Helena. They are Dinizulu, the son and heir of Cetewayo, the Zulu king, and Undabuko, brother of the same monarch. The climate of St. Helena obliges them to wear a blanket or some heavy covering much of the time. It is doubtful whether they will ever leave their island prison alive.—Paris Herald.

The jade mines in upper Burmah promise to become a more regular source of national prosperity than the ruby mines themselves. Jade is going up in value, owing to the large demand from China, where cups and various vessels are made of the precious material, besides ornaments.

He Forgot.

On the World's fair grounds the other day an electric launch was approaching the landing at the Woman's building.

"The next landing will be the Wimmen's building—the Wimmen's building."

It was the guard who said this, and his pronunciation was exasperating.

"Guard," said a middle aged woman, "I have a favor to ask of you."

"Yes, marm," said the guard.

"You will have to say that same thing more than a million times this summer, and I suppose you would rather be a million times right than a million times wrong, hadn't you?"

"Yes, marm."

"Then will you please say 'Woman's building?' Now, don't forget, 'Woman's building!'"

"Yes, marm."

At the Woman's building landing the middle aged woman got out. Just before the boat reached the next landing a passenger said to the guard:

"Ah, guard, what is this landing ahead of us?"

"The Transportation building."

"I see. And that one that we just left?"

"The Wimmin's building. Eh—er—I should say—the Woman's building."

Then the passengers laughed, and the guard's face was as red as the building he was approaching.—Chicago News.

BOSTON BABIES.

The Heirs of the Wealthy as They Appear on Commonwealth Avenue.

The Commonwealth avenue baby is a pattern of propriety, a paragon of excellence, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Its papa does not walk the floor with it at night, and its mother does not drag it through the shopping district by day. A whole freight car of infant food and hobby horses is at the command of its pleasure, and copies of Browning are within easy reach. When it grows up, it can join the Algonquin club or marry a man able to provide a beautiful home and Parisian modes.

Attention, therefore, that the Commonwealth avenue baby may be studied both on its native heath and apart from its daily environment; that it may be compared with other babies and its status in public life definitely determined; that it may know the great interest taken in its welfare by all classes in the community; that it may learn to comport itself so as to be a model of elegance for all the world—the cosmopolitan Beau Brummel of all infants.

Commonwealth avenue from the Public garden to West Chester park is nine-tenths of a mile in length. In this stretch of ward 11's best territory the baby is pushed in its perambulator. Beyond West Chester park the avenue swings out into a lovely country, through which the baby is drawn in a carriage. This article deals only with those Commonwealth avenue babies that are pushed.

If the casual visitor to Boston reaches the avenue at 3 o'clock on a mild, sunshiny afternoon, he will find the sidewalks and the promenades in the park dotted with baby carriages. The street is 240 feet wide from house to house, or 200 feet from curb to curb. Fully one-quarter of this is available for promenade. This gives an area of 240,000 square feet available to be dotted by baby carriages. If the babies travel 10 feet apart, which is a fair estimate, the size of each dot will be 100 square feet. This will allow for the presence of 2,400 babies.

Think of it! Twenty-four hundred infants out for an afternoon's airing! Twenty-four hundred pairs of tiny feet, 2,400 pairs of bright eyes, 2,400 frocks with appropriate monograms, 2,400 little mouths lisping "Thank you" and "I beg pardon," 2,400 nursegirls at a weekly salary of $4, total $9,600. Can New York or Philadelphia or Chicago produce Commonwealth avenue's equal in this respect? No; there is nothing like it anywhere.

Figures may lie, and circumstances may alter the number and position of the dots, but the fact remains that a sunny day brings out infants on the great Back Bay avenue in a way to beat all records. The procession from West Chester park to Arlington street is wide and continuous. The investigator from other cities is appalled by the exhibit. All doubts as to the productiveness of the Back Bay family are set at rest. The future custodians of ward 11's $146,480,500 worth of property are already on the ground. The cruel slander that the modern rich American family has no children here meets an emphatic refutation.—Boston Herald.

The Engineer's Day.

Where there are no regular runs and the men run "first in first out," it is almost impossible to always have just work enough to go around. The men are as much to blame as the management for the overwork of engineers. They are paid on mountain roads $4 per day. Days are not measured by hours, but by miles. Forty-four mountain or 85 valley miles is a day on freight. On passenger service 105 valley miles is a day's work. The point between valley and mountain mileage is passed when the grade exceeds 200 feet to the mile. Men have made 60 days in a month on these mountains, and they have earned the $240, but they should not have been allowed to do it.

One young man, Hyatt by name, used to threaten to put himself into a receiver's hands when he made less than 40 days a month. Fifty days was fair business, but 60 suited him better. He kept it up for three years, collapsed and had to be hurried out of the country. I don't know that he ever wholly recovered. He was a fine fellow physically, sober and strong, or he would have collapsed sooner. I am afraid the older engineers are a little selfish. When the management proposes to employ more men or promote some firemen, there is usually a protest from the older runners.—McClure's Magazine.

Rev. Mather Byles.

The Rev. Mather Byles of Boston, who preached there in 1776, one fast day effected an exchange with a country clergyman, and each went on horseback to the appointed place. They met by the way, and Dr. Byles no sooner saw his friend approaching than he put spurs to his horse and passed him at full gallop. "What is the matter?" cried the other in astonishment. "Why so fast, Brother Byles?" Brother Byles shouted over his shoulder, without slackening speed, "It is fast day!" One day when he was busy in nailing some list upon his doors to exclude the cold a parishioner called to him, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, Dr. Byles!" "Yes, sir," replied the doctor, "and man listeth where the wind bloweth." He was once arrested as a Tory, tried, convicted and sentenced to confinement on board a guardship to be sent to England with his family in 40 days. A sentinel was placed over him. He was removed, replaced and again removed. "I have been guarded, regarded and disregarded," said the doctor. He spoke humorously of his sentinel as his "observe-a-Tory."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Cobwebs and Cuts.

The cry of modern surgery is for chemical cleanliness, and the deluded man or woman who binds a small poultice of microbes, otherwise cobwebs, over a fresh cut as a healing agency is a candidate for Bloomingdale. Pressure will stop the bleeding, if it is not arterial, and will help that. Whether an artery has been tampered with or not is shown by the way the cut bleeds. A pumping flow or a steady spouting stream indicates that it has. Press firmly while the nearest physician is summoned. For ordinary cuts, even these which bleed profusely, firm pressure right upon them will soon check the flow. Then wash them thoroughly in clear hot water, draw the edges together and put strips of court or surgeon's plaster across. Strips should be used instead of a single piece to afford vent for any pus that should gather. The washing is especially necessary when the cut is made by glass or tin, lest any bit of foreign material remain in the wound to fester.—New York Times.

Cremation.

Cremation is now generally preferred to burial by the more intelligent portion of the community, and the day is not far distant when a crematory will be as necessary an adjunct to a cemetery as a gravedigger.—St. Paul Globe.

Help Wanted.

Bank Cashier—I have ventured to call on you, sir, to state that you have a very small balance in the bank, and in the hope that you may be able to make a renewing deposit.

Senior Partner—Well, what if we have. The account is not overdrawn, is it?

Cashier—Oh, no. But I am going on my summer vacation tomorrow.—Clothier and Furnisher.

TOLD BY A RETIRED BURGLAR.

A Robbery In Which He Was Caught With the Goods In His Possession.

"I spent one term in prison that never disturbed me in the least," said a retired burglar, "for the proof against me was of such a nature that there couldn't be any possibility of mistake about it, and then, distressing as it was to me, I couldn't help admiring the manner in which I was caught.

"I had found my way in a house to the principal occupied chamber and had surveyed the room as well as I could by the dim light that was burning without using my own lamp. It was a handsomely furnished room, and it gave one a comfortable feeling just to look into it.

"I got over to the bureau and set my lamp down on top of it and got to work. The key had been left in the top drawer. That seemed a little careless, but it made my work just so much easier. I turned that key as though it had been in velvet. The drawer, l— the drawers in all well constructed bu—us, opened smooth and true.

"I reached in at the right hand corner, where people generally keep their pocketbooks, and almost the first thing my hand touched was a silver purse, one of the kind that people used to carry more than they do now, wallet shaped, opening on a hinge, with accordionlike compartments inside and shutting with a snap. This pocketbook was carved or embossed on the sides, and it was beautiful, I knew, and I like pretty things, and I sort of held onto it, with my hand still in the drawer, at the same time running my other hand along toward the other corner. With that hand a moment later I picked up a slender silver bottle, and I never regretted anything so much in my life, for that bottle was the other handle of an electric battery, and I couldn't let go.

"I cried out—I couldn't help it—but that didn't do any harm, for the instant I touched the bottle a bell began to ring loud enough to wake anybody up, even if I hadn't made a sound myself. Then a man sat up in bed, turned up a light and looked at me and said:

"'Hello, there!'

"And I said, 'Hello!' though it was pretty hard work for me to talk.

"All this time he was getting out of bed, and when his feet touched the floor he leaned over and pulled something on the wall. Of course that was simple enough—a police signal. Then he looked over at me again.

"'Think you can stand it?' he said.

"And of course I said I could, though I was lying on the floor now and had about all I could do to keep from twisting and squirming. I had the pocketbook in one hand, you understand, and the silver bottle in the other, and I could see now the wires running from them up into the bureau drawer. All this time the man was keeping on dressing. In two or three minutes more I heard somebody at the street door of the house—the police. A minute later two of them had collared me, and the man shut off the current.

"As I said, this thing never disturbed me in the least, but after I got out as long as I remained in active life I made it a point never to pick up two things at once in the dark."—New York Sun.

Unfortunately For Him, the Boy Saw the Wrong Woman.

"Boy," said the middle aged man with a cane to a lad he met on Fourth street, "I presume you have no objections to earning a dime this morning?"

"No, sir."

"It won't take you over three minutes to do so. Did you ever hear of Enoch Arden?"

"No, sir."

"Probably not, owing to your youth. Enoch left home and was gone a number of years. When he returned, it was to find his wife married to another man. I am not exactly an Enoch Arden. I only left home last night, and I don't anticipate that my wife has rushed matters. That's where I live—on the corner of the alley. I'd like you to walk down and look up at the sitting room windows. You will probably see my wife. I want you to come back and tell me whether she is smiling or weeping—whether she looks red in the face or is pale and solemn. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Owing to your youth I can't explain matters more fully. Whatever you report will be my cue as to how to act. You will know all about it after you grow up and get married. Run along now."

In seven or eight minutes the lad returned and reported that a women, who was very pale and had tears in her eyes, was looking from one of the side windows.

"That signifies that she has repented—wants me to forgive her—and that I'm all right," replied the man as he handed over the dime. "That's all, my son. I'll brace in by the front door and surprise her."

He settled his hat on his head, produced his latchkey and ascended the steps, while the boy waited to see how things would shape. The key had scarcely entered the lock when the door was pulled open, and a woman about 50 years old, with her jaws hard set and three feet of broom handle in her right hand, sprang out. The man was so taken by surprise that he received five or six whacks before he could leap over the railing and make off, while the boy took after him to escape a similar infliction. He caught up with the man about two blocks away and said:

"Mr. Arden, that wasn't the palefaced, tearful lady who sat by the window!"

"No, my son, it was not!" solemnly replied the man. "It was the palefaced, tearful lady's maternal relative, and durn my buttons if I hadn't clean forgotten that I had a mother-in-law in the shanty to deal with! That's where Enoch had the advantage of me, but perhaps I can figure it out some way. That's all you can do for me now, sonny, and you may go home while I wander around and think up some plan to get even with the game."—Detroit Free Press.

The Confederate Cent.

There was only one complete die made for the purpose of coining money by the Confederate States of America—that for a 1 cent piece, which was made by Lovett, the Philadelphia engraver, in 1861. After he had finished the dies Mr. Lovett found that he was unable to send them to the persons that had ordered the work done, and becoming alarmed he "struck off" 12 nickel cents and then carefully secreted both coins and dies. For 12 long years the engraver kept his secret, which was finally revealed through an accident. One day in 1873 he went to the hiding place of the rare coins and selected one for a pocket piece and within the month passed it out unknowingly to Hazeltine, the Philadelphia restaurant keeper. This man, knowing the piece to be Lovett's work, sent it to J. C. Randall, the coin collector. After some little trouble Hazeltine and Randall succeeded in buying the die, and from it they struck 55 copper pieces, 12 in silver and 7 in gold. This accomplished, they mutilated the die, and coin dealers now hold Confederate cents at a very high figure.—St. Louis Republic.

Directions Not Quite Correct.

"Did you deliver that telegram?" a clerk asked his messenger boy.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "Only the man does not live in Abingdon square, but in Charlton street, and not on the ground floor, but up three flights of stairs, and not in the front room, but in the back yard; besides his name isn't Johnson, but Thomson, and he isn't a man, but a woman, and she isn't a wood turner; she's a trained nurse."—New York Mercury.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

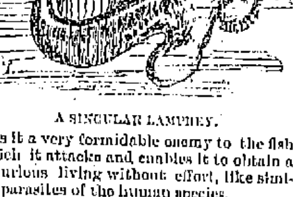
THE LAMPREY A STRANGE PARASITIC ANIMAL.

The Lamprey Belongs to the Lowest Order of Animals and Most Resembles Eel While Approaching Vertebrates.

A curious and repulsive looking animal belonging to the family of lampreys is known to naturalists as the Geotria allporti. It is about 1½ feet in length, is a native of Tasmania and is distinguished by a pouch placed behind its mouth, in which is retained the blood sucked from its victims for future use.

Lampreys belong to a very low order of animals, even lower than the eels, which they most resemble, and closely approach the invertebrates.

The lamprey is a parasitic animal and possesses a soft, circular mouth, which acts as a sucker, and by which it attaches itself to other fish or to rocks in the streams. It has no jaws, properly speaking, but the mouth has numerous small teeth on the interior, besides two larger and stronger teeth on the palate. This apparatus renders it a very formidable enemy to the fish which it attacks and enables it to obtain a luxurious living without effort, like similar parasites of the human species.



A SINGULAR LAMPREY.

Lampreys are found both in the ocean and in rivers, the former species ascending the rivers to deposit their eggs. Very little is known of their methods of reproduction, although some little wormlike fishes which are found in the sandy bottoms of rivers have recently been proved to be the young of the lamprey. The Romans were exceedingly fond of the flesh of this animal, which they kept in ponds constructed for the purpose, and, it is said, occasionally fed them upon the body of a slave to give them a better flavor.

Whether this be true or not, these animals at the present day, when fed on a more legitimate diet, are largely used as food by those who are able to forget their repulsive reptilian appearance in the alleged superiority of their flesh. In this matter, however, tastes differ, and Popular Science News, from which this account of them is reproduced, thinks those who enjoy lampreys and eels as food are entitled to all the satisfaction they can obtain from them.

Travelling Spiders.

There is a certain species of spider which is moved by instinct at certain seasons of the year to travel, and to travel distances that no one would suspect him desirous of covering. What, then, is their method? The spider selects the right kind of a day, one on which there is almost a calm in the air, or rather one when there is just the slightest breeze. He crawls up a tree or a flagstaff or a bulrush or anything that will give him a free position. He then begins to emit the free end of a web from his filament bag, and this is so light and fresh that it floats away in the air and is carried along by the light breeze. He may emit 100 or 200 yards, and every now and then he tries whether there is enough out and floating to buoy him if he lets go his grip on the tree or other elevation. By a nice system of calculation he ascertains just what will buoy him, and then, letting go his hold, the filament is borne off by the wind, and he himself at the end of it, and in this way he can travel miles and miles, according to an exchange.

Exit Paper.

It has been predicted that the year 1900 will usher in the century of aluminium, and a French writer goes still further and says that, while the older metals have one advantage or other over aluminium for special uses and will hold their ground, paper is doomed. Already aluminium can be rolled in sheets of one-tenth of a millimeter in thickness (.004 inch), and in this form the metal weighs less than cardboard and even less than certain papers. The Frenchman promises that the thickness shall be reduced by half very shortly, and then, as he puts it, fini du papier! Books and their covers, letter paper of every description, public and private documents, will be printed or written on the metal, which will not oxide, which is fire and waterproof and which the stoutest worm can make no impression upon.

Use of Windmills In Electric Lighting.

It may be of interest to those who live in districts remote from electric light and power plants to know that the windmill is coming into fashion for the generation of electricity, remarks The Industrial World. It was first used for this purpose by a well known American pioneer in the electric lighting field, but it is now being adopted in Europe for the lighting of country houses. In an installation of this nature at the residence of a gentleman in St. Lucaire, France, the windmill is placed on a masonry tower at a height of 33 feet from the ground, and the power is transmitted by gearing and belt to a dynamo, which charges a number of storage battery cells. In this way current is provided for the lighting of the whole house and for other domestic purposes.

Peculiarities In Moon Photographs.

Late photographs of the moon developed by the astronomer photographer of the Pesth academy are said to exhibit some unaccountable peculiarities. The plate shows hundreds o[illegible] alls or embankments seemingly about [illegible] feet high and from 125 to 200 yards in width on top. They run parallel to each other and appear to be from 1,000 to 1,300 yards apart.

Mexican Jumping Beans.

A most curious vegetable product is that of the Mexican tree Carpocapsa saltitans. When laid on a flat surface, the beans jump and roll over or slide forward at short intervals without apparent reason.

He Wasn't Particular.

Baroness—To tell the truth, Lieutenant Muller, you are the first officer I have ever danced with who did not belong to the nobility.

Lieutenant Muller—I can't imagine why my brother officers who belong to the nobility should shun you that way and refuse to dance with you, but perhaps they are too proud and don't care to dance with everybody. It does not make any difference to me whom I dance with.

The baroness did not again refer to the subject.—New York Mercury.

Ikey's Lesson.

"Ikey," exclaimed Abram Einstein as he glanced over his son's copybook, "who wrote dat gopy, 'Nothink sugseeds like sug-sess!'"

"Mein teacher," replied Ikey.

"Dot vos all wrong, Ikey. Nothink sugseeds like failures and blenty of dem. Don't you forget to remember dot."—Stonington Bulletin.

IT

Looks and Acts

Like an Expensive Watch.

Appearance, time and durability are all there, yet it costs only $4 to $15 in many styles;

The Quick-winding Waterbury.

Your jeweler sells it.

$40.00 PER WEEK FOR WILLING WORKERS

of either sex, any age, in any part of the country, at the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. As capital is not required you run no risk. We supply you with all that is needed. It will cost you nothing to try the business. Any one can do the work. Beginners make money from the start. Failure is unknown with our workers. Every hour you labor you can easily make a dollar. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in three days at any ordinary employment. Send for free book containing the fullest information.

H. HALLETT & CO.,
Box 880,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

SULPHUR BITTERS

THE GREATEST BLOOD PURIFIER KNOWN.

This Great German Medicine is the CHEAPEST and best. 128 doses of Sulphur Bitters for $1.00, less than one cent a dose.

It will cure the worst kind of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease, SCROFULA. In all cases of such stubborn, deep seated diseases, Sulphur Bitters is the best medicine to use. Don't wait until tomorrow, try a bottle TO-DAY.

Don't ever take BLUE PILLS, or mercury, they are deadly. Put your trust in Sulphur Bitters, the purest and best medicine ever made. Is your TONGUE COATED with a yellow, sticky substance? Is your Breath foul and offensive? Your Stomach is OUT OF ORDER. Use Sulphur Bitters immediately.

If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use Sulphur Bitters.

Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some AT ONCE, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is THE INVALID'S FRIEND.

Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published

The Great American - Heater.

The most economical, most durable, and most easily managed Heater on the market. They are giving excellent satisfaction in many Lowell residences. We are sole agents for Lowell and vicinity, and would be glad to furnish any particulars regarding it

W. A. Mack & Co.,

25 SHATTUCK STREET.

GOLDSMITH, SILVER & Co's

M.C.A.

10C. CIGARS

LEAD ALL OTHERS.

Everybody Should Try The

"108"

Havana Filled 5c. Cigar.

DO YOU KNOW

You can buy Pianos, Organs, Music Rolls, Harmonicas, Music Stands, Folios of all kinds, the latest of Sheet Music and all that goes to make Home happy in a musical way at

RIGHT PRICES

AT

Gardner's Music Store,

No. 45 Prescott Street, Lowell, Mass.

P. S.—$10.00. A good square piano with cover and stool. Cash five dollars and five dollars per month.

FIRE INSURANCE

CHARLES COBURN, 98 Central St.

Will place your insurance in first-class stock of mutual companies at current rates. Plate glass insured against accident.

DR. KELLEY,
SURGEON DENTIST

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, FEB. 10.

SUN RISES	6 48	MOON SETS	10 22 PM
SUN SETS	5 10	FULL SEA	2 00 AM
LENGTH OF DAY	10 22		2 15 PM

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The storm central Thursday evening over central Illinois has advanced to Lake Michigan. The cold wave has overspread the northwest states. During Sunday the cold wave will overspread the lake regions, the Ohio valley and Tennessee, and snow will fall throughout the lake regions and New England.

Forecast for Maine: Rain or snow; warmer; brisk and high east winds.

New Hampshire and Vermont: Rain or snow; warmer today, colder tonight, southeast winds.

Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut: Rain or snow; warmer during the day; decidedly colder Sunday; southeast winds.

NO SENTIMENT.

There is no sentiment in trade. People buy where they can get the most for their money. Compare each edition of THE SUN with any paper in the city issued at the same hour, and see which gives you the most for your money.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Towers' Corner Cigar.

William James of this city has obtained a pension.

The Woolen Spinners' union will meet in Bay state hall on Monday evening.

Pride of Lowell lodge, I. O. G. T., had an installation last night, and an entertainment.

Miss Lilian Holgate daughter of Mr. W. H. Holgate, read at an entertainment in Lynn on Monday and scored quite a hit.

Mrs. Pinkham of Lee street who reported the loss of a watch on Thursday, found the same article in her pocket yesterday.

Owing to the rough usage received by the Catalonia on her inward voyage she did not sail today. The time is now set for Tuesday next.

Mr Joseph Haworth of the Boston Grand Opera house company will sing at the Immaculate Conception church at the 10.30 mass tomorrow.

Mr. G. F. Stafford of the city and Mr. J. T. Finertin of Cambridge will round the New England circuit on March 1st with their comic sketch entitled "The Music Teacher."

The Putnam Guards' bazaar opens on Monday with the annual ball. For a whole week there will be sufficient attraction to bring out all the company's friends. $1 for a week's ticket is about as reasonable as any one could ask for.

Despite the hard knocks given the garbage cremator the annual report shows that the enormous amount of refuse, swill, offal and annual matter destroyed has accomplished a great deal toward keeping up the excellent sanitary condition of the city.

An innovation which is a step in the right direction and appreciated by every one present was that put into practice at the Madrigal society concert. It was to close the doors during each number. Creaking boots, clumsy feet, rustling garments and deaf people did not mar the beauty of the selections.

The lecture committee of the Lowell Reform club have prepared an excellent programme for the Sunday evening public meeting. There will be addresses by Mr. Robert Lord and Mr. Chas. W. Locke, class leader at the Central M. E. church. Both gentlemen are eloquent temperance speakers. President Bowers will also make a short address. Vocal duets will be given by Messrs. Samuel Scott and Samuel Davis, vocal solo by Mr. R. J. Fullerton. All are welcome. Meeting at 7.30.

Fight was Postponed.

A lively "mill" was expected by local sports Thursday night at a suburban barn but when the time came the police said it had better not take place, and it didn't take place.

A Prosperous Six Months.

The trustees of the Washington Saving bank met yesterday and declared a semi-annual dividend of two per cent. The increase of deposits for the past six months was a substantial one. Since opening for business the bank's deposits have exceed $200,000.

The Lakeview Theatre.

It is reported that Manager John F. Cosgrove of the Opera house will lease or manage the Lakeview theatre the coming summer. In either case the pleasure loving public of the city is ensured of good attractions. The street railway company will increase the seating capacity of the house by 400 seats.

Work of the Church League.

During the month of January the church league disbursed $832.30 for the relief of the poor and $85.96 during the few days that remained in December after the work was taken up. There were 375 applications for assistance, 127 of whom had never previously required aid. In many cases the aid furnished was food, fuel and medicine, and many articles of clothing were also given.

A Farmer's Hard Luck.

A very daring theft was committed Friday noon. A farmer named Wright came to this city early in the morning, carrying a supply of fresh eggs and chickens. About noon he entered a house on Cross street, near School, leaving his rig outside. When he came out he found his horse, sleigh, chickens, eggs and everthing, or rather he didn't find them, for they were all gone. The horse was not at all inclined to do any walking, so the owner concluded that it was stolen. He reported the case to the police.

The horse was black and was attached to a pung. There were four chickens in a bag and there were about five dozen of eggs in a basket. The horse and wagon were found on Merrimack street last evening by Officer Boyle in the possession of a man named James Conners, who claimed to own it. The eggs and chickens had gone. Conners was arrested.

WHAT SMITH SAYS.

Explains His Part in Proposing a License Commission Bill.

James T. Smith, secretary of the board of trade, who introduced a license commission bill in the legislature, is credited with this explanation of his action: He claims authority for drawing up the bill on the strength of endorsement of the board of last year permitting him to make what changes he thought best. He says he has nothing to do with the temperance phase of the matter; he leaves that to others more competent to deal with it.

His object and that of the board, he says, is a business one, to remove the license question from politics—that is from the board of aldermen—so as to get a city government of a business character unhampered by the pressure for and after effects of the liquor licenses. That done, it is not material to him whether the limit is removed from the license law or not. That does not enter into the matter. If a license commission is secured with or without the removal of the limit that is the object desired. He does not believe in commissions.

Dr. Colburn DENTIST 53 MERK ST.

BAY STATE LEGISLATURE.

BIG BATCH OF MEASURES SUBMITTED FOR CONSIDERATION.

New Bills for the Regulation of Wires—Massachusetts Nautical Training School—Land for Public Libraries.

BOSTON, Feb. 10.—The volume of new business continues in full force, and those persons who have been talking of a short session have already begun to look dazed. Many important new measures are introduced for consideration, while some are old timers and some are frivolous.

In the senate a resolve was introduced fixing the time of meeting of both branches of the legislature for a period of at least two weeks at 4 o'clock p. m. daily. Passed, under a suspension of the rules

Bills introduced: Relative to lotteries and policy lotteries, imposing a fine not exceeding $2000 or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both, on any owner or lessee permitting his building or rooms to be used for said lotteries or policy lotteries; forbidding entertainments in theaters, museums or halls on the Lord's day, except sacred concerts under the auspices and for the benefit of any church or religious society. Whoever manages, performs or takes part in any other on that day shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $200, whoever admits to theaters, any minor child under the age of 16, unaccompanied by an adult, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $200.

The order calling on the committee on railroads to investigate certain allegations and charges of discrimination on the part of certain railroads towards express companies and others was adopted without dissent.

The following bills were introduced in the house: For the placing of wires underground in the streets of Boston; to abolish the board of commissioners of prisons and vest the powers of that board in the governor and council; that the keeper of each jail and house of correction shall keep the same in a healthy and cleanly condition, but use no whitewash on the interior of walls or cells; authorizing the consolidation of gaslight companies when agreed to by two-thirds in number and interest of the stockholders of each company, the capital of the consolidated company shall be a sum equal to the value of the property of the constituent corporations, the shares to be of the par value of $100, the market value to be determined by disinterested appraisers, one of whom shall be appointed by the supreme judicial court; striking out the words "on the same street" in the act of 1882, chapter 220, which provides that no license shall be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in any building or place on the same street within 400 feet of any building occupied in whole or in part by a public school; amending an act relative to the establishment of municipal electric light plants; a bill relating to reservoirs, basins and other property held by cities and towns for water supply.

The report of the commissioners of the Massachusetts Nautical Training school for the year 1893 was received. The appropriation for current expenses was $50,000, and $45,320.47 was expended; for office expenses the appropriation was $6000, and the expenditures $4818.70.

The committee on libraries report a bill to authorize the taking of land for public libraries.

A $2,500,000 Contract.

BANGOR, Me., Feb. 10.—John Hurley has received notice to go to Rockland, Monday, where he will help to open up the old Hurricane island granite quarries. Mr. Hurley reports that General Tillson, the owner, has made a contract for $2,500,000 worth of hammered granite.

Dispersed by Police.

VIENNA, Feb. 10.—Another meeting of the unemployed, which was attended by about 2000 persons, took place in this city yesterday. A number of violent speeches were made. The police dispersed the meeting and prevented any demonstration.

Protecting Trout.

GARDINER, Me., Feb. 10.—Fishwarden Gray seized 50 pounds of Moosehead lake trout at the store of C. M. Day here under the law which prohibits the sale or exposing for sale of trout between the first days of October and the following May.

Carried the War Supplies.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—At the office of Busk & Jevons, agents of the steamer Dalton, which sailed from this port on Dec. 18 last for the river Platte, a report to the effect that the Dalton had on board war supplies when she sailed was emphatically denied.

Two Men Killed by a Train.

ASHLAND, Pa., Feb. 10.—While John Mendock, a Polander, was on his way to work he found the dead bodies of two of his countrymen lying on the Pennsylvania railroad track The men were probably struck by a passenger train.

Denied by Ingalls.

ATCHISON, Kan., Feb. 10.—The story that John J. Ingalls had been converted by Sam Jones is pronounced a canard by Mr. Ingalls. He is a member of the church, and not in need of conversion.

Likely to Be Vetoed.

WASHINGTON, Feb 10.—Leading opponents of the pending Bland bill, for the coinage of seigniorage, express confidence that President Cleveland will veto the bill if passed by congress.

British Steamer Wrecked.

HARTLEPOOL, Feb. 10.—The British steamship Primrose struck on a rock in a fog and was wrecked. Her crew was saved in small boats.

Still Undecided.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The McGann resolution for an investigation of the act of Judge Jenkins in enjoining the employes of the Northern Pacific from striking was discussed by the house judiciary committee, but went over without action.

Death of Vicar-General Casey.

ERIE, Pa., Feb. 10.—Father Thomas A. Casey, vicar-general of the parish of Erie, died last night. He was a man of vast wealth and gave very liberally to all Catholic institutions.

Coughlin Didn't Testify.

CHICAGO, Feb. 10.—The defense in the Coughlin case rested yesterday without putting the prisoner on the stand.

To Be Launched Today.

BATH, Me., Feb. 10.—The big steel sailing ship, built by A. Sewell & Co. of this city, is ready for launching, and honors the state of Maine by bearing her motto as a name, "Dirigo." She is the first of her class ever built in New England. She is to take her maiden plunge into the Kennebec at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

A Costly Enterprise.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 10.—William F. Shunk, who conducted the survey for the international railroad through Mexico and the South American states, has finished his report. The estimated cost of the roadbed and bridges is $22,000,000. This does not include the road. It will require 10 years to complete the road.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Next time try Old Hundred.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

Fine shoe repairing at Cunningham's, Palmer street.

Miss Helen Olsen of Brookline is visiting friends in this city.

Rev. O. H. Denny of Elmira preaches at the Mt. Vernon church tomorrow.

E. G. Parker, 23 East Merrimack street, will clear his elevator of coal. His prices are what will do it. See ad.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted plants and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

This is the time to buy a stove or range cheap. Call and look over the stock of J. J. Gaynor & Co., 35 Prescott street.

There is a general complaint that there was never a season when the sidewalks were in such a sadly neglected condition.

The greatest favor you can confer on friends is to give them your photo. The place to get photos taken is at Marion's, Barrister's hall.

The Massachusetts Association of Free Baptist churches will hold its February session at the Paige Street Free Baptist church Feb. 21 and 22.

A gang of hoodlums disturbed the meeting at Brother Gardner's mission last night, and in the fusilade of snowballs windows were broken.

Mrs. Underhill of Rogers hall school has issued invitations for Monday afternoon when Miss Villa Whitney White of Germany will give one of her delightful recitals of folk songs.

"Without frugality none can be rich" remember this and deposit your money this week at Washington Savings bank. All money deposited now goes on interest at once at four per cent.

The committee on cities yesterday gave a hearing on a bill that debts incurred by municipalities for supplying water shall be payable within 30 years, sewers, 30 years, school-houses and other public buildings 20 years, other debts 10 years. Another bill provides for reinvestment of temporary loans.

Superintendent Bray of public buildings has had his office in the new city hall thoroughly equipped with every convenience necessary to his work. He has had two large tables built where plans can be shown, and also a large case in which to keep keys of all public buildings. A new book case has been added.

A Woman's Paper Throughout.

The Boston Post tomorrow will be written exclusively by women. Miss Nellie O'Brien, president of the Ingrain Weavers' union, writes a letter upon the condition, traits and character of Lowell mill girls.

A Wayward Girl.

A young girl named Mary Stone, 17 years of age, was sent from Malden to the industrial school at Lancaster several months ago. Her behavior was good, and she was let out to work for a Hyde Park family. She ran away from there, and came to this city with a friend whom she met at Hyde Park. Supt. Brackett came to this city Friday, and took the girl back.

A FATAL FALL.

Mrs. Sarah Bulmer Loses Her Life by a Misstep.

Mrs. Sarah Bulmer who lived with her son at 17 Pearl street, fell backward down a flight of stairs at her home late last night, dying a short time after. She had been ill of a fever and had attempted to go upstairs but it is thought her strength either failed or she made a misstep. She was 60 years of age and an old resident of the city. She lived with her son Mr. John E. Bulmer.

Campello, Mass.

Spots on the Eyes

Sight Affected After an Attack of the Measles

Hood's Sarsaparilla Restores Clear Vision and Cures Headache.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"About nine years ago I was sick with the measles, which left my eyes very sore. They would swell so that I could scarcely see, and I could not stand the light. I could hardly sleep at night, because the pain was too great. After a short time white spots came on my eyes, making my sight dim, so that I could hardly distinguish an object held close to the eyes. I tried three doctors, but they would only make them better for a short time and then the trouble would be worse than ever. In the spring of 1892

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

I heard about a boy whose eyes had been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. My eyes got much better after I had taken the first bottle, and have now been well for over a year. I also used to have severe headaches, but I seldom have a headache now." AMANDA PETERSON, Campello, Mass.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. 25c.

To Keep Workmen Busy.

I will make ulsters, overcoats and winter suits at cost. Trousers $4.75 up, perfect fitting garments guaranteed. Louis Alexander, successor to Emerson, tailor, 65 Central St.

Elegant Lamp Chimney Free.

We are giving away these finely engraved lamp chimneys with a pound of our choice tea. *Dickson Bros., 68 Merrimack street.*

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. B. Swift, 9 Barristers hall. Telephone 405-4.

J. L. CHALIFOUX.

We Don't Wait For Better Times.

We make them ourselves with better values—values that crowd our large establishment during business hours.

Others May Do the Talking, But Chalifoux Sells the Shoes.

Just as empty vessels sound the loudest, so certain empty shoe stores make the most noise. But, while exaggerated claims may catch the few credulous and unthinking which are to be found in every community, the vast majority prefer something more substantial than fuss and feathers. And this accounts for Chalifoux's Shoe Department being always busy. The shoes and the prices do the talking here, and judging from the large number of purchasers, they talk convincingly. Here are a few samples:

Men's Patent Leather Bal. and Congress Dress Shoes, worth $4, now $2.

Men's new winged tip Bal. and Congress at $1.50.

Ladies' Wax Calf Waukenphast, sewed welts, worth $3.50, now $2.

Ladies' Fine Dongola Button, Opera and Commonsense, sizes A, B, C, D, and E. Former price $3, now at $2.

Ladies' Kid Blucher Polish at $1.23.

Save Your Money by Shoeing Your Children Here.

Boy's Tap Sole Bals., sizes 11 to 2, at 69c.

Misses' Kid Button, patent tip, sizes 11 to 2, at 75c.

J. L. CHALIFOUX

Central and Middle Streets.

BIJOU THEATRE

E. C. BASCOM, Manager.

Week Beginning Monday, February 12.

Matinees, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

THE LONDON SPORTS' BURLESQUE COMPANY

Will Re-open this Theatre

MONDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 12.

30—ARTISTS.—30.

SHAPELY WOMEN, GOOD SINGERS, GRACEFUL DANCERS, FUNNY COMEDIANS, CLEVER SPECIALTIES.

The programme opens with a Bewildering Burlesque, which is followed by a STRONG AND TAKING OLIO.

This company is One of the Best on the Road, and Plays Only First-class Theatres.

Popular Prices: 10, 20, and 30 cents.

Conant & Company,

338 and 340 Central Street,

KEEP YOUR FEET WARM

—WITH—

THE CARBONITE FOOT WARMER

The Greatest Comfort While Driving in Cold Weather.

LOOK - AT - OUR - $9.00 - HARNESS.

After Inventorying

We find that we have more goods than we want, and less money than we need and must have. We are over stocked with Stoves, and this week we shall put the knife into them to close the mout. Below are some of the prices.

Our Elegant	Square	Parlor	Stoves,	Draw	Center	Grate,	war'ted,	price	$26.00,	now $20.00
"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	19.00,	" 14.00
"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	16.00,	" 11.00
"	"	Round	"	"		"	"	"	22.00,	" 17.00
"	"	"	"	"		"	"	"	15.00,	" 10.00
"	"	Bedroom Coal		Stove				"	5.50,	" 4.00
"	"	"	"	"		"	"	"	6.00,	" 4.50
"	"	"	Wood	"		"	"	"	3.50,	" 2.25
"	"	"	"	"		"	"	"	2.00,	" 1.25

Other goods equally low for spot cash.

J. J. GAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 35 Prescott Street.

☞ This store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings at 6 p. m., until further notice.

OPPOSITE CORNER STORE, CITY HALL.

THE MERRIMACK CLOTHING ASSOCIATE BUILDING LOWELL, MASS.

A BIG DEAL IN COLLARS.

We have completed what will probably be the biggest purchase of fine grade Collars and Cuffs ever attempted in Lowell.

The "M. & B." BRAND is the best and is sold only by the first-class furnishing goods houses in the United States. The regular prices of these goods are 20c. each for the collars; 33c. a pair for the cuffs. Our prices for this sale will be—

COLLARS 15c. EACH. CUFFS 25c. PAIR.

Our 10c. and 12½c. Collars are equally good values. Our 17c. 4-ply Cuffs are worth 25c. a pair.

O'Sullivan - Brothers.

Annual February Sale -OF-

SHOES AND RUBBERS.

In Scope and Magnitude Will This Year Far Surpass Any We Ever Attempted.

Nearly all our leading lines, and chiefly our finest grades, together with our entire stock of Rubber Goods, are included.

See Our Window Display of Bargains.

No fictitious prices, but actual reduction is our style. We invite our patrons and the public to take advantage of our February Sale. The quality of goods is high. Prices are low.

O'SULLIVAN BROS., Op. City Hall.

☞ The Largest Stock of Plumbing and Steam Goods for sale at the Lowest Prices by The H. R. Barker M'fg Co., 158-170 Middle St.

FRED H. ETHIER,

Undertaker and Funeral Director.

All orders promptly attended to.

Warerooms, 333 Moody Street. Residence, 411 Moody Street.

Livery Stable, 64 Ford Street.

Low Prices

5lb. pail	Raspberry Jelly	35c.	pail.
5lb. "	Strawberry "	35c.	"
5lb. "	Currant "	35c.	"
5lb. "	Apple "	35c.	"
5lb. "	Raspberry Jam	50c.	"

20 lb tub of Lard, 7½c. lb.

Haxall Flour $4.75 and $5 per Bbl.

FARLEY'S .·. CASH .·. GROCERY,

New No. 140 Corham St.

Once upon a midnight dreary,
I could not sleep—was weak and weary.
I coughed and coughed until my lungs were very sore.
Suddenly there came a rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
'Twas my wife, with Ellingwood's Balsam;
"Take this!" she said, and nothing more.

Nothing else is needed if your lungs ache, or if you have a cough or a sore throat. It is superior in every way to any other in the market, and the sales have doubled every month over last year.

PREPARED BY

Ellingwood & Co.,

PHARMACISTS,

Merrimack Street, opp. Post Office. 109 Central Street, Hamilton Drug Store.

And Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere. Only 25c. for a trial-size bottle.

LOWELL

OPERA HOUSE,

Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9, 10, Saturday Matinee at 2.30.

Boston Grand Opera House Co.

A. H. Dexter, manager, direct from the Grand Opera House, Boston, will present their latest success,

SAPPHO.

An honest, laughing comedy by Wm. A. Mestayer. Be sure and see it! "It's such a joke on John!" The company includes such well known favorites as Joseph Haworth, Wm. Mestayer, Frank J. Keenan, Howard Gould, Mark Price, Misses Annie Clarke, Isabella Evesson, Kate Ryan, Belle Stokes, Helen Dayne. Say, is your name John? If it is you must see Sappho. "It's such a joke on John." Saturday Matinee. Prices 75, 50, 35, 25.

TWO NIGHTS ONLY.

Thursday and Friday, Feb. 15, 16.

Engagement of the Prince of Comedians,

Mr. Henry E. Dixey,

And the Magnificent Organization,

RICE'S Big Burlesque Company.

In the Captivating Burlesque,

NEW MUSIC. NEW SPECIALTIES. ADONIS

Or Ye Statue, Ye Miller, Ye Maiden, and Ye Lordly Villyain.

60 New Faces, New Features, New Ideas, New Joyous Incidents. Everything Up to Date and Replete with Novelty.

PRICES, $1.50, $1.00, 75c., 50c., 35c., 25c. Seats on sale Tuesday.

Music - Hall

Week of February 5th,

The Greatest Melodrama of the Century,

THE LIGHTS O' LONDON

Mr. Meldon, Miss Tucker, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Watson and the entire Stock Company. New Scenery and Effects.

Prices 10, 20, 30. Saturday Matinee 2.30.

EDWARD CAWLEY, Office, 75 Central Street.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Coal of all kinds. Also dealer in Wood, Lime, and Cement. Agent for the celebrated Portland drain and sewer pipe. Elevator, Rogers-Street Bridge

BACHELLER, DUMAS & CO.

Paper Ruling, Book and Pamphlet Binding, Blank Books a Specialty

18 CHURCH STREET.

A discussion which took place the other evening among a number of old smokers was as to the merits of the best Cigar and the honors easily came to

Curfew 10c. Cigar.

MONEY TO LOAN.

If you want money at low rate of interest, call on

JAMES MURPHY & SON.

No. 15 Central Street.

Dealers in Real Estate.

W. P. FOYE,

Flour, Hay and Grain,

No. 113 Market Street.

FISHER H. PEARSON, Room 44 P. O. Block, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

K. H. BANCROFT & CO., Room 1, Shattuck's New Block, Electrical Supplies, Electrical Repairing Of all kinds. Telephone 39-5, Prescott Street, Lowell, Mass.

P. H. HEELON, 247 and 249 Gorham St. Boarding, Hack and Livery Stable.

E. R. DONOVAN, Office: 85 Gorham Street, Constable and Auctioneer.

ROBERT E. WESCOTT, Central Block Photographer.

McCARTIN'S BAKERY, 55 Gorham Street. Domestic Bread, Cake and Pastry. Orders for Wedding Cake promptly filled. Beans received for baking.

FRANCIS W. QUA, No. 3 Barristers' Hall, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

COAL DELIVERED IN BAGS.

100 lbs. in each Bag.
20 Bags to the Ton.
No Dust.
No Scattering of Coal.

No Noise. No injury to Lawns. Order your Coal Delivered in Bags.

Wm. Kittredge Co.

Office: 38 MIDDLE STREET.
Yard: Foot of POND STREET.

DR. WALKER DENTIST Merrimack & Palmer Sts.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

Every dollar expended for pure water is an investment on which the interest is paid in good health.

The purest water in the world filtered through our NATURAL STONE FILTERS. Call and see them.

Callahan & Sanborn, HARDWARE, Merrimack - Square, Cor. Bridge St.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

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Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut: Rain or snow; warmer during the day; decidedly colder Sunday; southeast winds.

NO SENTIMENT.

There is no sentiment in trade. People buy where they can get the most for their money. Compare each edition of THE SUN, with any paper in the city issued at the same hour, and see which gives you the most for your money.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Towers' Corner Cigar.

William James of this city has obtained a pension.

The Woolen Spinners' union will meet in Bay state hall on Monday evening.

Pride of Lowell lodge, I. O. G. T., had an installation last night, and an entertainment.

Miss Lilian Holgate daughter of Mr. W. H. Holgate, read at an entertainment in Lynn on Monday and scored quite a hit.

Mrs. Pinkham of Lee street who reported the loss of a watch on Thursday, found the same article in her pocket yesterday.

Owing to the rough usage received by the Catalonia on her inward voyage she did not sail today. The time is now set for Tuesday next.

Mr. Joseph Haworth of the Boston Grand Opera house company will sing at the Immaculate Conception church at the 10.30 mass tomorrow.

Mr. G. F. Stafford of the city and Mr. J. T. Finerlin of Cambridge will round the New England circuit on March 1st with their comic sketch entitled "The Music Teacher."

The Putnam Guards' bazaar opens on Monday with the annual ball. For a whole week there will be sufficient attraction to bring out all the company's friends. $1 for a week's ticket is about as reasonable as any one could ask for.

Despite the hard knocks given the garbage cremator the annual report shows that the enormous amount of refuse, swill, offal and annual matter destroyed has accomplished a great deal toward keeping up the excellent sanitary condition of the city.

An innovation which is a step in the right direction and appreciated by every one present was that put into practice at the Madrigal society concert. It was to close the doors during each number. Creaking boots, clumsy feet, rustling garments and deaf people did not mar the beauty of the selections.

The lecture committee of the Lowell Reform club have prepared an excellent programme for the Sunday evening public meeting. There will be addresses by Mr. Robert Lord and Mr. Chas. W. Locke, class leader at the Central M. E. church. Both gentlemen are eloquent temperance speakers. President Bowers will also make a short address. Vocal duets will be given by Messrs. Samuel Scott and Samuel Davis, vocal solo by Mr. R. J. Fullerton. All are welcome. Meeting at 7.30.

Fight was Postponed.

A lively "mill" was expected by local sports Thursday night at a suburban barn but when the time came the police said it had better not take place, and it didn't take place.

A Prosperous Six Months.

The trustees of the Washington Saving bank met yesterday and declared a semi-annual dividend of two per cent. The increase of deposits for the past six months was a substantial one. Since opening for business the bank's deposits have exceed $200,000.

The Lakeview Theatre.

It is reported that Manager John F. Cosgrove of the Opera house will lease or manage the Lakeview theatre the coming summer. In either case the pleasure loving public of the city is ensured of good attractions. The street railway company will increase the seating capacity of the house by 400 seats.

Work of the Church League.

During the month of January the church league disbursed $835.30 for the relief of the poor and $85.96 during the few days that remained in December after the work was taken up. There were 373 applications for assistance, 127 of whom had never previously required aid. In many cases the aid furnished was food, fuel and medicine, and many articles of clothing were also given.

A Farmer's Hard Luck.

A very daring theft was committed Friday noon. A farmer named Wright came to this city early in the morning, carrying a supply of fresh eggs and chickens. About noon he entered a house on Cross street, near School, leaving his rig outside. When he came out he found his horse, sleigh, chickens, eggs and everthing, or rather he didn't find them, for they were all gone. The horse was not at all inclined to do any walking, so the owner concluded that it was stolen. He reported the case to the police.

The horse was black and was attached to a pung. There were four chickens in a bag and there were about five dozen of eggs in a basket. The horse and wagon were found on Merrimack street last evening by Officer Boyle in the possession of a man named James Conners, who claimed to own it. The eggs and chickens had gone. Conners was arrested.

WHAT SMITH SAYS.

Explains His Part in Proposing a License Commission Bill.

James T. Smith, secretary of the board of trade, who introduced a license commission bill in the legislature, is credited with this explanation of his action: He claims authority for drawing up the bill on the strength of endorsement of the board of last year permitting him to make what changes he thought best. He says he has nothing to do with the temperance phase of the matter; he leaves that to others more competent to deal with it.

His object and that of the board, he says, is a business one, to remove the license question from politics—that is from the board of aldermen—so as to get a city government of a business character unhampered by the pressure for and after effects of the liquor licenses. That done, it is not material to him whether the limit is removed from the license law or not. That does not enter into the matter. If a license commission is secured with or without the removal of the limit that is the object desired. He does not believe in commissions.

Dr. Colburn DENTIST 53 MERK ST.

BAY STATE LEGISLATURE.

BIG BATCH OF MEASURES SUBMITTED FOR CONSIDERATION.

New Bills for the Regulation of Wires—Massachusetts Nautical Training School—Land for Public Libraries.

BOSTON, Feb. 10.—The volume of new business continues to full force, and those persons who have been talking of a short session have already begun to look dazed. Many important new measures are introduced for consideration, while some are old timers and some are frivolous.

In the senate a resolve was introduced fixing the time of meeting of both branches of the legislature for a period of at least two weeks at 4 o'clock p. m. daily. Passed, under a suspension of the rules.

Bills introduced: Relative to lotteries and policy lotteries, imposing a fine not exceeding $2000 or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both, on any owner or lessee permitting his building or rooms to be used for said lotteries or policy lotteries; forbidding entertainments in theaters, museums or halls on the Lord's day, except sacred concerts under the auspices and for the benefit of any church or religious society. Whoever manages, performs or takes part in any other on that day shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $200; whoever admits to theaters, any minor child under the age of 16, unaccompanied by an adult, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $200.

The order calling on the committee on railroads to investigate certain allegations and charges of discrimination on the part of certain railroads towards express companies and others was adopted without dissent.

The following bills were introduced in the house: For the placing of wires underground in the streets of Boston; to abolish the board of commissioners of prisons and vest the powers of that board in the governor and council; that the keeper of each jail and house of correction shall keep the same in a healthy and cleanly condition, but use no whitewash on the interior of walls or cells; authorizing the consolidation of gaslight companies when agreed to by two-thirds in number and interest of the stockholders of each company, the capital of the consolidated company shall be a sum equal to the value of the property of the constituent corporations, the shares to be of the par value of $100, the market value to be determined by disinterested appraisers, one of whom shall be appointed by the supreme judicial court; striking out the words "on the same street" in the act of 1892, chapter 220, which provides that no license shall be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in any building or place on the same street within 400 feet of any building occupied in whole or in part by a public school; amending an act relative to the establishment of municipal electric light plants; a bill relating to reservoirs, basins and other property held by cities and towns for water supply.

The report of the commissioners of the Massachusetts Nautical Training school for the year 1893 was received. The appropriation for current expenses was $50,000, and $45,320.47 was expended; for office expenses the appropriation was $6000, and the expenditures $4818.70.

The committee on libraries report a bill to authorize the taking of land for public libraries.

A $2,500,000 Contract.

BANGOR, Me., Feb. 10.—John Hurley has received notice to go to Rockland, Monday, where he will help to open up the old Hurricane island granite quarries. Mr. Hurley reports that General Tillson, the owner, has made a contract for $2,500,000 worth of hammered granite.

Dispersed by Police.

VIENNA, Feb. 10.—Another meeting of the unemployed, which was attended by about 2000 persons, took place in this city yesterday. A number of violent speeches were made. The police dispersed the meeting and prevented any demonstration.

Protecting Trout.

GARDINER, Me., Feb. 10.—Fishwarden Gray seized 50 pounds of Moosehead lake trout at the store of C. M. Day here under the law which prohibits the sale or exposing for sale of trout between the first days of October and the following May.

Carried the War Supplies.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—At the office of Busk & Jevons, agents of the steamer Dalton, which sailed from this port on Dec. 18 last for the river Platte, a report to the effect that the Dalton had on board war supplies when she sailed was emphatically denied.

Two Men Killed by a Train.

ASHLAND, Pa., Feb. 10.—While John Mendock, a Polander, was on his way to work he found the dead bodies of two of his countrymen lying on the Pennsylvania railroad track. The men were probably struck by a passenger train.

Denied by Ingalls.

ATCHISON, Kan., Feb. 10.—The story that John J. Ingalls had been converted by Sam Jones is pronounced a canard by Mr. Ingalls. He is a member of the church, and not in need of conversion.

Likely to Be Vetoed.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—Leading opponents of the pending Bland bill, for the coinage of seigniorage, express confidence that President Cleveland will veto the bill if passed by congress.

British Steamer Wrecked.

HARTLEPOOL, Feb. 10.—The British steamship Primrose struck on a rock in a fog and was wrecked. Her crew was saved in small boats.

Still Undecided.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The McGann resolution for an investigation of the act of Judge Jenkins in enjoining the employes of the Northern Pacific from striking was discussed by the house judiciary committee, but went over without action.

Death of Vicar-General Casey.

ERIE, Pa., Feb. 10.—Father Thomas A. Casey, vicar-general of the parish of Erie, died last night. He was a man of vast wealth and gave very liberally to all Catholic institutions.

Coughlin Didn't Testify.

CHICAGO, Feb. 10.—The defense in the Coughlin case rested yesterday without putting the prisoner on the stand.

To Be Launched Today.

BATH, Me., Feb. 10.—The big steel sailing ship, built by A. Sewell & Co. of this city, is ready for launching, and honors the state of Maine by bearing her motto as a name, "Dirigo." She is the first of her class ever built in New England. She is to take her maiden plunge into the Kennebec at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

A Costly Enterprise.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 10.—William F. Shunk, who conducted the survey for the international railroad through Mexico and the South American states, has finished his report. The estimated cost of the road bed and bridges is $22,000,000. This does not include the road. It will require 10 years to complete the road.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Next time try Old Hundred.

Wall paper at 13 Church street.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

Fine shoe repairing at Cunningham's, Palmer street.

Miss Helen Olsen of Brookline is visiting friends in this city.

Rev. O. H. Denny of Elmira preaches at the Mt. Vernon church tomorrow.

E. G. Parker, 23 East Merrimack street, will clear his elevator of coal. His prices are what will do it. See ad.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted plants and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

This is the time to buy a stove or range cheap. Call and look over the stock of J. J. Gaynor & Co., 35 Prescott street.

There is a general complaint that there was never a season when the sidewalks were in such a sadly neglected condition.

The greatest favor you can confer on friends is to give them your photo. The place to get photos taken is at Marion's, Barrister's hall.

The Massachusetts Association of Free Baptist churches will hold its February session at the Paige Street Free Baptist church Feb. 21 and 22.

A gang of boodlums disturbed the meeting at Brother Gardner's mission last night, and in the fusillade of snowballs windows were broken.

Mrs. Underhill of Rogers hall school has issued invitations for Monday afternoon when Miss Villa Whitney White of Germany will give one of her delightful recitals of folk songs.

"Without frugality none can be rich" remember this and deposit your money this week at Washington Savings bank. All money deposited now goes on interest at once at four per cent.

The committee on cities yesterday gave a hearing on a bill that debts incurred by municipalities for supplying water shall be payable within 30 years, sewers, 30 years, school-houses and other public buildings 20 years, other debts 10 years. Another bill provides for reinvestment of temporary loans.

Superintendent Bray of public buildings has had his office in the new city hall thoroughly equipped with every convenience necessary to his work. He has had two large tables built where plans can be shown, and also a large case in which to keep keys of all public buildings. A new book case has been added.

A Woman's Paper Throughout.

The Boston Post tomorrow will be written exclusively by women. Miss Nellie O'Brien, president of the Ingrain Weavers' union, writes a letter upon the condition, traits and character of Lowell mill girls.

A Wayward Girl.

A young girl named Mary Stone, 17 years of age, was sent from Malden to the industrial school at Lancaster several months ago. Her behavior was good, and she was let out to work for a Hyde Park family. She ran away from there, and came to this city with a friend whom she met at Hyde Park. Supt. Brackett came to this city Friday, and took the girl back.

A FATAL FALL.

Mrs. Sarah Bulmer Loses Her Life by a Misstep.

Mrs. Sarah Bulmer who lived with her son at 17 Pearl street, fell backward down a flight of stairs at her home late last night, dying a short time after. She had been ill of a fever and had attempted to go upstairs but it is thought her strength either failed or she made a misstep. She was 60 years of age and an old resident of the city. She lived with her son Mr. John E. Bulmer.

Campello, Mass.

Spots on the Eyes

Sight Affected After an Attack of the Measles

Hood's Sarsaparilla Restores Clear Vision and Cures Headache.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"About nine years ago I was sick with the measles, which left my eyes very sore. They would swell so that I could scarcely see, and I could not stand the light. I could hardly sleep at night, because the pain was too great. After a short time white spots came on my eyes, making my sight dim, so that I could hardly distinguish an object held close to the eyes. I tried three doctors, but they would only make them better for a short time and then the trouble would be worse than ever. In the spring of 1892

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

I heard about a boy whose eyes had been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. My eyes got much better after I had taken the first bottle, and have now been well for over a year. I also used to have severe headaches, but I seldom have a headache now." AMANDA PETTERSON, Campello, Mass.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients, 25c.

To Keep Workmen Busy.

I will make ulsters, overcoats and winter suits at cost. Trousers $4.75 up, perfect fitting garments guaranteed. Louis Alexander, successor to Emerson, tailor, 95 Central St.

Elegant Lamp Chimney Free.

We are giving away these finely engraved lamp chimneys with a pound of our choice tea. Dickson Bros., 98 Merrimack street.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. H. Swift, 9 Barristers hall. Telephone 405-4.

J. L. CHALIFOUX.

We Don't Wait For Better Times.

We make them ourselves with better values—values that crowd our large establishment during business hours.

Others May Do the Talking, But Chalifoux Sells the Shoes.

Just as empty vessels sound the loudest, so certain empty shoe stores make the most noise. But, while exaggerated claims may catch the few credulous and unthinking which are to be found in every community, the vast majority prefer something more substantial than fuss and feathers. And this accounts for Chalifoux's Shoe Department being always busy. The shoes and the prices do the talking here, and judging from the large number of purchasers, they talk convincingly. Here are a few samples:

Men's Patent Leather Bal. and Congress Dress Shoes, worth $4, now $2.

Men's new winged tip Bal. and Congress at $1.50.

Ladies' Wax Calf Waukenphast, sewed welts, worth $3.50, now $2.

Ladies' Fine Dongola Button, Opera and Commonsense, sizes A, B, C, D, and E. Former price $3, now at $2.

Ladies' Kid Blucher Polish at $1.23.

Save Your Money by Shoeing Your Children Here.

Boy's Tap Sole Bals., sizes 11 to 2, at 69c.

Misses' Kid Button, patent tip, sizes 11 to 2, at 75c.

J. L. CHALIFOUX

Central and Middle Streets.

BIJOU THEATRE

E. C. BASCOM, Manager.

Week Beginning Monday, February 12.

Matinees, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

THE LONDON SPORTS' BURLESQUE COMPANY

Will Reopen this Theatre

MONDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 12.

30—ARTISTS.—30.

SHAPELY WOMEN,
GOOD SINGERS,
GRACEFUL DANCERS,
FUNNY COMEDIANS,
CLEVER SPECIALTIES.

The programme opens with a Bewildering Burlesque, which is followed by a STRONG AND TAKING OLIO.

This company is One of the Best on the Road, and Plays Only First-class Theatres.

Popular Prices: 10, 20, and 30 cents.

Conant & Company,

338 and 340 Central Street,

KEEP YOUR FEET WARM

—WITH—

THE CARBONITE FOOT WARMER

The Greatest Comfort While Driving in Cold Weather.

LOOK - AT - OUR - $9.00 - HARNESS.

After Inventorying

We find that we have more goods than we want, and less money than we need and must have. We are over stocked with Stoves, and this week we shall put the knife into them to close the most. Below are some of the prices.

Our Elegant Square Parlor Stoves, Draw Center Grate, war'ted,	price	$26.00,	now	$20.00
" " " " " " "	"	19.00,	"	14.00
" " Round " " " "	"	16.00,	"	11.00
" " " " " " "	"	22.00,	"	17.00
" " Bedroom Coal Stove	"	15.00,	"	10.00
" " " " " "	"	5.50,	"	4.00
" " " Wood " " "	"	6.00,	"	4.50
" " " " " " "	"	3.50,	"	2.25
" " " " " " "	"	2.00,	"	1.25

Other goods equally low for spot cash.

J. J. GAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 35 Prescott Street.

☞ This store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings at 6 p. m., until further notice.

OPPOSITE

CORNER THE MERRIMACK CLOTHING ASSOCIATE BUILDING LOWELL, MASS. STORE,

CITY HALL.

A BIG DEAL IN COLLARS.

We have completed what will probably be the biggest purchase of fine grade Collars and Cuffs ever attempted in Lowell.

The "M. & B." BRAND is the best and is sold only by the first-class furnishing goods houses in the United States. The regular prices of these goods are 20c. each for the collars; 33c. a pair for the cuffs. Our prices for this sale will be—

COLLARS 15c. EACH. CUFFS 25c. PAIR.

Our 10c. and 12½c. Collars are equally good values. Our 17c. 4-ply Cuffs are worth 25c. a pair.

O'Sullivan - Brothers.

Annual February Sale

-OF-

SHOES

AND

RUBBERS.

In Scope and Magnitude Will This Year Far Surpass Any We Ever Attempted.

Nearly all our leading lines, and chiefly our finest grades, together with our entire stock of Rubber Goods, are included.

See Our Window Display of Bargains.

No fictitious prices, but actual reduction is our style. We invite our patrons and the public to take advantage of our February Sale. The quality of goods is high. Prices are low.

O'SULLIVAN BROS., Op. City Hall.

☞ The Largest Stock of Plumbing and Steam Goods for sale at the Lowest Prices by The H. R. Barker M'f'g Co., 158-170 Middle St. ☜

Low Prices

5lb. pail	Raspberry	Jelly	35c.	pail.
5lb. "	Strawberry	"	35c.	"
5lb. "	Currant	"	35c.	"
5lb. "	Apple	"	35c.	"
5lb. "	Raspberry	Jam	50c.	"

20 lb tub of Lard, 7½c. lb.

Haxall Flour $4.75 and $5 per Bbl.

FARLEY'S .·. CASH .·. GROCERY,

New No. 140 Gorham St.

FRED H. ETHIER,

Undertaker and Funeral Director.

All orders promptly attended to.

Warerooms, 333 Moody Street.
Residence, 411 Moody Street.

Livery Stable, 64 Ford Street.

Once upon a midnight dreary,
I could not sleep—was weak and weary.
I coughed and coughed until my lungs were very sore.
Suddenly there came a rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
'Twas my wife, with Ellingwood's Balsam;
"Take this!" she said, and nothing more.

Nothing else is needed if your lungs ache, or if you have a cough or a sore throat. It is superior in every way to any other in the market, and the sales have doubled every month over last year.

PREPARED BY

Ellingwood & Co.,

PHARMACISTS,

Merrimack Street, opp. Post Office.
109 Central Street, Hamilton Drug Store.

And Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere. Only 25c. for a trial-size bottle.

LOWELL

OPERA HOUSE,

Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9, 10, Saturday Matinee at 2.30.

Boston Grand Opera House Co.

A. H. Dexter, manager, direct from the Grand Opera House, Boston, will present their latest success,

SAPPHO.

An honest, laughing comedy by Wm. A. Mestayer. Be sure and see it! "It's such a joke on John!" The company includes such well known favorites as Joseph Haworth, Wm. Mestayer, Frank J. Keenan, Howard Gould, Mark Price, Misses Annie Clarke, Isabella Evesson, Kate Ryan, Belle Stokes, Helen Dayne. Say, is your name John? If it is you must see Sappho. "It's such a joke on John." Saturday Matinee. Prices 75, 50, 35, 25.

TWO NIGHTS ONLY.

Thursday and Friday, Feb. 15, 16.

Engagement of the Prince of Comedians,

Mr. Henry E. Dixey,

And the Magnificent Organization,

RICE'S Big Burlesque Company.

In the Captivating Burlesque,

NEW MUSIC. NEW SPECIALTIES. ADONIS

Or Ye Statue, Ye Miller, Ye Maiden, and Ye Lordly Villyain.

60 New Faces, New Features, New Ideas, New Joyous Incidents. Everything Up to Date and Replete with Novelty.

PRICES, $1.50, $1.00, 75c., 50c., 35c., 25c. Seats on sale Tuesday.

Music - Hall

Week of February 5th.

The Greatest Melodrama of the Century,

THE LIGHTS O' LONDON

Mr. Meldon, Miss Tucker, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Watson and the entire Stock Company. New Scenery and Effects.

Prices 10, 20, 30. Saturday Matinee 2.30.

EDWARD CAWLEY, Office, 75 Central Street.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Coal of all kinds. Also dealer in Wood, Lime, and Cement. Agent for the celebrated Portland drain and sewer pipe. Elevator, Rogers-Street Bridge

BACHELLER, DUMAS & CO.

Paper Ruling, Book and Pamphlet Binding, Blank Books a Specialty

18 CHURCH STREET.

A discussion which took place the other evening among a number of old smokers was as to the merits of the best Cigar and the honors easily came to

Curfew 10c. Cigar.

MONEY TO LOAN.

If you want money at low rate of interest, call on

JAMES MURPHY & SON.

No. 15 Central Street.

Dealers in Real Estate.

W. P. FOYE,

Flour, Hay and Grain,

No. 113 Market Street.

FISHER H. PEARSON, Room 44 P. O. Block,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

K. H. DANCROFT & CO., Room 1, Shattuck's New Block,

Electrical Supplies, Electrical Repairing

Of all kinds. Telephone 39-5, Prescott Street, Lowell, Mass.

P. H. HEELON, 247 and 249 Gorham St.

Boarding, Hack and Livery Stable.

E. R. DONOVAN, Office: 85 Gorham Street,

Constable and Auctioneer.

ROBERT E. WESCOTT, Central Block

Photographer.

McCARTIN'S BAKERY, 55 Gorham Street.

Domestic Bread, Cake and Pastry.

Orders for Wedding Cake promptly filled. Beans received for baking.

FRANCIS W. QUA, No. 3 Barristers' Hall,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

COAL DELIVERED IN BAGS.

100 lbs. in each Bag.
20 Bags to the Ton.
No Dust.
No Scattering of Coal.

No Noise. No injury to Lawns. Order your Coal Delivered in Bags.

Wm. Kittredge Co.

Office: 38 MIDDLE STREET.
Yard: Foot of POND STREET.

DR. WALKER DENTIST 95 Merrimack Exchange

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

Every dollar expended for pure water is an investment on which the interest is paid in good health.

The purest water in the world filtered through our NATURAL STONE FILTERS. Call and see them.

Callahan & Sanborn,

HARDWARE.

Merrimack - Square,

Cor. Bridge St.

THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

VOL. XXI. NO. 59. LOWELL, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1894. 8 PAGES ONE CENT.

Second Edition

5 O'CLOCK

☞THE SUN is the only penny paper in Lowell receiving cable and telegraphic despatches. Most of the news items in this issue can be found in the other local papers tomorrow, if you are willing to wait till then.

CANNIBALISM

More Atrocities Reported from Convict Districts.

OFFICIAL INQUIRY HAS DEVELOPED STARTLING FACTS.

Innumerable Instances of Merciless Treatment of Convicts.

By Cable to THE SUN.

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 10. The report of the commission of inquiry into conditions at the convict station at Onor, Saghalien, reveals numerous instances of merciless floggings and of fingers and arms lopped off with sabres.

Cannibalism, prompted by famine, is a common occurrence. Murder, followed by cannibalism, is frequently committed, solely with a view to procuring execution as a termination of the misery of life.

Several convicts sometimes dispute before the officials for the responsibility of guilt.

POLICE COURT.

Stormy Day Outside But Judge Hadley Had Plenty of Work.

Twelve drunks.

Adam Sampson was found guilty of assault and battery on an unknown boy, and was fined $1.20 the costs of the court. Another case of snowballing.

Thomas Blessington snowballed an unknown man, and it cost him $10.

Edward Quinn and James McNulty had a growl and were arrested for disturbing the peace. Quinn paid a fine of $5, while McNulty appealed from a sentence of 10 days in jail.

Charles A. Powell and Josie A. Long were found guilty of fornication, and were sentenced to jail for three months each.

James Conners, who stole Farmer Wright's pung, eggs and chickens b'gosh, received a sentence of 4 months in jail for stealing the house, and 4 months additional for stealing the eggs, etc. His case of drunkenness was placed on file.

ACCEPT SHUT DOWN.

Fall River Operatives Opposed to the Cut Down Principle.

Monday it will be known in Fall River whether the operatives in the cotton mills prefer to have their wages reduced or to have the mills shut down until the market improves in tone. It is reported that operatives oppose the principle of a cut down, knowing right well that it would be a long fight to get wages back again.

THE SICK REMEMBERED.

Gift of Floral Offerings to St. John's Hospital.

In the midst of sorrow, the sick are remembered.

All the floral tributes sent by friends of the late James Keefe, were taken to St. John's hospital after the funeral this morning.

The flowers will be distributed around the sick rooms, such being the wish of the family of the deceased.

LOCAL NOTES.

This is the kind of weather the shoe dealers call delightful.

Rev. Mr. Frink, pastor of the Baptist church at North Tewksbury, has resigned.

It is said that petty peculations are worrying teachers and pupils at the high school.

J. E. Conant & Co. have a sale of oriental rugs at Howe & Rogers' store, Rochester, N. Y., part of next week.

In a collision between an electric and a sleigh on Bridge street, near the corner of Seventh street, yesterday afternoon, the sleigh was badly wrecked.

Senator P. J. Brady who is on the labor committee, starts on a visit to the mills of New Bedford, Fall River, Lawrence, Lowell and other places on Monday, investigating labor matters.

The Salvation Army made a big "spread" with a four horse sleigh and many banners on the street at noontime. On one of the banners was the picture of a "copper running in" a man, and labelled "To jail for Jesus."

Manager Cosgrove of the Opera house expects to secure the amateur production of "Automaton," an opera written by Mr. E. T. Collins of Lawrence, and successfully brought out at Lawrence and Haverhill, next week.

In all the Catholic churches in this country, collections will be taken up tomorrow. One-half of the amount collected will go to the Indian and Negro missions, and the other half to the society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Have you seen Dr. Morris' ad. in this paper. He is having excellent results in predicting events in people's affairs. He is a good man to consult if you want advice in business or domestic affairs. Office at 58 Church street.

Cook, Taylor & Co. today offer the biggest bargain on record, a 50c. skirt waist for 31c. More than this, they announce one of the biggest drives on woolen hosiery and underwear for ladies and children the firm has ever offered.

Highland Chapter, No. 592, Epworth League, has introduced into its regular meeting a very impressive service for the reception of members. The league has secured 75 subscribers to the Epworth Herald, the official organ of the society. A sleigh ride is planned for next Monday evening.

Granulated Sugar

Sold at cost to our tea and coffee customers. We buy direct from the refinery The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

WANTED.—Reliable man to open small office near here and handle my goods. Stamp and references. A. T. Morris, care this office.

FOUND.—A bunch of keys of over a dozen in number found in Belvidere this week. Owner can obtain the same at this office by proving property and paying for this ad.

ANOTHER LOVER

Intimation of More Developments in Howe Case.

ALLEGATION THAT HUSBAND AND WIFE ARE UNITED

In an Attempt to Make Capital Out of the Suit.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10. Ithamar Howe was under cross examination yesterday before Justice Ingraham in his action to recover $50,000 damages from Isaac O. Woodruff for the alleged alienation of the affections of his wife, Mary O. Howe.

The cross examination showed that the defense will not only contend that Mrs. Howe is interested in her husband's side of the case, but that an effort is made to shield the conduct of a more prominent member of the club than Woodruff.

When Howe brought his 18-year-old wife in 1888 along with him to become stewardess of the Megantic fish and game club in its preserve of several miles in extent in a wilderness of Quebec, she was the only woman there.

She had not been there long when she collected subscriptions from the members and bought a piano for the club.

She was always singing or romping about.

Dr. Heber Bishop of Boston, who was one of the organizers of the club, took extended trips to the preserve during the periods covered by this action, but it was not supposed by the other members that he took any greater interest in the girl than most of the other members, who considered her a godsend in such a wilderness.

Dr. Bishop practiced as a physician for a number of years and then retired, having made a fortune.

In a letter of Mrs. Howe to her husband, while she was on the three weeks' trip to the home of Woodruff on Willis av. this city, she told about the great time she had playing with "the boy," a son of Woodruff by his first marriage, who was 11 years old.

"Did you object to her playing with this boy?" asked lawyer Taylor for the defendant.

"O, no," said the witness. "She played with all the boys."

Woodruff grinned askance at two or three Megantic club sportsmen back of him, and slapped his brother on the back and chuckled.

Several letters which Howe wrote to Woodruff after, as he admitted, he had discovered his wife's relations with Woodruff ended with "Very truly yours."

He said he had corresponded with Woodruff on matters connected with the club.

He admitted that his wife had threatened to leave him several times before she got to know Woodruff well.

BARBED WIRE FENCES

MAY TURN OUT TO HAVE A POLITICAL SIDE.

What Representative James Stuart Murphy Has to Say of His New Bill—He Wishes to Kill a "Barbed Atrocity"—Two Sides to This Fence Other Men Say.

As was stated in THE SUN yesterday Rep. James Stuart Murphy introduced a barbed wire bill. Here are the strong points in it, and what the Lowell man says:

The present statute, he thinks, would justify a man in tearing down a barbed wire fence and testing the law in the matter, whether a barbed wire fence is a legal and suitable line boundary.

Chapter 36, public statutes, reads as follows: "Fences 4 feet high and in good repair, consisting of rails, timber, boards or stone. . . . . or other things which the fence viewers within whose jurisdiction the same shall lie shall consider equivalent thereto, shall be deemed legal and sufficient fences."

The danger of barbed wire fences to a horse, he says, is so great that no intelligent horse owner will pasture his horse where he can come against one.

Chapter 272, acts of 1884, reads: "No barbed wire shall be hereafter build or maintained within

Six Feet above the Ground

along any sidewalk located on or upon and public street or highway." The offence calls for a fine not less than $20 nor more than $50.

This law is to prevent accidents to passers-by and to runaway horses, that often try to leap low fences and get caught when half way over.

The bill was introduced in the last session by Mr. Murphy, but failed to pass, though, says Mr. Murphy, there were from 25 to 30 members of that house who had horses injured by barbed wire fences.

He said that the horse breeding interests in the state had very greatly increased, quadrupling in the past 10 years, while the value of the cattle had decreased.

Cattle respects a barbed wire fence after one tussle with it more than any other kind. Their method of breaking down a fense is to hook it with their horns and press against it with their heads.

They only try this once against barbed wire. They are not seriously injured by the effects, hence farmers prefer it to keep their cattle within bounds.

When there are horses on the other side of the fence the question changes. A horse always attempts to leap a fence, and when caught half way he always leans his weight on the fence, hoping to crush it to earth.

Many horses are seriously injured in this state every year by the barbed wire ripping them along the stomach or under the fore legs. Every horse paper has inweighed against what is termed "the barbed wire atrocity."

A cattleman on one side of the fence, it is readily seen, and a horse breeder on the other, may thus have diametrically opposite opinions as to what is a suitable kind of fence.

The bill introduced provides, that, hereafter, no person shall use barbed wire in the construction of alteration of line fences, unless the person on the other side of the fence agree to its use.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Sarah J. Lee, wife of B. W. Lee, recently of Newport, Vt., died this morning at the home of her sister Mrs. M. A. Perley, 37 Varney street, aged 65 years. Funeral services at the house, Tuesday afternoon.

Patrick Harrington aged 58 years, died last evening at his home, 64 Lewis street. Funeral tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

McMaunon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts.

EARTH'S LAST HONORS

PAID TO THE REMAINS OF JAMES T. KEEFE TODAY.

An Impressive Service at St. Patrick's Church Attended by a Large Body of Mourning Relatives and Friends. Great Mass of Floral Tributes.

The funeral of James T. Keefe occurred this morning, the remains being borne from his late home to St. Patrick's church, where services were held. When the cortege reached the church the bell tolled solemnly, and as the remains were borne tenderly down the aisle and placed on a draped catafalque at the sanctuary rail a funeral march was rendered on the organ.

The church was crowded with the relatives and friends of the deceased.

Solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Burke, assisted by deacon, Rev. Fr. Gleason; sub-deacon, Rev. Fr. Leonard, and master of ceremonies, Mr. O'Hearn. The choir was augmented for the occasion, and Schmidt's requiem mass was rendered under the direction of E. F. Faulkner, the solo parts being sustained by Mr. David O'Brien. At the offertory, the beautiful hymn, "Pie Jesu," was effectively rendered by Miss Hattie Faulkner. The "Libera" was sung by the full choir, the solo parts being taken by Messrs. E. F. Faulkner and Daniel O'Brien. At the conclusion of the services, "Rest Spirit, Rest" was beautifully rendered by Misses Faulkner and Cronin, and Messrs. Calnin, Daniel O'Brien, Thornton, and David O'Brien, Miss Faulkner sustaining the solo. The last musical selection, the "De Profundus" was feelingly rendered by Mr. Daniel O'Brien as the casket was borne from the church. M. J. Johnson presided at the organ. The casket which was of black broadcloth appropriately draped, was covered with floral tributes while in the church.

The ushers at the house and the church were: Messrs. Peter Savage, Thomas J. Mulligan, Michael J. Kelty and John J. Saunders.

The bearers were. Messrs. Joseph Edwards of Boston, James Hornby, John J. Savage, William J. Garvey, Chas. Mitchell, and John J. Tobin.

Mr. James Kelley had charge of the funeral arrangements.

The casket was beautifully trimmed with smilax and white carnatous, the floral offering of Florist McManmon.

There was a profusion of floral offerings, the display consisting of large and beautiful pieces. Among the tributes were: A large scroll, about four feet high, with a heart worked in the center, enclosing the inscription, "A Faithful Son," this was the gift of his widowed mother; a large arch, surmounted by a star, standing on a base, which also supported a large cross. On the base were the words, "Loving Brother," from the brother of the deceased; a standing anchor, made of choice flowers, inscribed "Jim," from Charles Mitchell and Wm. J. Garvey; a beautiful lyre, standing on a base with the inscription, "We Will Miss You, Jim." John J. Saunders and Thomas J. Mulligan; a crescent sickle on base, and word "Jimmie," from Messrs. John Holland and James O'Brien; crescent and star, "Jimmie," Mr. and Mrs. E. Mooney; anchor on base, inscribed "Friend," Mr. D. Dapontes; a harp, from Miss Ella Kelly; spray of roses, Mr. and Mrs. James Fitzgerald; spray of pinks. Frank Sherwood; a standing cross and crown, from the Savage family; spray of palms, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brady; spray of calla lilies, Mrs. J. J. Donovan of Fall River; spray of lilies, Mr. Erwin McKee; wreath, the Cummiskey family; spray of roses, Master Frank Brady; spray of hyacinths, Mr. P. F. O'Donnell; basket of flowers, from the Crescent club; standing cross with word "Rest," from the White family; basket, Mr. and Mrs. Luke H. Clark; harp, Rep. D. J. Murphy; open book, inscribed, "His Last Order," Mrs. Mahoney and Miss Nellie Fisher; wreath, marked "Rest," Michael J. Kelly; standing lyre, inscribed "Uncle," from Dennis, Nellie and Minnie Keefe; a lyre, Charles and Joseph Donohoe, crescent and star, with word "Friend," F. M. Bill; cross, "At Rest," Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius E. Collins; cross, Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Whelton; wreath, James Hornby; standing crescent and sickle, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Donovan; pillow, "Companion," from D. J. Donovan's clerks; star on base, Misses Maggie and Minnie Hickson; star on base from the Driscoll family; pillow, worded "Jimmie," Mr. and Mrs. John J. Donovan; a beautiful "Gates Ajar" surmounted by a dove, from Messrs Joseph Coughlin, Timothy Haggerty, Fred Smiley, Edward Powers and George Garland, clerks for Keefe Brothers; basket Mrs. Kearney; a large piece, consisting of cross, anchor, heart, "Faith, Hope and Charity," from Hugh J. Maguire and John J. Garvey; spray of roses Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Patten.

The funeral procession was reformed and proceeded through Market and Central and Gorham streets to the Catholic cemetery. The cortege was preceded by a large wagonette, bearing the many floral tributes, and draped tastefully with flowers. The procession was very lengthy.

At the cemetery, Rev. Fr. Burke performed the last sad ceremonies, and the remains were laid in their final resting place.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of the late Hattie Noyes took place yesterday afternoon from her residence, 4 Tyler street. Rev. R. A. Greene conducted the service. There was a large number of floral tributes. Interment in the Edson cemetery.

The funeral of William P. McAleer occurred yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock from his late residence 34 Chambers street. Interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

PERSONAL.

Mr. A. N. Duval, director of St. Joseph's choir, is to be given a reception on Thursday evening, by Le Cercle Canadien and friends.

Mrs. John Marren, who has been very ill from the effects of vaccination, is reported convalescent. Her friends will be pleased to learn that no serious results will follow the illness.

The Individual Prize Drill.

The following entries have been made for the prize drill which is to take place on Wednesday evening, Feb. 14, at the Putnam Guards fair:

Sergeants F. W. Durgin and C. P. Roberts, and Corporal John E. Williams, Co. I, 8th Regt., Lynn; Sergt. A. F. Brookside, Co. B, 8th Regt., Cambridgeport; Sergeant M. F. Webster and Privates G. P. Smith and A. H. Boyd, Co. F, 8th Regt., Haverhill, Sergeants Cunningham, Wendon and Colby, Co. C, 6th Regt., Lowell; Sergeants Louis Hunton, Frank Dodge, Frank Mealey and Soule, Co. G, 6th Regt., Lowell; and two from Co. E, 6th Regt., So. Framingham; and three from Co. B, 5th Regt., Cambridge.

The judges will be Major Bailey, 8th Regt., Amesbury; Capt. Sweetser, Co. H, 6th Regt., Stoneham; Lieut. Charles F. Ropes, 2d Corps Cadets, Salem.

SOME BOWLING GOSSIP.

CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES SHOULD BE BOWLED OFF IN LOWELL.

In Event the Lowell Teams Win in Their Divisions the Final Struggles Should be at Home Where Their Best Friends Can See Them—Other Comment from Interesting Games.

Only two more weeks of league bowling and the division championships will be settled. It looks very much as though the three Lowell teams will have to bowl off the ties for the league championships. There is not a Lowell man, woman or child who wishes else than success for the three Lowell teams.

It will not do to "crow" until the final games are won but really it looks if Les Miserables and the Vespers are booked for championships. Of the Vespers' work it may be said without exception that the even, steady and strong bowling of the team has been the admiration of the entire state. The Vesper bowlers are certain of being within the first ten bowlers in the individual averages.

The Miserables ought to win in the third division for in total pins they are far ahead of all opponents. Their weakness has been on waxed alleys where twist delivery does not prove effective. Veteran Jim McLaughlin uses a curve on the home alleys, but he has been obliged to discard it for a smooth, cross ball on waxed alleys.

Buntin of the Newtons in commenting upon the defeat of the Miserables the other night, said it was a mistake for them to use the curve on waxed alleys, and expressed surprise that they were not all round bowlers enough to see the trouble and go back to straight rolling. He further said that twist balls on the Newton alleys are not effective.

Jim McLaughlin and Fred Grover bowl just about the same style and speed of a ball, this coming from the latter's association with the former on the Lakeview alleys. It is a cross, medium speed ball.

McLaughlin had a funny adventure with a break on the 999th Artillery alleys, the other night. He got a break of 1 and 7; played for 1 on his second ball to get a spare. He hit it and sent the pin in an upright, rotary manner over to pin 7. Everybody cheered as they expected to see 1 whirl 7 into the pit; but 1 whirled round and round until it stopped in front of 7, and Jim had failed to get a pin or a spare. He says it is doubtful if this was ever done before on an alley.

Officers Hurley and Conners are candidates for the police team. The former made 585 Monday, and the latter 620 on Thursday, strings of 224—194—202. Martin gets the bowling shoes.

THE SUN has expressed on several occasions, as far back as last fall when Les Miserables alleys were opened, wishes of prominent bowlers for a city tournament. Assurances are now given that such a tournament will be started in a fortnight, and will be open to all teams in the city, for prizes aggregating $100. It is promised that the matches will be of sufficient interest to arouse enthusiasm all over the city. From the fact that there are so many strong teams in the city, it will not do for ordinary picked up teams to aspire for membership. A team which cannot put up at least 2350 had beder stay out. It is understood that the schedule will open the 26th inst.

The L. C. A. A. will probably hold a senior and junior tournament after the present one ends.

The Championship Games.

If it should happen that three Lowell teams should have to bowl off the league championship the question will arise, Where shall the games be bowled? The managers of the league will want to hold the roll-off games in Boston presumably.

THE SUN believes that in such a condition of affairs the games should be bowled off in Lowell.

Here in Lowell the interest will be at 103 degrees—fever temperature—and it will be Lowell friends of the bowlers to be accommodated.

Huntington hall should be secured and alleys put in for the matches. Of course with these teams tied, a regular schedule would have to be arranged, best team to win.

Use Huntington hall as the Casino in Boston was used last February for the Casino-Vesper game, and devote the proceeds to some worthy cause. There is no sense whatever in going out of town, for the reason that fully 400 Lowell men would see the game anyway and this would mean $2000 taken out of Lowell in car fares, etc. At a dollar a head for the series of games, $1200 could be easily raised.

Besides, the out-of-town men who want to see the games, can come to Lowell and return at night on special trains. In event of championship games between Lowell teams Lowell should be the scene of the the final struggles.

Next Tuesday the Casinos bowl at the Vespers, and the Roxburys at the Miserables alleys. Both games will be worth seeing.

Notes

With the winning of last night's game with the Allstons, the Highland league team is in the fight for a finish. The team had a great chance to put up a big total, but Chandler failed to distinguish himself with a big score. The rolling of the four other men was worthy of note, especially of Cheney and Shaw Aubin of the Allstons made the highest score of 550.

LOWELL HIGHLANDS.

Shaw	163	212	158	533
Anderson	102	170	151	483
Chandler	153	128	121	402
Cheney	197	168	185	550
Hartwell	161	166	195	522
Totls	836	844	810	2490

ALLSTONS.

Aubin	133	165	161	459
Buckner	170	197	128	495
Weitz	164	194	159	517
Smith	132	185	153	470
Frost	203	179	133	515
Totals	802	899	744	2445

The Pastimes and Lowells met on the private alleys at the Miserables last night, and the former won easily by a score of 2504 to 2195. The individual scores were as follows:

Pastimes.—Brown 492, Wilson 487, Bond 515, Campbell 527, Young 483.

Lowells.—McCurdy 440, Kerwin 468, J. Farrell 462, Murphy 419, Murray 506.

At the Highland clubhouse last evening Teams Two and Eight of the junior class rolled and the former won by about 50 pins. Webster of Team Two was high roller with 413. The totals:

Team Two—Carter 401, Puffer 370, Webster 413, Pierce 390, Spofford 330: total, 1823.

Team Eight—Kilgore 363, King 350, Reed 402, Percy 300, Nickerson 355; total, 1770.

In the Vesper local tournament Teams Ten and Eleven were the contestants and the latter won by about 150 pins. Hope was high roller with 477, having made 208 in his third string. The totals:

Team Ten—Thompson 458, Swift 437, Marren 459, Lamson 360, Myers 365; total, 2069.

Team Eleven—Weston 420, Tweed 434, Barton 467, Hope 477, Burtt 432; total, 2230.

In the L. C. A. A. tournament last night Team Six defeated Team Three by a score of 2105 to 1954.

The Vesper team composed of Grover, Goulding, Corwin, Steve and John Whittier played a friendly match with the Calumet club Winchester, last night and defeated their hosts by over 200 pins. The Vespers put up a total of 2595, in which Goulding got 567 and Grover 525.

The city tournament to open in a fortnight will be played on four sets of alleys, and not exclusively on the private alleys. Two games a night will probably be bowled.

A Polo Rink.

It is said that before next season the upper part of Les Miserables club house will be altered so as to permit of the erection of a skating rink for polo purposes. If this is done a polo team will be put in the league next season and added attractions given to winter sports in this city. There is a polo club in this city at present, an old established club which all winter plays polo twice a week regularly at Bowers' rink at Willow Dale.

SEEN AND HEARD.

The new dance which Emperor William has declared will replace the old court quadrille at imperial functions in Berlin has reached Lowell, for dancing masters here are teaching it. It is localized as the "Dance Aristocratic" and is not difficult to learn.

The position of the four couples at the opening of the dance is the same as in a quadrille the general instructions are to be followed.

For each step use the right and left foot. For instance, if the gentleman starts with the right foot, the next is to be made with the left foot, and so on. The same rule applies to the ladies. Each step is to be made in time to the music. Hold the hands up high, as in the minuet.

The gentleman first makes a bow to the lady on his left side, then bows to his partner. Gentlemen extend right hand to ladies' left and start with right foot. Ladies like wise.

One step forward, counting one, two, in time with the music. Another step forward, counting three, four, three steps orward counting one, two, three, four.

One step backward—start with left foot—another step, then three steps, counting as before: On counting four the last time, turn one-quarter around.

Gentleman extend right hand to ladies' right hand facing each other.

One step around—to the right—another step, then three steps likewise.

Repeat this once more to places.

First and second couple, three steps forward facing each other, than a low bow to fill out the bars of music, after which the third and fourth couples takes three steps forward, likewise a low bow.

Gentlemen and partners now turn halfway around, gentlemen extending their left hands to ladies' right hand.

One step forward, another step, three steps, then seven steps, forming a straight line, bringing first, second, third and fourth couples one behind the other.

Gentlemen step behind their partners, then take one step to the right, another step, then three steps. Ladies the same to the opposite side, making two lines. Now the gentlemen take on step to the left as before, another step, then three steps.

Ladies the same to the opposite side. Ladies, still in a line, take one step to the right, another step, then three steps, then seven steps forming a circle.

Gentlemen make the same steps to the left, forming another circle, leaving the ladies inside, each gentlemen facing his partner.

Gentleman now take three steps to the left, counting one, two, three.

Ladies three steps likewise, towards the right.

Then a step, count four, make a low bow to the lady opposite.

Three steps as before and so on till gentlemen are opposite partners again.

Ladies, still in a circle, now hold dresses on both sides.

Ladies make one step towards the gentlemen, another step, then three steps backward. Gentlemen join hands, making the same step towards the ladies, than backward.

This is repeated twice.

Gentlemen now hold their right arms towards their partners.

Ladies hold up their right arms also.

One step forward, another step, then three steps, after which first and third couples turn half way around, take seven steps forming a maltese cross on the right side, second and fourth couples the same, forming a maltese cross on the left side.

Gentlemen join their right hands to ladies' right hands.

One step around to the right, another step, then three steps.

This is repeated once more.

Turn half-way around opposite, take one step to the left, another step, then three steps as before, after which each gentleman and his partner take seven steps, which bring them to their original places, forming a ring, the couples one behind the other.

One step forward to the left, another step, then three steps, and so on until places are reached.

Gentlemen make low bow to lady on his left side, then to his partner.

Gentleman offers arm to his partner and they promenade. End of dance.

GRAND JURY LIST.

LOWELL OFFENDERS WHO HAVE SERIOUS CHARGES TO ANSWER.

The Docket is a Small One Compared With Previous Session of the Grand Jury for the County—Names of the Defendant.

The following are the Lowell cases to come before the grand jury at the February session:

Atchison Taylor, assault with a dangerous weapon; Joseph McDonald, attempt to break and enter; George Somers and Melissa E. Willard, adultery; John T. Brosnahan, unnatural act; Lewis Monroe, adultery; Thomas Clark and James Hines, breaking and entering; Patrick Fells, escaped from workhouse; Frank Connelly, assault and battery; Jos. S. Radcliffe and Matthew Cunningham, manslaughter; Thomas Silverthorne and Bridget Wilson, adultery; M. J. Garvey, violating election law; George Ford, breaking and entering; Patrick Magoon, breaking and entering; Cornelius Crowe, assault with attempt to rape; John C. Tolman, rape; John Barry, breaking and entering; William H Clark and Nellie Monahan, adultery; Fred Harrington and Herbert Todd, breaking and entering.

Rev. Mr. Montgomery's Bill.

Rev. Hugh Montgomery's liquor bill presented to the legislature provides for a vote on the liquor question by counties.

First Street Extension

Supt. of Streets Crowley will probably put 100 men at work on the First street extension Monday morning. This will afford employment for many men who are not working

LATEST

QUEEN LIL.

She Has Made No Demonstrations of Late.

CONFIDENCE AND SATISFACTION NOW PREVAILS.

Council Will Not Make a Circus of Itself.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 10. The schooner Alcha arrived last night from Honolulu, bringing the following advices up to Jan. 23: Papers to Jan. 13 were brought on the 20th by the Mariposa Pres. Cleveland's message of the 11th was received, together with his latest instructions to Minister Willis.

Supporters of the provisional government understand by the attitude of congress that all endeavors at Washington to restore the Hawaiian monarchy have definitely come to an end. Among them, accordingly, a feeling of confidence and satisfaction prevail.

The royalists are very silent. Their papers make little comment on the news. An interview yesterday with the government ministers made it clear that no movement towards constitutional organization of the government is at all likely to be taken up at present. Any such action will be postponed until more definite knowledge is gained of the disposition of congress and the administration towards granting Hawaii some form of political union.

LOBENGULA IS DEAD.

WILL NOT STIR UP STRIFE IN AFRICA AGAIN.

He Was Deserted by His Followers and Took to the Bush to Escape His Pursuers.

By Cable to THE SUN.

LONDON, Feb. 10. A dispatch from Cape Town to a News agency in this city states that Lobengula, king of the Matabeles, who was defeated and driven toward the Zambesi river by the British South Africa company's forces, is dead.

The last advices concerning Lobengula were to the effect that he had been deserted by his followers, and was a fugitive in the bush, where he was suffering with gout.

PROBABLY A MURDER.

Body of a Plymouth Man Found Among Some Hay.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

LINCOLN, N. H., Feb. 10. Early this morning, Curtis Parker, an old resident of this town, went to an old school house near by where he stored hay, to get a quantity of it.

He found there the body of Emery Clement, a young man of Plymouth.

The appearances of the body indicated a murder and the police were notified.

A SHARP ENGAGEMENT.

This is What Admiral Benham Cables Home.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—Secretary Herbert today received this cablegram from Rio Janeiro under date of yesterday: "This morning, sharp engagement at Aria point; advantage with insurgents."—BENHAM.

Russo-German Treaty Signed.

By Cable to THE SUN.

BERLIN, Feb. 10. The Russo-German commercial treaty was signed by representatives of both powers this morning.

Died in Abject Poverty.

By Cable to THE SUN.

PARIS, Feb. 10. Antoine Joseph Adolf of Saxe Coburg, died here today in dire poverty. He belonged to the Saxe-Coburg regime.

Fishing Schooner Wrecked.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

GLOUCESTER, Feb. 10. The fishing schooner Robert B. Parks, from the Georges with a big catch of fish was wrecked on Oak island this morning. The crew were saved.

Where's He Gone To?

By Telegraph to THE SUN

NORTH EASTON, Feb. 10. Morris Foley disappeared from this place a week ago and has not been heard from and his family are anxious to learn of his whereabouts.

An Overabundance of Slush.

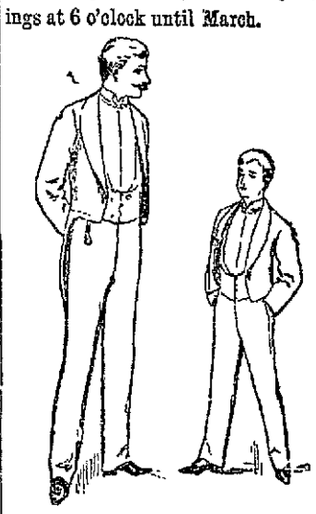
Today has been one of the most disagreeable of the season, for with rain and snow the slush has covered everything and everybody out in it. The streets look simply vile, and are 'twixt wheeling and sleighing.

OUR THEATRES.

OPERA HOUSE—The grand Opera house stock company gave a admirable presentation of the French comedy "Sappho" last night. It is a play which suggests much, and which in other hands might appear altogether two strong in tone, but this excellent company presents it as an artistic conception, and as such it was excellent. This afternoon the company is playing to a good sized audience and tonight there will be another performance.

BIJOU THEATRE—This theatre reopens on Monday with "The London Sports" one of the best burlesque companies on the circuit.

Our store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings at 6 o'clock until March.



If your tailor isn't up to the latest idea in evening dress (he's sure to be up in price) we shall be glad to help you out with such a dress suit as you'll see worn by club-men and members of the "smart set" in New York.

These fall dress suits from Rogers, Peet & Co., will fit you better than a suit from the average tailor, and cost not a bit over half what you'd pay for a suit to measure.

"Made as well?"

Yes, the best ones made better than it's possible to get a dress suit made in Lowell.

Fine Twilled Worsteds, Crepe or Broadcloth Full Dress Suits, $12 to $45.

Evening Dress for Boys from $12 to $45.

Evening dress for boys from 8 years to 16. The Eton or Tuxedo Suits are as correct for boys' wear at social functions as the swallow-tail for men. We provide these with long or short trousers.

PUTNAM & SON

ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Corner Central and Warren Streets.

Whist Club Meeting.

The Pansy whist club, formerly called the Lawrence whist club met last evening at the home of Miss Flynn, of Andover street, the first prizes being awarded to Miss Mamie Condon and Miss Lilian Smith and the booby prizes to Miss Nellie Murphy and Mr. M. Kennedy. At 10.30 refreshments were served followed by a song by Miss Dollie Leclaire, Miss Katy Condon, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Campbell and and piano duet by Miss Hattie and Miss Emma Murdock. Among the out of town guests were Miss Nellie Flynn of Pelham and Miss J. Fury of Lawrence and Miss Lilian Smith of Boston. The party broke up a late hour after having spent an enjoyable evening.

Gambling Machines Must Go.

Supt. Eldridge of Boston has ordered all the police captains to see that nickel-in-the-slot gambling machines are suppressed. This week the day policemen have been visiting the billiard and pool rooms, and when the machines have been discovered have asked the proprietors to see that they are removed. They have acceded, many of them reluctantly, as the machines have been bringing in big profits.

One dealer states that his poker machine used to take in from $5 to $6 a day, and that his winnings each day were anywhere from $1.50 to $2.75. Some days the machine used to pay out over 100 cigars, but the loss would be made up on the following. The makers of this machine state that it will take in 10 cents for every five-cent cigar out.

Cured Their Headaches.

A slight blaze occurred in Talbot & Co.'s clothing store this morning. In extinguishing it a bottle of ammonia was upset. As a result the fumes of ammonia cured the clerks of their colds and headaches. The fire did little damage.

Church Ledgue Relief Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$2762.64
Feb. 7, Local Union C. E. Worthen Street Baptist church	6.61
Feb. 8, Central M. E. church	10.00
Total	$1779.25

WARREN L. FLOYD, Treasurer.

Selfishness.

Since the morn of the creation,
Since the first dawn of light,
Selfishness has ruled the world,
And hidden truth and right

It has changed the world from a paradise
Into a land of wrong and woe;
And rules today with an iron hand
A lesson all true men know.

The world is still in darkness,
And the weak trodden down by the strong,
And the banner of Self is floating
Over a worldly selfish throng

Hypocrisy, fraud and dishonor
And all that is false and low,
Hold places of trust and power,
And are filling the world with woe.

They chase the empty bubbles
That from them quickly fly,
And before they do their duty,
They in their graves do lie.

Let Love and Truth guide our daily lives,
Not gold or a selfish clan,
And life's battles we will surely win
For God and our fellow man

On fame's immortal honored roll
Are the names of the true and tried,
Who conquered Self made free by truth,
And like God's true sons lived and died.

ANDREW SMITH.

Paper by the Pound.

Today we open 5 cases of high grade Linen Writing Paper, in all sizes, and ruled or plain, as preferred. These papers are perfect and are cheap at 50 CENTS A POUND. We have marked it at 25 CENTS A POUND, and at this price it cannot last long. Come and see us; you will want some. Envelopes to match, all sizes, 3 packs for 25c.; worth 20c. a bunch.

Thomas H. Lawler

Fashionable Stationer and Bookseller,

79 Merrimack and 15 John Streets. - Telephone 373-4.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

VOL. XXI. NO. 59. LOWELL, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1894. 8 PAGES ONE CENT.

Second Edition

5 O'CLOCK

☞THE SUN is the only penny paper in Lowell receiving cable and telegraphic despatches. Most of the news items in this issue can be found in the other local papers tomorrow, if you are willing to wait till then.

CANNIBALISM

More Atrocities Reported from Convict Districts.

OFFICIAL INQUIRY HAS DEVELOPED STARTLING FACTS.

Innumerable Instances of Merciless Treatment of Convicts.

By Cable to THE SUN.

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 10. The report of the commission of inquiry into conditions at the convict station at Onor, Sagbalien, reveals numerous instances of merciless floggings and of fingers and arms lopped off with sabres.

Cannibalism, prompted by famine, is a common occurrence. Murder, followed by cannibalism, is frequently committed, solely with a view to procuring execution as a termination of the misery of life.

Several convicts sometimes dispute before the officials for the responsibility of guilt.

POLICE COURT.

Stormy Day Outside But Judge Hadley Had Plenty of Work.

Twelve drunks.

Adam Sampson was found guilty of assault and battery on an unknown boy, and was fined $1.20 the costs of the court. Another case of snowballing.

Thomas Blessington snowballed an unknown man, and it cost him $10.

Edward Quinn and James McNulty had a growl and were arrested for disturbing the peace. Quinn paid a fine of $5, while McNulty appealed from a sentence of 10 days in jail.

Charles A. Powell and Josie A. Long were found guilty of fornication, and were sentenced to jail for three months each.

James Conners, who stole Farmer Wright's pung, eggs and chickens b'gosh, received a sentence of 4 months in jail for stealing the house, and 4 months additional for stealing the eggs, etc. His case of drunkenness was placed on file.

ACCEPT SHUT DOWN.

Fall River Operatives Opposed to the Cut Down Principle.

Monday it will be known in Fall River whether the operatives in the cotton mills prefer to have their wages reduced or to have the mills shut down until the market improves in tone. It is reported that operatives oppose the principle of a cut down, knowing right well that it would be a long fight to get wages back again.

THE SICK REMEMBERED.

Gift of Floral Offerings to St. John's Hospital.

In the midst of sorrow, the sick are remembered.

All the floral tributes sent by friends of the late James Keefe, were taken to St. John's hospital after the funeral this morning.

The flowers will be distributed around the sick rooms, such being the wish of the family of the deceased.

LOCAL NOTES.

This is the kind of weather the shoe dealers call delightful.

Rev. Mr. Frink, pastor of the Baptist church at North Tewksbury, has resigned.

It is said that petty peculations are worrying teachers and pupils at the high school.

J. E. Conant & Co. have a sale of oriental rugs at Howe & Rogers' store, Rochester, N. Y., part of next week.

In a collision between an electric and a sleigh on Bridge street, near the corner of Seventh street, yesterday afternoon, the sleigh was badly wrecked.

Senator P. J. Brady who is on the labor committee, starts on a visit to the mills of New Bedford, Fall River, Lawrence, Lowell and other places on Monday, investigating labor matters.

The Salvation Army made a big "spread" with a four horse sleigh and many banners on the street at noontime. On one of the banners was the picture of a "copper running in" a man, and labelled "To jail for Jesus."

Manager Cosgrove of the Opera house expects to secure the amateur production of "Automaton," an opera written by Mr. E. T. Collins of Lawrence, and successfully brought out at Lawrence and Haverhill, next week.

In all the Catholic churches in this country, collections will be taken up tomorrow. One-half of the amount collected will go to the Indian and Negro missions, and the other half to the society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Have you seen Dr. Morris' ad. in this paper. He is having excellent results in predicting events in people's affairs. He is a good man to consult if you want advice in business or domestic affairs. Office at 58 Church street.

Cook, Taylor & Co. today offer the biggest bargain on record, a 50c. skirt waist for 31c. More than this, they announce one of the biggest drives on woolen hosiery and underwear for ladies and children the firm has ever offered.

Highland Chapter, No. 592, Epworth League, has introduced into its regular meeting a very impressive service for the reception of members. The league has secured 75 subscribers to the Epworth Herald, the official organ of the society. A sleigh ride is planned for next Monday evening.

Granulated Sugar

Sold at cost to our tea and coffee customers. We buy direct from the refinery. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

WANTED.—Reliable man to open small office near here and handle my goods. Stamp and references, A. T. Morris, care this office.

FOUND.—A bunch of keys of over a dozen in number found in Belvidere this week. Owner can obtain the same at this office by proving property and paying for this ad.

ANOTHER LOVER

Intimation of More Developments in Howe Case.

ALLEGATION THAT HUSBAND AND WIFE ARE UNITED

In an Attempt to Make Capital Out of the Suit.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10. Ithamar Howe was under cross examination yesterday before Justice Ingraham in his action to recover $50,000 damages from Isaac O. Woodruff for the alleged alienation of the affections of his wife, Mary O. Howe.

The cross examination showed that the defense will not only contend that Mrs. Howe is interested in her husband's side of the case, but that an effort is made to shield the conduct of a more prominent member of the club than Woodruff.

When Howe brought his 18-year-old wife in 1888 along with him to become stewardess of the Megantic fish and game club in its preserve of several miles in extent in a wilderness of Quebec, she was the only woman there.

She had not been there long when she collected subscriptions from the members and bought a piano for the club.

She was always singing or romping about.

Dr. Heber Bishop of Boston, who was one of the organizers of the club, took extended trips to the preserve during the periods covered by this action, but it was not supposed by the other members that he took any greater interest in the girl than most of the other members, who considered her a godsend in such a wilderness.

Dr. Bishop practiced as a physician for a number of years and then retired, having made a fortune.

In a letter of Mrs. Howe to her husband, while she was on the three weeks' trip to the home of Woodruff on Willis av. this city, she told about the great time she had playing with "the boy," a son of Woodruff by his first marriage, who was 11 years old.

"Did you object to her playing with this boy?" asked lawyer Taylor for the defendant.

"O, no," said the witness. "She played with all the boys."

Woodruff grinned askance at two or three Megantic club sportsmen back of him, and slapped his brother on the back and chuckled.

Several letters which Howe wrote to Woodruff after, as he admitted, he had discovered his wife's relations with Woodruff ended with "Very truly yours."

He said he had corresponded with Woodruff on matters connected with the club.

He admitted that his wife had threatened to leave him several times before she got to know Woodruff well.

BARBED WIRE FENCES

MAY TURN OUT TO HAVE A POLITICAL SIDE.

What Representative James Stuart Murphy Has to Say of His New Bill—He Wishes to Kill a "Barbed Atrocity"—Two Sides to This Fence Other Men Say.

As was stated in THE SUN yesterday Rep. James Stuart Murphy introduced a barbed wire bill. Here are the strong points in it, and what the Lowell man says:

The present statute, he thinks, would justify a man in tearing down a barbed wire fence and testing the law in the matter, whether a barbed wire fence is a legal and suitable line boundary.

Chapter 36, public statutes, reads as follows: "Fences 4 feet high and in good repair, consisting of rails, timber, boards or stone. . . . . or other things which the fence viewers within whose jurisdiction the same shall lie shall consider equivalent thereto, shall be deemed legal and sufficient fences."

The danger of barbed wire fences to a horse, he says, is so great that no intelligent horse owner will pasture his horse where he can come against one.

Chapter 272, acts of 1884, reads: "No barbed wire shall be hereafter build or maintained within

Six Feet above the Ground

along any sidewalk located on or upon and public street or highway." The offence calls for a fine not less than $20 nor more than $50.

This law is to prevent accidents to passers-by and to runaway horses, that often try to leap low fences and get caught when half way over.

The bill was introduced in the last session by Mr. Murphy, but failed to pass, though, says Mr. Murphy, there were from 25 to 30 members of that house who had horses injured by barbed wire fences.

He said that the horse breeding interests in the state had very greatly increased, quadrupling in the past 10 years, while the value of the cattle had decreased.

Cattle respects a barbed wire fence after one tussle with it more than any other kind. Their method of breaking down a fense is to hook it with their horns and press against it with their heads.

They only try this once against barbed wire. They are not seriously injured by the effects, hence farmers prefer it to keep their cattle within bounds.

When there are horses on the other side of the fence the question changes. A horse always attempts to leap a fence, and when caught half way he always leans his weight on the fence, hoping to crush it to earth.

Many horses are seriously injured in this state every year by the barbed wire ripping them along the stomach or under the fore legs. Every horse paper has inveighed against what is termed "the barbed wire atrocity."

A cattleman on one side of the fence, it is readily seen, and a horse breeder on the other, may thus have diametrically opposite opinions as to what is a suitable kind of fence.

The bill introduced provides, that, hereafter, no person shall use barbed wire in the construction of alteration of line fences, unless the person on the other side of the fence agree to its use.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Sarah J. Lee, wife of B. W. Lee, recently of Newport, Vt., died this morning at the home of her sister Mrs. M. A. Perley, 97 Varney street, aged 65 years. Funeral services at the house, Tuesday afternoon.

Patrick Harrington aged 58 years, died last evening at his home, 64 Lewis street. Funeral tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

McMannon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts.

EARTH'S LAST HONORS

PAID TO THE REMAINS OF JAMES T. KEEFE TODAY.

An Impressive Service at St. Patrick's Church Attended by a Large Body of Mourning Relatives and Friends Great Mass of Floral Tributes.

The funeral of James T. Keefe occurred this morning, the remains being borne from his late home to St. Patrick's church, where services were held. When the cortege reached the church the bell tolled solemnly, and as the remains were borne tenderly down the aisle and placed on a draped catafalque at the sanctuary rail a funeral march was rendered on the organ.

The church was crowded with the relatives and friends of the deceased.

Solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Burke, assisted by deacon, Rev. Fr. Gleason; sub-deacon, Rev. Fr. Leonard, and master of ceremonies, Mr. O'Hearn. The choir was augmented for the occasion, and Schmidt's requiem mass was rendered under the direction of E. F. Faulkner, the solo parts being sustained by Mr. David O'Brien. At the offertory, the beautiful hymn, "Pie Jesu," was effectively rendered by Miss Hattie Faulkner. The "Libera" was sung by the full choir, the solo parts being taken by Messrs. E. F. Faulkner and Daniel O'Brien. At the conclusion of the services, "Rest Spirit, Rest" was beautifully rendered by Misses Faulkner and Cronin, and Messrs. Calnin, Daniel O'Brien, Thornton, and David O'Brien, Miss Faulkner sustaining the solo. The last musical selection, the "De Profundus" was feelingly rendered by Mr. Daniel O'Brien as the casket was borne from the church. M. J. Johnson presided at the organ. The casket which was of black broadcloth appropriately draped, was covered with floral tributes while in the church.

The ushers at the house and the church were: Messrs. Peter Savage, Thomas J. Mulligan, Michael J. Kelty and John J. Saunders.

The bearers were. Messrs. Joseph Edwards of Boston, James Hornby, John J. Savage, William J. Garvey, Chas. Mitchell, and John J. Tobin.

Mr. James Kelley had charge of the funeral arrangements.

The casket was beautifully trimmed with smilax and white carnatous, the floral offering of Florist McMannon.

There was a profusion of floral offerings, the display consisting of large and beautiful pieces. Among the tributes were: A large scroll, about four feet high, with a heart worked in the center, enclosing the inscription, "A Faithful Son," this was the gift of his widowed mother; a large arch, surmounted by a star, standing on a base, which also supported a large cross. On the base were the words, "Loving Brother," from the brother of the deceased; a standing anchor, made of choice flowers, inscribed "Jim," from Charles Mitchell and Wm. J. Garvey; a beautiful lyre, standing on a base with the inscription, "We Will Miss You, Jim," John J. Saunders and Thomas J. Mulligan; a crescent sickle on base, and word "Jimmie," from Messrs. John Holland and James O'Brien; crescent and star, "Jimmie," Mr. and Mrs. E. Mooney; anchor on base, inscribed "Friend," Mr. D. Dapontes; a harp, from Miss Ella Kelly; spray of roses, Mr. and Mrs. James Fitzgerald; spray of pinks, Frank Sherwood; a standing cross and crown, from the Savage family; spray of palms, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brady; spray of calla lilies, Mrs. J. J. Donovan of Fall River; spray of lilies, Mr. Erwin McKee; wreath, the Cummiskey family; spray of roses, Master Frank Brady; spray of hyacinths, Mr. P. F. O'Donnell; basket of flowers, from the Crescent club; standing cross with word "Rest," from the White family; basket, Mr. and Mrs. Luke H. Clark; harp, Rep. D. J. Murphy; open book, inscribed, "His Last Order," Mrs. Mahoney and Miss Nellie Fisher; wreath, marked "Rest," Michael J. Kelly; standing lyre, inscribed "Uncle," from Dennis, Nellie and Minnie Keefe; a lyre, Charles and Joseph Donohoe, crescent and star, with word "Friend," F. M. Bill; cross, "At Rest," Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius E. Collins; cross, Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Whelton; wreath, James Hornby; standing crescent and sickle, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Donovan; pillow, "Companion," from D. J. Donovan's clerks; star on base, Misses Maggie and Minnie Hickson; star on base from the Driscoll family; pillow, worded "Jimmie," Mr. and Mrs. John J. Donovan; a beautiful "Gates Ajar" surmounted by a dove, from Messrs Joseph Conchlin, Timothy Haggerty, Fred Smiley, Edward Powers and George Garland, clerks for Keefe Brothers; basket Mrs. Kearney; a large piece, consisting of cross, anchor, heart, "Faith, Hope and Charity," from Hugh J. Maguire and John J. Garvey; spray of roses Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Patten.

The funeral procession was reformed and proceeded through Market and Central and Gorham streets to the Catholic cemetery. The cortege was preceded by a large wagonette, bearing the many floral tributes, and draped tastefully with flowers. The procession was very lengthy.

At the cemetery, Rev. Fr. Burke performed the last sad ceremonies, and the remains were laid in their final resting place.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of the late Hattie Noyes took place yesterday afternoon from her residence, 4 Tyler street. Rev. R. A. Greene conducted the service. There was a large number of floral tributes. Interment in the Edson cemetery.

The funeral of William P. McAleer occurred yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock from his late residence 34 Chambers street. Interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

PERSONAL.

Mr. A. N. Duval, director of St. Joseph's choir, is to be given a reception on Thursday evening, by Le Cercle Canadien and friends.

Mrs. John Marren, who has been very ill from the effects of vaccination, is reported convalescent. Her friends will be pleased to learn that no serious results will follow the illness.

The Individual Prize Drill.

The following entries have been made for the prize drill which is to take place on Wednesday evening, Feb. 14, at the Putnam Guards fair:

Sergeants F. W. Durgin and C. P. Roberts, and Corporal John E. Williams, Co. I, 8th Regt., Lynn; Sergt. A. F. Brookside, Co. B, 8th Regt., Cambridgeport; Sergeant M. F. Webster and Privates G. P. Smith and A. H. Boyd, Co. F, 8th Regt., Haverhill, Sergeants Cunningham, Wendon and Colby, Co. C, 6th Regt., Lowell; Sergeants Louis Hunton, Frank Dodge, Frank Mealey and Soule, Co. G, 6th Regt., Lowell; and two from Co. E, 6th Regt., So. Framingham; and three from Co. B, 5th Regt., Cambridge.

The judges will be Major Dalley, 8th Regt., Amesbury; Capt. Sweetser, Co. H, 6th Regt., Stoneham; Lieut. Charles F. Rogers, 2d Corps Cadets, Salem.

SOME BOWLING GOSSIP.

CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES SHOULD BE BOWLED OFF IN LOWELL.

In Event the Lowell Teams Win in Their Divisions the Final Struggles Should be at Home Where Their Best Friends Can See Them—Other Comment from Interesting Games.

Only two more weeks of league bowling and the division championships will be settled. It looks very much as though the three Lowell teams will have to bowl off the ties for the league championships. There is not a Lowell man, woman or child who wishes else than success for the three Lowell teams.

It will not do to "crow" until the final games are won but really it looks if Les Miserables and the Vespers are booked for championships. Of the Vespers' work it may be said without exception that the even, steady and strong bowling of the team has been the admiration of the entire state. The Vesper bowlers are certain of being within the first ten bowlers in the individual averages.

The Miserables ought to win in the third division for in total pins they are far ahead of all opponents. Their weakness has been on waxed alleys where twist delivery does not prove effective. Veteran Jim McLaughlin uses a curve on the home alleys, but he has been obliged to discard it for a smooth, cross ball on waxed alleys.

Buntin of the Newtons in commenting upon the defeat of the Miserables the other night, said it was a mistake for them to use the curve on waxed alleys, and expressed surprise that they were not all round bowlers enough to see the trouble and go back to straight rolling. He further said that twist balls on the Newton alleys are not effective.

Jim McLaughlin and Fred Grover bowl just about the same style and speed of a ball, this coming from the latter's association with the former on the Lakeview alleys. It is a cross, medium speed ball.

McLaughlin had a funny adventure with a break on the 999th Artillery alleys, the other night. He got a break of 1 and 7; played for 1 on his second ball to get a spare. He hit it and sent the pin in an upright, rotary manner over to pin 7. Everybody cheered as they expected to see 1 whirl 7 into the pit; but 1 whirled round and round until it stopped in front of 7, and Jim had failed to get a pin or a spare. He says it is doubtful if this was ever done before on an alley.

Officers Hurley and Conners are candidates for the police team. The former made 585 Monday, and the latter 620 on Thursday, strings of 224—104—20%. Martin gets the bowling shoes.

THE SUN has expressed on several occasions, as far back as last fall when Les Miserables alleys were opened, wishes of prominent bowlers for a city tournament. Assurances are now given that such a tournament will be started in a fortnight, and will be open to all teams in the city, for prizes aggregating $100. It is promised that the matches will be of sufficient interest to arouse enthusiasm all over the city. From the fact that there are so many strong teams in the city, it will not do for ordinary picked up teams to aspire for membership. A team which cannot put up at least 2350 had better stay out. It is understood that the schedule will open the 26th inst.

The L. C. A. A. will probably hold a senior and junior tournament after the present one ends.

The Championship Games.

If it should happen that three Lowell teams should have to bowl off the league championship the question will arise, Where shall the games be bowled? The managers of the league will want to hold the roll-off games in Boston presumably.

THE SUN believes that in such a condition of affairs the games should be bowled-off in Lowell.

Here in Lowell the interest will be at 109 degrees—fever temperature—and it will be Lowell friends of the bowlers to be accommodated.

Huntington hall should be secured and alleys put in for the matches. Of course with these teams tied, a regular schedule would have to be arranged, best team to win.

Use Huntington hall as the Casino in Boston was used last February for the Casino-Vesper game, and devote the proceeds to some worthy cause. There is no sense whatever in going out of town, for the reason that fully 400 Lowell men would see the game anyway and this would mean $2000 taken out of Lowell in car fares, etc. At a dollar a head for the series of games, $1200 could be easily raised.

Besides, the out-of-town men who want to see the games, can come to Lowell and return at night on special trains. In event of championship games between Lowell teams Lowell should be the scene of the the final struggles.

Next Tuesday the Casinos bowl at the Vespers, and the Roxburys at the Miserables alleys. Both games will be worth seeing.

Notes.

With the winning of last night's game with the Allstons, the Highland league team is in the fight for a finish. The team had a great chance to put up a big total, but Chandler failed to distinguish himself with a big score. The rolling of the four other men was worthy of note, especially of Cheney and Shaw. Aubin of the Allstons made the highest score of 550.

LOWELL HIGHLANDS.

Shaw	163	212	158	533
Anderson	102	170	151	483
Chandler	153	128	121	402
Cheney	197	165	187	539
Hartwell	181	166	195	522
Totls	836	841	810	2490

ALLSTONS.

Aubin	133	165*	161	459
Buckner	170	197	128	495
Weltz	164	191	159	517
Smith	132	165	163	459
Frost	203	179	133	515
Totals	802	899	744	2445

The Pastimes and Lowells met on the private alleys at the Miserables last night, and the former won easily by a score of 2504 to 2105. The individual scores were as follows:

Pastimes.—Brown 492, Wilson 487, Bond 515, Campbell 527, Young 483.

Lowells.—McCurdy 440, Kerwin 468, J. Farrell 462, Murphy 419, Murray 506.

At the Highland clubhouse last evening Teams Two and Eight of the junior class rolled and the former won by about 50 pins. Webster of Team Two was high roller with 413. The totals:

Team Two—Carter 404, Puffer 376, Webster 413, Pierce 399, Spofford 330; total, 1823.

Team Eight—Kilgore 363, King 350, Reed 402, Pevey 290, Nickerson 355; total, 1770.

In the Vesper local tournament Teams Ten and Eleven were the contestants and the latter won by about 150 pins. Hope was high roller with 477, having made 208 in his third string. The totals:

Team Ten—Thompson 458, Swift 437, Murren 450, Lamson 369, Myers 305; total, 2009.

Team Eleven—Weston 420, Tweed 434, Barton 407, Hope 477, Durit 432; total, 2290.

In the L. C. A. A. tournament last night Team Six defeated Team Three by a score of 2105 to 1954.

The Vesper team composed of Grover, Goulding, Corwin, Steve and John Whittier played a friendly match with the Calumet club Winchester, last night and defeated their hosts by over 200 pins. The Vespers put up a total of 2505, in which Goulding got 507 and Grover 526.

The city tournament to open in a fortnight will be played on four sets of alleys, and not exclusively on the private alleys. Two games a night will probably be bowled.

A Polo Rink.

It is said that before next season the upper part of Les Miserables club house will be altered so as to permit of the erection of a skating rink for polo purposes. If this is done a polo team will be put in the league next season and added attractions given to winter sports in this city. There is a polo club in this city at present, an old established club which all winter plays polo twice a week regularly at Bowers' rink at Willow Dale.

SEEN AND HEARD.

The new dance which Emperor William has declared will replace the old court quadrille at imperial functions in Berlin has reached Lowell, for dancing masters here are teaching it. It is localized as the "Dance Aristocratic" and is not difficult to learn.

The position of the four couples at the opening of the dance is the same as in a quadrille the general instructions are to be followed.

For each step use the right and left foot. For instance, if the gentleman starts with the right foot, the next is to be made with the left foot, and so on. The same rule applies to the ladies. Each step is to be made in time to the music. Hold the hands up high, as in the minuet.

The gentleman first makes a bow to the lady on his left side, then bows to his partner. Gentlemen extend right hand to ladies' left and start with right foot. Ladies like wise.

One step forward, counting one, two, in time with the music. Another step forward, counting three, four, three steps orward counting one, two, three, four.

One step backward—start with left foot—another step, then three steps, counting as before: On counting four the last time, turn one-quarter around.

Gentleman extend right hand to ladies' right hand facing each other.

One step around—to the right—another step, then three steps likewise.

Repeat this once more to places.

First and second couple, three steps forward facing each other, than a low bow to fill out the bars of music, after which the third and fourth couples takes three steps forward, likewise a low bow.

Gentlemen and partners now turn half-way around, gentlemen extending their left hands to ladies' right hand.

One step forward, another step, three steps, then seven steps, forming a straight line, bringing first, second, third and fourth couples one behind the other.

Gentlemen step behind their partners, then take one step to the right, another step, then three steps. Ladies the same to the opposite side, making two lines. Now the gentlemen take one step to the left as before, another step, then three steps.

Ladies the same to the opposite side. Ladies, still in a line, take one step to the right, another step, then three steps, then seven steps forming a circle.

Gentlemen make the same steps to the left, forming another circle, leaving the ladies inside, each gentlemen facing his partner.

Gentleman now take three steps to the left, counting one, two, three.

Ladies three steps likewise, towards the right.

Then a step, count four, make a low bow to the lady opposite.

Three steps as before and so on till gentlemen are opposite partners again.

Ladies, still in a circle, now hold dresses on both sides.

Ladies make one step towards the gentlemen, another step, then three steps backward. Gentlemen join hands, making the same step towards the ladies, than backward.

This is repeated twice.

Gentlemen now hold their right arms towards their partners.

Ladies hold up their right arms also.

One step forward, another step, then three steps, after which first and third couples turn half way around, take seven steps forming a maltese cross on the right side, second and fourth couples the same, forming a maltese cross on the left side.

Gentlemen join their right hands to ladies' right hands.

One step around to the right, another step, then three steps.

This is repeated once more.

Turn half-way around opposite, take one step to the left, another step, then three steps as before, after which each gentleman and his partner take seven steps, which bring them to their original places, forming a ring, the couples one behind the other.

One step forward to the left, another step, then three steps, and so on until places are reached.

Gentlemen make low bow to lady on his left side, then to his partner.

Gentleman offers arm to his partner and they promenade. End of dance.

GRAND JURY LIST.

LOWELL OFFENDERS WHO HAVE SERIOUS CHARGES TO ANSWER.

The Docket is a Small One Compared With Previous Session of the Grand Jury for the County—Names of the Defendant.

The following are the Lowell cases to come before the grand jury at the February session:

Atchison Taylor, assault with a dangerous weapon; Joseph McDonald, attempt to break and enter; George Somers and Melissa E. Willard, adultery; John T. Brosnahan, unnatural act; Lewis Monroe, adultery; Thomas Clark and James Hines, breaking and entering; Patrick Fells, escaped from workhouse; Frank Connelly, assault and battery; Jos. S. Radcliffe and Matthew Cunningham, manslaughter; Thomas Silverthorne and Bridget Wilson, adultery; M. J. Garvey, violating election law; George Ford, breaking and entering; Patrick Magoon, breaking and entering; Cornelius Crowe, assault with attempt to rape; John C. Tolman, rape; John Barry, breaking and entering; William H Clark and Nellie Monahan, adultery; Fred Harrington and Herbert Todd, breaking and entering.

Rev. Mr. Montgomery's Bill.

Rev. Hugh Montgomery's liquor bill presented to the legislature provides for a vote on the liquor question by counties.

First Street Extension.

Supt. of Streets Crowley will probably put 100 men at work on the First street extension Monday morning. This will afford employment for many men who are not working

LATEST

QUEEN LIL.

She Has Made No Demonstrations of Late.

CONFIDENCE AND SATISFACTION NOW PREVAILS.

Council Will Not Make a Circus of Itself.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 10. The schooner Alcha arrived last night from Honolulu, bringing the following advices up to Jan. 23: Papers to Jan. 13 were brought on the 20th by the Mariposa. Pres. Cleveland's message of the 11th was received, together with his latest instructions to Minister Willis.

Supporters of the provisional government understand by the attitude of congress that all endeavors at Washington to restore the Hawaiian monarchy have definitely come to an end. Among them, accordingly, a feeling of confidence and satisfaction prevail.

The royalists are very silent. Their papers make little comment on the news. An interview yesterday with the government ministers made it clear that no movement towards constitutional organization of the government is at all likely to be taken up at present. Any such action will be postponed until more definite knowledge is gained of the disposition of congress and the administration towards granting Hawaii some form of political union.

LOBENGULA IS DEAD.

WILL NOT STIR UP STRIFE IN AFRICA AGAIN.

He Was Deserted by His Followers and Took to the Bush to Escape His Pursuers.

By Cable to THE SUN.

LONDON, Feb. 10. A dispatch from Cape Town to a News agency in this city states that Lobengula, king of the Matabeles, who was defeated and driven toward the Zambesi river by the British South Africa company's forces, is dead.

The last advices concerning Lobengula were to the effect that he had been deserted by his followers, and was a fugitive in the bush, where he was suffering with gout.

PROBABLY A MURDER.

Body of a Plymouth Man Found Among Some Hay.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

LINCOLN, N. H., Feb. 10. Early this morning, Curtis Parker, an old resident of this town, went to an old school house near by where he stored hay, to get a quantity of it.

He found there the body of Emery Clement, a young man of Plymouth.

The appearances of the body indicated a murder and the police were notified.

A SHARP ENGAGEMENT.

This is What Admiral Benham Cables Home.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—Secretary Herbert today received this cablegram from Rio Janeiro under date of yesterday: "This morning, sharp engagement at Aria point; advantage with insurgents."—BENHAM.

Russo-German Treaty Signed.

By Cable to THE SUN.

BERLIN, Feb. 10. The Russo-German commercial treaty was signed by representatives of both powers this morning.

Died in Abject Poverty.

By Cable to THE SUN.

PARIS, Feb. 10. Antoine Joseph Adolf of Saxe Coburg, died here today in dire poverty. He belonged to the Saxe-Coburg regime.

Fishing Schooner Wrecked.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

GLOUCESTER, Feb. 10. The fishing schooner Robert B. Parks, from the Georges with a big catch of fish was wrecked on Oak Island this morning. The crew were saved.

Where's He Gone To?

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

NORTH EASTON, Feb. 10. Morris Foley disappeared from this place a week ago and has not been heard from and his family are anxious to learn of his whereabouts.

An Overabundance of Slush.

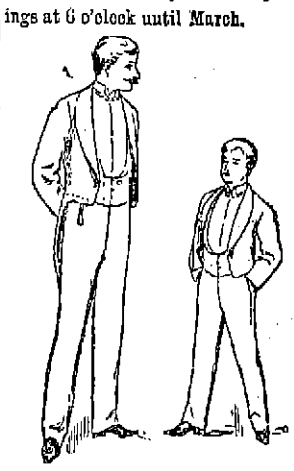
Today has been one of the most disagreeable of the season, for with rain and snow the slush has covered everything and everybody out in it. The streets look simply vile, and are 'twixt wheeling and sleighing.

OUR THEATRES.

OPERA HOUSE.—The grand Opera house stock company gave a admirable presentation of the French comedy "Sappho" last night. It is a play which suggests much, and which in other hands might appear altogether two strong in tone, but this excellent company presents it as an artistic conception, and as such it was excellent. This afternoon the company is playing to a good sized audience and tonight there will be another performance.

BIJOU THEATRE.—This theatre reopens on Monday with "The London Sports" one of the best burlesque companies on the circuit.

Our store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings at 6 o'clock until March.



If your tailor isn't up to the latest idea in evening dress (he's sure to be up in price) we shall be glad to help you out with such a dress suit as you'll see worn by club-men and members of the "smart set" in New York.

These fall dress suits from Rogers, Peet & Co., will fit you better than a suit from the average tailor, and cost not a bit over half what you'd pay for a suit to measure.

"Made as well?"

Yes, the best ones made better than it's possible to get a dress suit made in Lowell.

Fine Twilled Worsteds, Crepe or Broadcloth Full Dress Suits, $12 to $45.

Evening Dress for Boys from $12 to $45.

Evening dress for boys from 8 years to 16. The Eton or Tuxedo Suits are as correct for boys' wear at social functions as the swallow-tail for men. We provide these with long or short trousers.

PUTNAM & SON

ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Corner Central and Warren Streets.

Whist Club Meeting.

The Pansy whist club, formerly called the Lawrence whist club met last evening at the home of Miss Flynn, of Andover street, the first prizes being awarded to Miss Mamie Condon and Miss Lillian Smith and the booby prizes to Miss Nellie Murphy and Mr. M. Kennedy. At 10.30 refreshments were served followed by a song by Miss Dollie Leclaire, Miss Katy Condon, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Campbell and and piano duet by Miss Hattie and Miss Emma Murdock. Among the out of town guests were Miss Nellie Flynn of Pelham and Miss J. Fury of Lawrence and Miss Lillian Smith of Boston. The party broke up a late hour after having spent an enjoyable evening.

Gambling Machines Must Go.

Supt. Eldridge of Boston has ordered all the police captains to see that nickel-in-the-slot gambling machines are suppressed. This week the day policemen have been visiting the billiard and pool rooms, and when the machines have been discovered have asked the proprietors to see that they are removed. They have acceded, many of them reluctantly, as the machines have been bringing in big profits.

One dealer states that his poker machine used to take in from $5 to $6 a day, and that his winnings each day were anywhere from $1.50 to $2.75. Some days the machine used to pay out over 100 cigars, but the loss would be made up on the following. The makers of this machine state that it will take in 10 cents for every five-cent cigar out.

Cured Their Headaches.

A slight blaze occurred in Talbot & Co.'s clothing store this morning. In extinguishing it a bottle of ammonia was upset. As a result the fumes of ammonia cured the clerks of their colds and headaches. The fire did little damage.

Church Leagues Relief Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$2762.64
Feb. 7, Local Union C. E. Worthen Street Baptist church	6.61
Feb. 8, Central M. E. church	10.00
Total	$1779.25

WARREN L. FLOYD, Treasurer.

Selfishness.

Since the morn of the creation,
Since the first dawn of light,
Selfishness has ruled the world,
And hidden truth and right.

It has changed the world from a paradise
Into a land of wrong and woe;
And rules to-day with an iron hand
A lesson all true men know.

The world is still in darkness,
And the weak trodden down by the strong,
And the banner of Self is floating
Over a worldly selfish throng.

Hypocrisy, fraud and dishonor
And all that is false and low,
Hold places of trust and power,
And are filling the world with woe.

They chase the empty bubbles
That from them quickly fly,
And before they do their duty,
They in their graves do lie.

Let Love and Truth guide our daily lives,
Not gold or a selfish clan,
And life's battles we will surely win
For God and our fellow man.

On fame's immortal honored roll
Are the names of the true and tried,
Who conquered Self made free by truth,
And like God's true sons lived and died.

ANDREW SMITH.

Paper by the Pound.

Today we open 5 cases of high grade Linen Writing Paper, in all sizes, and ruled or plain, as preferred. These papers are perfect and are cheap at 50 CENTS A POUND. We have marked it at 25 CENTS A POUND, and at this price it cannot last long. Come and see us; you will want some. Envelopes to match, all sizes, 3 packs for 25c.; worth 20c. a bunch.

Thomas H. Lawler

Fashionable Stationer and Bookseller,

79 Merrimack and 15 John Streets. - Telephone 3734.

PROPHECY VERIFIED.

A Few Rule the Earth, and the Many Are Without Hope.

Can We Look the Situation In the Face and Think What It Means?—Elements That Never Entered Into Our Past Calculations—Possibilities Through Unity.

Fifteen years ago I heard this prophecy:

"The time will come when there will be thousands upon thousands of people who will have no place to go, nothing to eat, nothing to wear and nothing to do. Every civilized country will see this same condition, for the land and all it contains can be bought and sold—it will become the property of a few men. A piece of parchment gives them the right to drive all other human beings from it. These beings, having nothing but the labor of their hands to offer in exchange for their needs, will compete with each other until they will work for almost nothing. The time will come when no one will need or demand the labor of more than a small number of them. They will possess no raw materials; they will not be allowed to make their own medium of exchange, so they cannot work for one another. What will be left for them? The sea? The air? Will death quickly and pitifully remove them? Or will they cling to existence, painfully, slowly sinking and dying, their misery prolonged by the sufferance of alms or the risks and degradation of crime? The ruin and destruction of civilization will come unless the course of civilization shall change."

How much of the prophecy has come to pass? Dare the cities, with their hordes of clamorous hungry at the doors, answer? Can we look the situation in the face and think what it means?

In vain it is urged that this is an emergency; that a crisis is upon us; that some mysterious, causeless condition places really worthy working men in idleness and want; that we have only to be "charitable" to tide things over to the time when we shall reach some inexplicable good somewhere in the future. No one can assure us that it is true, or what is to come out of chaos to relieve the situation. Nothing but the old faiths, the old reliance in the teachings of an always mistaken past, can so assure us.

We believe, of course, that somehow, some time, these crowds of hungry unemployed will disappear, because—because they never entered into our calculations; they are not an essential element of a free society (and such it is supposed we have); they are an unexpected, unpleasant factor in a problem we had believed was nearly solved. Their existence spoils all the teachings of our good old conventional code, our patriotism, our fine old thrifty proverbs—all with which we have been nurtured throughout our lives. We may lay their existence to accident, to bad management of parties, to the ignorance of the working classes in clamoring for more than they get, but accidents and mistakes can be rectified. And so we continue to establish souphouses and breezy lodging places, to rake up scavenger work for educated men to do in return for charity tickets, to jail starving petty thieves, to coax, bribe or silence the desperate, dangerous, clamorous horde, pending the time when it will all miraculously cease.

How can we be so certain? How can we know that the present situation is not the slow outgrowth of deep lying, long existing causes, working through the strata of ages, flinging up wrecks of humanity like driftwood and threatening destruction all along its way? How can we know that peace will come soon when this mighty force is still at work among the foundations of society?

For what has made misery in all the centuries past is making a climax of misery in this the end of the nineteenth century. The earth is still bought and sold. Its owners may turn it into vast hunting grounds, pleasure fields or syndicate farms, to the destruction of happy homes for the masses. The richest corporations can yet secure the greatest privileges. The common people, disorganized, defenseless, needy, must struggle on; receiving the least that will support life in return for their toil. Is it not plain that as long as this is true the armies of the destitute, the idle, the starving, must ever be on the increase?

Up to within a few years the vast rich expanse of our continent has been a never failing resource for the population crowded out of the centers of industry and trade. Even under the worst possible schemes for absorbing the wealth of the country, absolute poverty by the wholesale has not until recently appeared. But even a continent has limits, and when it is being given away, not in homes, but in corporation tracts by the millions of acres, the end must come some time. Where now can the people go for homes? Only to the deserts, the fastnesses of the mountains, the inaccessible lands, for all else is "fenced round with a parchment scroll."

To whom can they apply to sell their labor? Only the few rich can buy it, and their servants are plentiful. Besides, they have harnessed the forces of nature to wheels of steel to do their bidding, and the hands of these needy millions are not wanted. So here they are, these despoiled beings for whom it seems no one has any use. What is to be the outcome? They cannot always subsist on charity. Even now the little that the rich have given through fear is almost diminished. The pitiful sums that the poorer classes can raise are not sufficient. All that can be procured by sympathy or extortion (it has been made a condition of employment in many places that the employee give a day's wages to the relief fund) will not answer to keep these throngs from starvation and crime. Soup kitchens and lodging houses will not always serve as the homes of worthy workingmen. Even proposed schemes for conjuring up work to be paid for at pauper rates will not always keep the throngs quiet. What of the future?

Perhaps some readjustment of affairs will apparently ease the situation for a time, and poverty may slink partly out of sight. But there will be no security. This cannot come until there is a great change and human relations shall have been arranged on a new basis. The people must regain their own—the land and all its resources—and class legislation, class privileges, must forever cease. To accomplish this the people must organize. They must realize that they have a common cause and unite for it; they must meet, discuss and agitate; they must educate themselves and one another. To a united body, vast as the continent and no longer ignorant, all things are possible. LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

Chicago.

Relief Through Public Works.

One point ought to be clear—namely, that to make work for the sake of helping is again a doubtful charity. Such makeshift work generally enters into competition with some regular industry or trade, and thus far tends to injure those who otherwise are doing for themselves. On large general lines I think it may be stated that any work which enters into competition thus with regularly established trades and industries is dangerous. The one line of work which is clear of this objection is the development of public works. The East Side Relief association, in seeking to set the unemployed to work in cleaning the streets, presents no moral difficulty whatever. True, enough is spent on this task now to do it rightly, but as a fact is not done rightly and will not be done rightly under the present city government.

To the extent therefore that private charity enables the unemployed to go to work as a supplementary street cleaning force, good, and only good, is accomplished. The men thus employed are given work, and their families cared for, and the streets kept clean, and disease prevented. How large a body of unemployed might be set at work to keep the streets thoroughly clean I cannot state. Judging from the dirt that prevails everywhere today, we might set many thousands of men at work over the length and breadth of the city and for once in our lifetime have the satisfaction of seeing a clean New York. To do this would be an object lesson worthy of its cost. If Tammany Hall will undertake this, it will go far to condone some of its great wrongs.—Rev. R. Heber Newton.

The Church Neglects the Poor.

Rev. Dr. G. W. Gray delivered an address recently before 300 Methodist clergymen in Chicago, in which he said:

In a Christian government at least the opportunity to earn a bare subsistence should be afforded by the state. But if the state does not do it the church should. There are over 500 churches in Chicago. That means 500 houses with 500 paid superintendents, around whom are gathered official boards made up of the most influential men in the neighborhood. With such vantage ground the Christian church should know every man, woman and child; their needs, and be ready to meet them; their possibilities, and be ready to develop them.

Investigation touching the typical manufacturing cities of the United States shows that church neglect of the poorer classes is rapidly increasing. The poor are greater in number than the well to do class, yet but few are in the wealthier and stronger Protestant churches. If they were they would learn of each other's wants, they would assist each other and a desire to work would be met by opportunity. We fear that many of our wealthier churches have practically signed a release to the devil of all interest in the poor of the community. If the church was doing its duty toward the working classes there would be fewer poor in the world. If the working classes were converted the unemployed as a class would cease. It is possible—nay, we may say probable—if the church was as earnest and spent as much money to save the poorer classes as to save the wealthier classes the problem of the unemployed would need no solution.

Professor Peabody's Plan.

Professor Francis G. Peabody of Harvard university delivered an interesting lecture the other night in Assembly hall, New York, on the "Educational Side of Charitable Work." He said the tendency of population was toward the cities. Unless there were some compensating efflux the social fabric in our cities would become rotten. This, Professor Peabody said, was the main reason why the worst conditions of poverty were to be found in cities.

To keep the social circulation pure and healthy an efflux must be established, and his plan was to found colonies in the country made up of the poor of the city. This alone, he said, would relieve the cities of their congestion. His plan was to divide the colonies into two classes, "voluntary" and "involuntary." In the former there would be those who were able and willing to work, and in the latter would be those who were unwilling to work or unable to work through weakness brought on by vice. Inducements should be made to keep the first class away from the cities, and some coercive measures might be used to keep the involuntary class in the colonies.

The First Scale of Wages.

The earliest known scale of wages is that fixed for the whole Roman empire by the Emperor Diocletian in A. D. 303. A shepherd was to be paid 20 cents a day; a day laborer and a mule driver received the same as the shepherd; a baker got 40 cents, and the same was paid to the masons and carpenters and smiths. Stonecutters got 50 cents and painters 60 cents. A brickmaker got 24 cents per 100 bricks; a sheep shearer got $1.60 per 100 pounds. A common schoolmaster received 60 cents a month for each pupil; one who taught Greek or geometry, $2 per month. A lawyer's fee was $12.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

A Citizen of a New Jersey Town In a Vision Sees the Sorrow of the Son of Man.

It was the day before Christmas. I had just come from church, where I had listened to a Christmas sermon. Sitting in my easy chair I began to dream. I dreamed it was Christmas day—not warm and sunny, but a chill day, and a bitter wind was blowing. The streets wore a holiday aspect. Well dressed men and women passed along with the gay greeting of "Merry Christmas!" Suddenly I saw among them a man who was poorly clad, and whose face was exceedingly sad. He greeted no one, and no one greeted him, but he spoke as if to himself.

I drew near to listen and heard him say, "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." He walked on a little way, the crowd paying no heed to him, till he stopped at the foot of a tree to which was nailed an inscription. The inscription was on cloth, so that it might be strong enough to resist the wind and rain. The cloth was nailed at the corners, and on each side and around the nail heads were tin rings, so that by no possibility could it tear itself away.

The sad face of the man grew sadder yet as he read the words printed on the cloth:

TRAMPS.

Notice is hereby given that the tramp act will be strictly enforced in this township from this date. All persons without visible means of support will take notice accordingly. By order of township committee.

Westfield township, Aug. 30, 1893.

As he stood reading, some in the crowd observed him and nudged each other and winked, and one said, "Wonder if he thinks it's a sign directing him to free lodgings."

"Maybe he thinks it tells where to find a 'Free Employment Bureau' that guarantees profitable work for all who are willing and able to do it," said another.

"He doesn't know much about this town, or he wouldn't suspect us of any such fool sentimentalisms as those," said a third.

Then the one who had been reading the tramp sign said in a deep and solemn voice: "Woe unto you, Westfield! For I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; I was hungry and ye fed me not, naked and ye clothed me not."

Then I knew it was the Lord come to earth again. And I cried out, "Forgive us, Lord; we knew thee not!"

And he answered, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not to me," and he was gone before any could stay him. And the air grew more chill, and the wind grew more bitter, and the people looked in each other's faces with awe and shame.

Then one who was taller than the others reached up, and with a strong hand tore down the cloth and threw it to the people, and they stamped it in the mire. And they said with one accord, "At least, if we can do nothing, we will no longer advertise to needy strangers our weakness or poverty or cowardice or stinginess or inhumanity." And every man went to his own house.

Then I awoke, and, behold, it was a dream, and the shame and reproach of Westfield remain even to this day.

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

Westfield, N. J.

Two Courageous Young Women.

A Vienna correspondent reports that two female socialist orators have been sentenced in Vienna—Charlotte Glass to four months' imprisonment and Amelia Riba to a fortnight's imprisonment. The first made offensive remarks about the archdukes; the second spoke slightingly of the legislative assembly.

Fraulein Glass spoke some time ago with great ability from her point of view at a women's meeting in the open air, not far from Schonbrunn. She is a comely young woman of 20, of the Jewish confession, and looked very enthusiastic on that occasion in a sailor hat, her hair blown about her face by the wind. She considered no subject too tough—politics and political economy, the education of women, the army expenses, the Liberal leaders and the president of the cabinet. All came in their turn, and she gave it them hot.

Amelia Riba is younger still—not much more than 17—and by her firmness caused 600 factory girls to strike for six weeks, by which means they obtained somewhat more humane treatment than 12 hours' work a day and 6 shillings a week wages. I have heard this girl talk very much to the purpose for two hours at a stretch. Both young women are uncommonly pretty.

Tramps In Germany.

In Germany it is contrary to law for any person to be unemployed for a longer period than six weeks without making persistent efforts to find something to do. Any neglect of this law subjects the idle one to a penalty of arrest and confinement in the workhouse for from two weeks to six months. Any one found begging is subject to summary treatment in the same manner.

Suppose a tramp is trudging along a country road; he is liable to be overtaken at any moment by a mounted policeman, who overhauls him and demands to see the certificate from his last employer that he is bound to carry with him. If he has none, he is at once placed under arrest, and if he has one and it is dated back longer than six weeks the same treatment is dealt out to him. An organization exists for the execution of this law. It is known as the Verein Gegen Bettelei. The members of this society have iron signs attached to their doors, the effect of which is to keep away all beggars. When a tramp sees one of those signs, he shuns that house as he would a plague.—Chicago Post.

Her Point of View.

Miss Upton of New York—One does not mind running across to Europe now a bit.

Miss Hill of Brooklyn (a few minutes later)—When are you coming over to see me, dear?

Miss Upton—Oh, dear, I don't know. You live so far away.—New York Herald.

He Started the Machinery.

"It's a pretty good rule not to let your left hand know what your right hand is doing."

"Well, I don't know about that. I know a fellow in a woodworking establishment who lost his left hand that way."—Detroit Tribune.

When They Retire.

Binks—I hear that Mr. Greatman will never run for another office.

Jinks—Goodness me! When did he die?—New York Weekly.

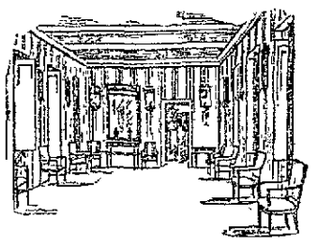
AJACCIO.

Birthplace of the Great Napoleon and Oldest Town In Corsica.

Very ancient is the history of Ajaccio, the capital as well as the oldest town of Corsica. Mentioned by Ptolemy under the name Urcinium, it was known as Adjacium in the middle ages. The modern town, with the citadel, was founded about 1492 by the Bank of St. George of Genoa, a company analagous to the East India company, and in 1553 the French under Marechal Thermes obtained possession of Ajaccio only to yield it again, however, six years later by the treaty of Chateau Cambresis to that hated and tyrannous rule.

Space fails to follow the vicissitudes of the island to its present position of a French department, but there is one name, Napoleon Bonaparte, which can never be forgotten in Ajaccio, and almost every street and sight speaks of him and his family. His marble figure surmounts the fountain in the Place du Marche, but far finer is the bronze monument by Viollet-le-Duc in the Place Bonaparte, with the first emperor on horseback in the middle, looking seaward, and his brothers—Joseph, Lucien, Louis, Jerome—standing at each corner, all five in Roman togas and Napoleon with a laurel wreath upon his head.

The chief sight of Ajaccio is the three storied house in the Place Letizia where he was born, and it is pathetic to wander through the rooms, with their quaint, old fashioned furniture faded and passing to decay, and think of the strange experiences of the eight young lives which began so merrily within them. The nursery and Napoleon's little sleeping room are shown, and an interesting creche, or representation of the nativity, with ivory figures, which he brought from Egypt as a present for his mother. The house and little garden in front belong now to the Empress Eugenie, who, in one room, has placed a delightful little boyish bust of the late prince imperial. In the Hotel de Ville are many interesting relics of the Bonaparte family, notably busts of Napoleon, his mother and little son, and a portrait of his father, Carlo-Maria, the notary. Carlo-Maria is buried at Montpellier, but his wife Letitia lies in the crypt of the Memorial chapel built by the last emperor—"Mater Ragum" the inscription on her tomb.



SALON IN HOUSE WHERE NAPOLEON WAS BORN.

This chapel is attached to the College Fesch, a large public school for boys founded in 1822, one wing of which contains the fine library of 80,000 volumes once the property of Cardinal Fesch, Napoleon's uncle, and a large collection of poor pictures, also his, presented to the town by King Joseph of Spain. There are, however, good engravings and a really charming statue of the little king of Rome. A touching mark of loyal feeling toward the Bonapartes is shown in Count Pozzo di Borgo's new villa on a height above Ajaccio, the decorative pillars and panels of its exterior being brought from the ruins of the palace of the Tuileries.

The Size of Australia.

The vastnes of Australia is not generally appreciated. The Industrial world computes that the seven colonies between them occupy a territory greater than that of the United States, excluding Alaska. Now South Wales alone is as large as the 13 original states. Tasmania, the Rhode Island of Australia, is as large as that state, with New Jersey, New Hampshire and Massachusetts added. Victoria, the smallest colony of the continent, is equal in size to Great Britain. Queensland surpasses the united areas of Australia, France, and Germany. South Australia, one-third greater than Queensland, is nearly as large as western Australia, which of itself has nearly four times the extent of Texas, while the two colonies together are larger than the whole of Europe without Russia. The total population is about 4,000,000.

A Sure Sign.

The Debutante—I despise all men!

Miss Oldish—Oh! I didn't know you were so much in love as all that.—Chicago Record.

The Pleasures of the Dance.

Don' talk 'bhout yer chermans 'r yer minyooets t' me
Fer all dat fancy spielin, well, jes' makes me tired—see?
Some folks, I know, is stuck on it an t'inks it more den nice,
But longside 'f some udder, why, it doesn' out no ice!
Youse want t' go down wit' der gang to Monumental hall
T' see 'r spiel wot is 'r spiel wit'out no frills 'r all,
I tell youse wot yer minooets 'r chermans be der score
Won't give youse ha' der pleasure when youse gets out on der floor.
An youse goes spielin, spielin,
I can't describe der feelin,
But when youse onct has been dere youse'll say it's more den fine
F' spiel 'rway t' "Daisy" 'r "Der Girl I Lef' Behin."

Der bloke wot leads der orchistrer jes' knows wot he's 'bout,
He never gives youse worn out tunes, but jes' der lates' out.
An when d'y plays 'r Sousa march 'r some song 'f der day,
"Say, Jimmy, youse could live on dat," youse hear some fellers say.
I'll let youse know der night when one 'f dem is comin roun,
So youse an mo an all der gang kin all 'f us go down,
An don' be skeered 'f been t'rown down, but waltz up t' 'r girl,
An 'fore youse know jes' where youse is yer off into der whirl—
"Put youse a'ms 'r 'roun me, honey,
Even dough youse have no money"—
Der orchistrer is playin now 'r schottishe light an gay,
An wit' yer heart jes' like yer feet youse spiel der night 'rway.

—Boston Globe.

Small Chocolate Cakes.

Cream one-half pound of butter, then work into it 2 ounces of finely grated chocolate and 4 ounces powdered sugar. Beat it all together for 10 minutes, then add by degrees 4 whole eggs and 4 ounces flour. Work it again for quarter of an hour, then pour it into a papered and buttered baking tin previously dusted with equal parts of powdered sugar and flour, and bake for half an hour. When cold, cut it into any shapes you please, coat it with chocolate icing, and garnish with cocoanut.

Those Girls.

"Well, Maud, I hear you are engaged to Jack."

"Yes."

"Well, I congratulate you. He was about the nicest fiance I ever had."—Exchange.

Why Not.

If you are economizing why not look over your printing bills and see if you are not paying too much for printing. Call at this office and get prices on your work, and see if we cannot save money for you.

Get all your printing done at the Sun office.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MANY USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL USES FOR SCREENS.

Fancy Knitting—The Housekeepers New Fad—Interior Domestic Fittings—Culinary Recipes.

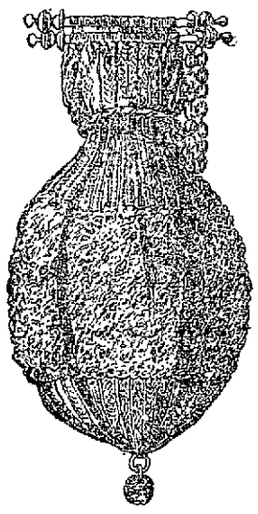
Among the useful objects and necessary pieces of furniture which have become as essential as the tables and chairs of the household Good Housekeeping names the screens of today as a wonderful adjuner. Their form and size are about the same through all the varieties that are put on the market, except in those that for fashion's sake are fantastic in shape. And then what a need they fill! If the dining room is near the kitchen, the screen plays the part of a go between and does faithful duty. On a cold night, when at all costs ventilation is necessary, it is the screen which comes between the inmates and the cold air from outside, giving shelter from the wintry blasts.

In the apartment they serve to hide the radiator, that iron warming place which, although gilded, looms hideous in halls and rooms. If a screen is put before it, the warm air still flows upward and seems to emanate from the pretty flowers and brilliant birds adorning the charming panels. For the cozy corner, how delightful! It shuts out the world and invites to pleasant slumber. It gently stands between us and those unkind visions which trouble the eyes. When the fire is too strong, and its cheerful glow reddens and flushes our faces, the screen is the ready helper in the time of need. It is the invalid's best friend, and forms, as it were, a wall between her and the eddies of air that seem to beat upon her face. On the broad piazza it is the hide and seek, and by the aid of its three divisions one can enjoy the sunshine and air unseen.

Fancy Knitting.

This purse is knitted with four needles and coarse purse twist. Two colors are used, and a part of the purse is knitted with two silks used together. Two skeins of each color are required and a set of fancy bars of wood or metal, with ring and chain attached to them, and a tassel. Any two colors can be used—old gold, with black, or crimson or blue.

With blue silk cast on one pin 86 stitches, leaving an end with which the purse is afterward to be joined on to the bars. Knit 1, purl 1 for 12 rows, knit the first stitch of every row, and at the end of it, with the silk forward, slip the last stitch as if to purl.



SILK PURSE.

Cut off the silk, and upon another needle knit 12 rows the same; then use four pins, join the two parts and knit 1, purl 1 for 2 rounds.

Now change the silk, and with gold knit 1, purl 1 for 22 rounds. Join the blue silk and use the blue and gold together.

First Round*—Put the silks over the needle, round from the back toward the left hand and knit 2 together; repeat from * all round.

Second Round—Knit plain, taking the long stitch through at the back of it and the next stitch at the front. If the stitches seem obscure, just raise the left hand needle to clear them. Repeat these two rounds till there are 12 or 14 patterns. After the first round of this pattern, you knit 2 double stitches together—i. e., two stitches of the double silk. The remainder of the purse is knitted with single silk of either color; cut off one of them and fasten the end.

Knit 7 rounds plain, then reduce the purse gradually to the tassel. Knit 7. Knit 2 together; repeat all round. Knit a round plain. Knit 6. Knit 2 together; repeat. Knit a round plain. Continue to decrease in this way, and, lastly, knit 2 together all round, draw up the few remaining stitches and sew on the tassel.

Sew the purse firmly on the bars with buttonhole stitch.

The Housekeeper's New Fad.

For the past eight or ten years plates, large and small, thin and heavy, severely simple and wonderfully extravagant in decoration, have held first place in the hearts of housekeepers who delight in the giving of dinners whereat many changes of china are necessary. The smart and friendly rivalry between women who can indulge their fancy for plate collecting has been carried to the utmost, and now, says The Decorator and Furnisher, Venetian glass has suddenly become wonderfully popular with the women whose purses are never more than half empty. In the shops, where all delicate and breakable wares are generously exposed under broad stretches of plate glass windows, whole shelves are filled with crystal vases, goblets, bowls and cups, tenderly tinted as the rainbow, full of color as a field of wild flowers and fragile as the robin's egg.

Apple and Rice Pudding.

One quart of boiled rice, 3 pints of quartered apples, washed and cored without peeling, one-half cupful of sugar, a cupful of boiling water. Place in an earthen pudding dish, alternating apples and rice, with a layer of apples on top pressed closely together into the rice, with skin side up. Bake an hour.

Fig Filling For Cake.

Stew one-half pound of chopped figs in a sirup made of one-fouth cupful of water and half cupful of sugar. Spread this when it is quite thick. It is excellent. Another nice filling may be made by using raisins instead of figs, treating them in the same way.

A Noble Ambition.

Cholly—I am tired of letting paw support me, and I've made up me mind to become independent of him, don't you know.

Miss Bullion—I think that a very noble ambition.

Cholly—Yaas. I've determined to settle down and marry some nice, rich girl like you, don't you know.—New York Weekly.

Taking No Risks.

Strawber—I want to get a serviceable suit—one that I can wear at the World's fair.

Tailor—Are you going to wear that suit out to the World's fair, sir?

Strawber—Certainly I am.

Tailor—Then I shall have to ask you to pay in advance.—Detroit Free Press.

GOOD HEALTH.

DIRECTIONS FOR AVOIDING DANGEROUS COLDS.

The Infection of Diphtheria—Ingrowing Nails—For Art Amateurs—Bracket For Painting—Water Colors.

Here is a little bit of really valuable advice for this season of the year, taken from the columns of a medical journal: Keep your mouth shut. If people would only do this, they would avoid colds and coughs and oftimes serious illness. The prescription is a very simple one, and not even the merit of originality can be claimed for it, but it undoubtedly is efficacious.

Mr. Catlin, the celebrated traveler among the North American Indians, discovered that they were free from many of the diseases which afflict civilized nations, and he attributed this exemption to the practice of keeping their mouths closed at almost all times, except when they are eating or talking. The mothers teach the children this from their earliest infancy. And does it not stand to reason that it is better to breathe through the nostrils the chilly air when leaving a heated room for the street, or even when going into a cold passage, than letting it go straight to the lungs in an ordinary way? Mr. Catlin declares that "Shut your mouth" is the most important motto which the human language can convey.

The Infection of Diphtheria.

Commenting on reported results of recent researches in diphtheria by the bacteriological bureau of the New York health department, The Herald says: "The power to transmit the infection of diphtheria, it is found, lingers sometimes for as much as 12 days and occasionally three or four weeks in patients who have made an apparently perfect recovery from this most deadly disease. In other words, the infection may have lost its pathogenic power in a person who has suffered from it, while others who have not been inoculated with the poison may be liable to take it from the convalescent.

"In this view of diphtheria a new duty devolves on teachers in all schools, especially in the public schools. It is not enough to prevent a scholar who has had diphtheria from mingling with the other pupils during the period of incubation and convalescence. The spread of the disease, it seems, can only be checked by keeping a diphtheria patient from school until a bacteriological examination shows that he no longer carries the germs of the disease. This may work hardship to some pupils, but it is better for a few to bear with a considerable detention from school than to endanger the lives of his fellow scholars."

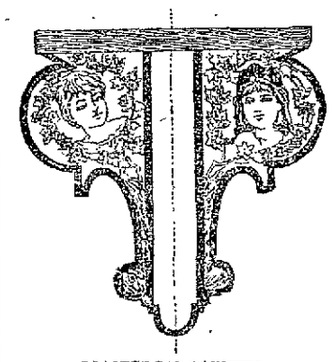
Ingrowing Toe Nail.

People suffering from that very painful and troublesome thing, an ingrowing toe nail, may be glad to hear of a simple cure suggested in an exchange: Just apply to the tender part a very little tincture of perchloride of iron. This will cause the tender surface to dry up and will relieve the pain. Let the hardened flesh remain for a week or two, when it may be removed by soaking the feet in warm water. As soon as relief from pain has been effected by means of the iron cut the toe nail straight across the top and clip a V shaped nick in the middle. This will incline the nail to draw or grow away from the flesh at the sides and assume its proper shape. As ill fitting shoes are often as much the cause of this painful trouble as an improper manner of trimming the toe nails, only those which are of a reasonable size and good shape should be worn.

PAINTING ON WOOD AND GLASS

Various Pretty and Useful Articles Decorated In This Way.

Amateurs seem to be devoting some attention to the decoration of various articles in wood, almost anything that affords a smooth surface being suitable for this pur-



BRACKET FOR PAINTING.

suit. Table tops, the backs of toilet brushes brackets and foot stools represent articles recently noted.

An attractive bracket is painted with children's heads, surrounded by wreaths of vine leaves. After the outlines of the design have been traced on the wood with lampblack, the details are filled in with vandyke brown, the frame lines being painted black, as indicated in the illustration. The design for the support—on both sides alike—is a conventional pattern carried out in black. The same simple designs can be used for the back if preferred to the two heads.

A handsome table top is made by transferring the outlines of design to a piece of plate glass and tracing them with lampblack. The details of the ornament are then filled in with bronze colors—gold and green, for instance—and the background painted black with oil color, which must not contain any siccatif, to prevent peeling off. When bronze and oil colors are quite dry and any little defects repaired, the glass plate is inserted in the wooden top of the table.

Easy Ways With Water Colors.

Use a double thick water color paper, as it is more spongy and porous, holding the moisture longer and not drying so quickly as the lighter makes. Thus hard edges and water lines can be avoided.

A simple way to stretch it is to take a common stretcher used for canvas, and after wetting one side of the paper tack it upon the stretcher in the same manner that a canvas is put on, pulling it as tightly as possible without tearing the paper. When it is dry, it will be shrunken perfectly tight and will work without blistering.

Draw the study carefully with a hard pencil or a brush and weak color, or if one does not feel equal to drawing it a perforated pattern can be obtained and the design transferred to the paper, says Modern Priscilla, the source of these hints.

Ex-President Hayes' Suavity.

Ex-President Hayes was never known to talk on politics after his retirement from the White House. Numberless attempts were made to induce him to answer even one question, but he always politely but immovably refused. Yet he was never known to decline seeing a newspaper man, even at the most intempestive hour. It was indeed a pleasure to talk with him about other affairs when he had in his own quiet, dignified, unassailable way explained that under no conditions would he consent to discuss politics.—Chicago Post.

All Depends.

New Reporter—Do we say the "Chicago fair" or the "World's fair?"

Eastern Editor—I am not sure yet. If it turns out well, it is the World's fair, but if it is a fizzle we shall credit it to Chicago.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE KIND THAT CURES

MISS GERTIE S. COWLES, Montgomery, Mass.

TWO YEARS OF AGONY.

FIVE Remedies and :: :: FOUR Physicians Failed. ::

"DANA'S CURED ME."

DANA SARSAPARILLA CO., GENTLEMEN:—I wish to tell you of the wonderful cure DANA'S SARSAPARILLA has done for me.

For two years I suffered agony with my back and side, also my stomach, caused by the effects of La Grippe. My stomach would retain no food and I could not lie down for the terrible pains in my back and side—was reduced to flesh to 97 lbs. My friends despaired of my recovery. One of your papers containing testimonials of the wonderful cures came to my hands. I resolved to try DANA'S. From the first I began to improve. Have taken two bottles and am well, and in five weeks I gained 16 lbs. Feel every inches a few months ago—now perfectly well. Thank the Lord! I know

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

cured me as I had tried five different remedies and four Physicians without any benefit.

Yours respectfully, MISS GERTIE S. COWLES.

Montgomery, Mass.

The truth of the above is certified to by E. W. PEVEIS, School Committee; LEWIS T. ALLEN, Town Clerk and Treasurer; L. O. MOORE, Chairman of Selectmen and Assessors, and MRS. H. C. KELSO.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

G. W. Harrington & Bro.,

Manufacturers of the Finest Carbonated Soda Beverages in the City. The choicest line of

Lager and Stock Ales

In the city. Family Trade a Specialty. Order by Telephone 343-4.

CORNER WINTER AND DAVIS STS.

E. E. HILL,

297 Central Street, Opp. Church.

Wishes to call the attention of the city that he has a complete line of BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS at prices which will defy competition. Call and examine our $2.00 BOOTS before you purchase elsewhere.

Do You Know

That you can put Want Ads. in THE SUN for One Cent a Word for the first

insertion, and extra insertions for Half price. Try it and see how it will pay.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY.

LOWELL, MASS.

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

ESTABLISHED 1852 --- CHARTERED 1865.

This school continues the careful training and thorough instruction in every department for which it has hitherto been so favorably known. For particulars address: The Superior.

BACK TO THE OLD HOME AGAIN.

VICTOR PIEL

Having closed out his branch store at 167 Central Street, in the future can be found at his old store,

COR. CENTRAL AND NORTH STS.

Where all kinds of new and second-hand furniture can be bought at lowest prices.

Farrell & Conaton

55 DUTTON ST.,

Practical Plumbers AND Sanitary Engineers

Also Steam, Gas and Water Fitters. We carry a large line of Gas Fixtures at lowest prices.

M. W. MILLER,

House and Fresco Painter and Paper Hanger

9 WILLIS STREET.

Wall Papers supplied at wholesale rates. Get my prices before going elsewhere.

PETER J. BRADY,

GROCER.

190½ Gorham Street.

Choice, Teas, Coffees and Spices. Try our "BIG TWELVE," brand of flour the best in the city.

INSURANCE.

In all its branches placed at once in some of the Oldest and Strongest Companies doing business in the United States.

COBURN & SHERMAN,

AGENTS,

41 MERRIMACK STREET.

This agency is the result of a consolidation of all companies and business of the firms of George W. Coburn & Son and F. W. Sherman, now located at 41 Merrimack street.

McNaughton's Bakery.

The price of bread has been reduced.

Large Loaves to 8 Cents

—AND—

Small Loaves to 4 Cents.

The Bread is Second to None in the City.

Bakery, Cor. Market and Dummer Streets.

A NICE OFFICE, suitable for doctor or dentist, to let in THE SUN building. Rent very low.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

PROPHECY VERIFIED.

A Few Rule the Earth, and the Many Are Without Hope.

Can We Look the Situation In the Face and Think What It Means?—Elements That Never Entered Into Our Past Calculations—Possibilities Through Unity.

Fifteen years ago I heard this prophecy:

"The time will come when there will be thousands upon thousands of people who will have no place to go, nothing to eat, nothing to wear and nothing to do. Every civilized country will see this same condition, for the land and all it contains can be bought and sold—it will become the property of a few men. A piece of parchment gives them the right to drive all other human beings from it. These beings, having nothing but the labor of their hands to offer in exchange for their needs, will compete with each other until they will work for almost nothing. The time will come when no one will need or demand the labor of more than a small number of them. They will possess no raw materials; they will not be allowed to make their own medium of exchange, so they cannot work for one another. What will be left for them? The sea? The air? Will death quickly and pitifully remove them? Or will they cling to existence, painfully, slowly sinking and dying, their misery prolonged by the sufferance of alms or the risks and degradation of crime? The ruin and destruction of civilization will come unless the course of civilization shall change."

How much of the prophecy has come to pass? Dare the cities, with their hordes of clamorous hungry at the doors, answer? Can we look the situation in the face and think what it means?

In vain it is urged that this is an emergency; that a crisis is upon us; that some mysterious, causeless condition places really worthy working men in idleness and want; that we have only to be "charitable" to tide things over to the time when we shall reach some inexplicable good somewhere in the future. No one can assure us that it is true, or what is to come out of chaos to relieve the situation. Nothing but the old faiths, the old reliance in the teachings of an always mistaken past, can so assure us.

We believe, of course, that somehow, some time, these crowds of hungry unemployed will disappear, because—because they never entered into our calculations; they are not an essential element of a free society (and such it is supposed we have); they are an unexpected, unpleasant factor in a problem we had believed was nearly solved. Their existence spoils all the teachings of our good old conventional code, our patriotism, our fine old thrifty proverbs—all with which we have been nurtured throughout our lives. We may lay their existence to accident, to bad management of parties, to the ignorance of the working classes in clamoring for more than they got, but accidents and mistakes can be rectified. And so we continue to establish souphouses and breezy lodging places, to rake up scavenger work for educated men to do in return for charity tickets, to jail starving petty thieves, to coax, bribe or silence the desperate, dangerous, clamorous horde, pending the time when it will all miraculously cease.

How can we be so certain? How can we know that the present situation is not the slow outgrowth of deep lying, long existing causes, working through the strata of ages, flinging up wrecks of humanity like driftwood and threatening destruction all along its way? How can we know that peace will come soon when this mighty force is still at work among the foundations of society?

For what has made misery in all the centuries past is making a climax of misery in this the end of the nineteenth century. The earth is still bought and sold. Its owners may turn it into vast hunting grounds, pleasure fields or syndicate farms, to the destruction of happy homes for the masses. The richest corporations can yet secure the greatest privileges. The common people, disorganized, defenseless, needy, must struggle on, receiving the least that will support life in return for their toil. Is it not plain that as long as this is true the armies of the destitute, the idle, the starving, must ever be on the increase?

Up to within a few years the vast rich expanse of our continent has been a never failing resource for the population crowded out of the centers of industry and trade. Even under the worst possible schemes for absorbing the wealth of the country, absolute poverty by the wholesale has not until recently appeared. But even a continent has limits, and when it is being given away, not in homes, but in corporation tracts by the millions of acres, the end must come some time. Where now can the people go for homes? Only to the deserts, the fastnesses of the mountains, the inaccessible lands, for all else is "fenced round with a parchment scroll."

To whom can they apply to sell their labor? Only the few rich can buy it, and their servants are plentiful. Besides, they have harnessed the forces of nature to wheels of steel to do their bidding, and the hands of these needy millions are not wanted. So here they are, these despoiled beings for whom it seems no one has any use. What is to be the outcome? They cannot always subsist on charity. Even now the little that the rich have given through fear is almost diminished. The pitiful sums that the poorer classes can raise are not sufficient. All that can be procured by sympathy or extortion (it has been made a condition of employment in many places that the employee give a day's wages to the relief fund) will not answer to keep these throngs from starvation and crime. Soup kitchens and lodging houses will not always serve as the homes of worthy workingmen. Even proposed schemes for conjuring up work to be paid for at pauper rates will not always keep the throngs quiet. What of the future?

Perhaps some readjustment of affairs will apparently ease the situation for a time, and poverty may slink partly out of sight. But there will be no security. This cannot come until there is a great change and human relations shall have been arranged on a new basis. The people must regain their own—the land and all its resources—and class legislation, class privileges, must forever cease. To accomplish this the people must organize. They must realize that they have a common cause and unite for it; they must meet, discuss and agitate; they must educate themselves and one another. To a united body, vast as the continent and no longer ignorant, all things are possible. LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

Chicago.

Relief Through Public Works.

One point ought to be clear—namely, that to make work for the sake of helping is again a doubtful charity. Such makeshift work generally enters into competition with some regular industry or trade, and thus far tends to injure those who otherwise are doing for themselves. On large general lines I think it may be stated that any work which enters into competition thus with regularly established trades and industries is dangerous. The one line of work which is clear of this objection is the development of public works. The East Side Relief association, in seeking to set the unemployed to work in cleaning the streets, presents no moral difficulty whatever. True, enough is spent on this task now to do it rightly, but as a fact is not done rightly and will not be done rightly under the present city government.

To the extent therefore that private charity enables the unemployed to go to work as a supplementary street cleaning force, good, and only good, is accomplished. The men thus employed are given work, and their families cared for, and the streets kept clean, and disease prevented. How large a body of unemployed might be set at work to keep the streets thoroughly clean I cannot state. Judging from the dirt that prevails everywhere today, we might set many thousands of men at work over the length and breadth of the city and for once in our lifetime have the satisfaction of seeing a clean New York. To do this would be an object lesson worthy of its cost. If Tammany Hall will undertake this, it will go far to condone some of its great wrongs.—Rev. R. Heber Newton.

The Church Neglects the Poor.

Rev. Dr. G. W. Gray delivered an address recently before 300 Methodist clergymen in Chicago, in which he said:

In a Christian government at least the opportunity to earn a bare subsistence should be afforded by the state. But if the state does not do it the church should. There are over 600 churches in Chicago. That means 500 houses with 500 paid superintendents, around whom are gathered official boards made up of the most influential men in the neighborhood. With such vantage ground the Christian church should know every man, woman and child; their needs, and be ready to meet them; their possibilities, and be ready to develop them.

Investigation touching the typical manufacturing cities of the United States shows that church neglect of the poorer classes is rapidly increasing. The poor are greater in number than the well to do class, yet but few are in the wealthier and stronger Protestant churches. If they were they would learn of each other's wants, they would assist each other and a desire to work would be met by opportunity. We fear that many of our wealthier churches have practically signed a release to the devil of all interest in the poor of the community. If the church was doing its duty toward the working classes there would be fewer poor in the world. If the working classes were converted the unemployed as a class would cease. It is possible—nay, we may say probable—if the church was as earnest and spent as much money to save the poorer classes as to save the wealthier classes the problem of the unemployed would need no solution.

Professor Peabody's Plan.

Professor Francis G. Peabody of Harvard university delivered an interesting lecture the other night in Assembly hall, New York, on the "Educational Side of Charitable Work." He said the tendency of population was toward the cities. Unless there were some compensating efflux the social fabric in our cities would become rotten. This, Professor Peabody said, was the main reason why the worst conditions of poverty were to be found in cities.

To keep the social circulation pure and healthy an efflux must be established, and his plan was to found colonies in the country made up of the poor of the city. This alone, he said, would relieve the cities of their congestion. His plan was to divide the colonies into two classes, "voluntary" and "involuntary." In the former there would be those who were able and willing to work, and in the latter would be those who were unwilling to work or unable to work through weakness brought on by vice. Inducements should be made to keep the first class away from the cities, and some coercive measures might be used to keep the involuntary class in the colonies.

The First Scale of Wages.

The earliest known scale of wages is that fixed for the whole Roman empire by the Emperor Diocletian in A. D. 303. A shepherd was to be paid 20 cents a day; a day laborer and a mule driver received the same as the shepherd; a baker got 40 cents, and the same was paid to the masons and carpenters and smiths. Stonecutters got 50 cents and painters 66 cents. A brickmaker got 24 cents per 100 bricks; a sheep shearer got $1.60 per 100 pounds. A common schoolmaster received 60 cents a month for each pupil; one who taught Greek or geometry, $2 per month. A lawyer's fee was $12.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

A Citizen of a New Jersey Town In a Vision Sees the Sorrow of the Son of Man.

It was the day before Christmas. I had just come from church, where I had listened to a Christmas sermon. Sitting in my easy chair I began to dream. I dreamed it was Christmas day—not warm and sunny, but a chill day, and a bitter wind was blowing. The streets wore a holiday aspect. Well dressed men and women passed along with the gay greeting of "Merry Christmas!" Suddenly I saw among them a man who was poorly clad, and whose face was exceedingly sad. He greeted no one, and no one greeted him, but he spoke as if to himself.

I drew near to listen and heard him say, "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." He walked on a little way, the crowd paying no heed to him, till he stopped at the foot of a tree to which was nailed an inscription. The inscription was on cloth, so that it might be strong enough to resist the wind and rain. The cloth was nailed at the corners, and on each side and around the nail heads were tin rings, so that by no possibility could it tear itself away.

The sad face of the man grew sadder yet as he read the words printed on the cloth:

TRAMPS.

Notice is hereby given that the tramp act will be strictly enforced in this township from this date. All persons without visible means of support will take notice accordingly. By order of township committee.

Westfield township, Aug. 30, 1893.

As he stood reading, some in the crowd observed him and nudged each other and winked, and one said, "Wonder if he thinks it's a sign directing him to free lodgings."

"Maybe he thinks it tells where to find a 'Free Employment Bureau' that guarantees profitable work for all who are willing and able to do it," said another.

"He doesn't know much about this town, or he wouldn't suspect us of any such fool sentimentalisms as those," said a third.

Then the one who had been reading the tramp sign said in a deep and solemn voice: "Woe unto you, Westfield! For I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; I was hungry and ye fed me not, naked and ye clothed me not."

Then I knew it was the Lord come to earth again. And I cried out, "Forgive us, Lord; we know thee not!"

And he answered, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not to me," and he was gone before any could stay him. And the air grew more chill, and the wind grew more bitter, and the people looked in each other's faces with awe and shame.

Then one who was taller than the others reached up, and with a strong hand tore down the cloth and threw it to the people, and they stamped it in the mire. And they said with one accord, "At least, if we can do nothing, we will no longer advertise to needy strangers our weakness or poverty or cowardice or stinginess or inhumanity." And every man went to his own house.

Then I awoke, and, behold, it was a dream, and the shame and reproach of Westfield remain even to this day.

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

Westfield, N. J.

Two Courageous Young Women.

A Vienna correspondent reports that two female socialist orators have been sentenced in Vienna—Charlotte Glass to four months' imprisonment and Amelia Riba to a fortnight's imprisonment. The first made offensive remarks about the archdukes; the second spoke slightingly of the legislative assembly.

Fraulein Glass spoke some time ago with great ability from her point of view at a women's meeting in the open air, not far from Schonbrunn. She is a comely young woman of 20, of the Jewish confession, and looked very enthusiastic on that occasion in a sailor hat, her hair blown about her face by the wind. She considered no subject too tough—politics and political economy, the education of women, the army expenses, the Liberal leaders and the president of the cabinet. All came in their turn, and she gave it them hot.

Amelia Riba is younger still—not much more than 17—and by her firmness caused 600 factory girls to strike for six weeks, by which means they obtained somewhat more humane treatment than 12 hours' work a day and 6 shillings a week wages. I have heard this girl talk very much to the purpose for two hours at a stretch. Both young women are uncommonly pretty.

Tramps In Germany.

In Germany it is contrary to law for any person to be unemployed for a longer period than six weeks without making persistent efforts to find something to do. Any neglect of this law subjects the idle one to a penalty of arrest and confinement in the workhouse for from two weeks to six months. Any one found begging is subject to summary treatment in the same manner.

Suppose a tramp is trudging along a country road; he is liable to be overtaken at any moment by a mounted policeman, who overhauls him and demands to see the certificate from his last employer that he is bound to carry with him. If he has none, he is at once placed under arrest, and if he has one and it is dated back longer than six weeks the same treatment is dealt out to him. An organization exists for the execution of this law. It is known as the Verein Gegen Bettelei. The members of this society have iron signs attached to their doors, the effect of which is to keep away all beggars. When a tramp sees one of those signs, he shuns that house as he would a plague.—Chicago Post.

Her Point of View.

Miss Upton of New York—One does not mind running across to Europe now a bit.

Miss Hill of Brooklyn (a few minutes later)—When are you coming over to see me, dear?

Miss Upton—Oh, dear, I don't know. You live so far away.—New York Herald.

He Started the Machinery.

"It's a pretty good rule not to let your left hand know what your right hand is doing."

"Well, I don't know about that. I know a fellow in a woodworking establishment who lost his left hand that way."—Detroit Tribune.

When They Retire.

Blanks—I hear that Mr. Greatman will never run for another office.

Jinks—Goodness me! When did he die?—New York Weekly.

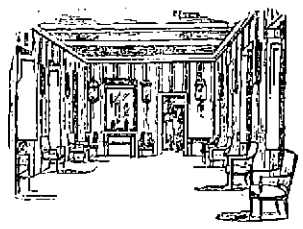
AJACCIO.

Birthplace of the Great Napoleon and Oldest Town In Corsica.

Very ancient is the history of Ajaccio, the capital as well as the oldest town of Corsica. Mentioned by Ptolemy under the name Urcinium, it was known as Adjacium in the middle ages. The modern town, with the citadel, was founded about 1492 by the Bank of St. George of Genoa, a company analagous to the East India company, and in 1553 the French under Marechal Thermes obtained possession of Ajaccio only to yield it again, however, six years later by the treaty of Chateau Cambresis to that hated and tyrannous rule.

Space fails to follow the vicissitudes of the island to its present position of a French department, but there is one name, Napoleon Bonaparte, which can never be forgotten in Ajaccio, and almost every street and sight speaks of him and his family. His marble figure surmounts the fountain in the Place du Marche, but far finer is the bronze monument by Viollet-le-Duc in the Place Bonaparte, with the first emperor on horseback in the middle, looking seaward, and his brothers—Joseph, Lucien, Louis, Jerome—standing at each corner, all five in Roman togas and Napoleon with a laurel wreath upon his head.

The chief sight of Ajaccio is the three storied house in the Place Letizia where he was born, and it is pathetic to wander through the rooms, with their quaint, old fashioned furniture faded and passing to decay, and think of the strange experiences of the eight young lives which began so merrily within them. The nursery and Napoleon's little sleeping room are shown, and an interesting creche, or representation of the nativity, with ivory figures, which he brought from Egypt as a present for his mother. The house and little garden in front belong now to the Empress Eugenie, who, in one room, has placed a delightful little boyish bust of the late prince imperial. In the Hotel de Ville are many interesting relics of the Bonaparte family, notably busts of Napoleon, his mother and little son, and a portrait of his father, Carlo-Maria, the notary. Carlo-Maria is buried at Montpellier, but his wife Letitia lies in the crypt of the Memorial chapel built by the last emperor—"Mater Regum" the inscription on her tomb.



SALON IN HOUSE WHERE NAPOLEON WAS BORN.

This chapel is attached to the College Fesch, a large public school for boys founded in 1822, one wing of which contains the fine library of 60,000 volumes once the property of Cardinal Fesch, Napoleon's uncle, and a large collection of poor pictures, also his, presented to the town by King Joseph of Spain. There are, however, good engravings and a really charming statue of the little king of Rome. A touching mark of loyal feeling toward the Bonapartes is shown in Count Pozzo di Borgo's new villa on a height above Ajaccio, the decorative pillars and panels of its exterior being brought from the ruins of the palace of the Tuileries.

The Size of Australia.

The vastness of Australia is not generally appreciated. The Industrial world computes that the seven colonies between them occupy a territory greater than that of the United States, excluding Alaska. New South Wales alone is as large as the 13 original states. Tasmania, the Rhode Island of Australia, is as large as that state, with New Jersey, New Hampshire and Massachusetts added. Victoria, the smallest colony of the continent, is equal in size to Great Britain. Queensland surpasses the united areas of Australia, France, and Germany. South Australia, one-third greater than Queensland, is nearly as large as western Australia, which of itself has nearly four times the extent of Texas, while the two colonies together are larger than the whole of Europe without Russia. The total population is about 4,000,000.

A Sure Sign.

The Debutante—I despise all men!

Miss Oldish—Oh! I didn't know you were so much in love as all that.—Chicago Record.

The Pleasures of the Dance.

Don' talk 'bout yer chermans 'r yer minyonets t' me
Fer all dat fancy spielin, well, jes' makes me t'red—see?
Some folks, I know, is stuck on it an t'inks it more den nice,
But longside 'r some udder, why, it doesn' cut no ice
Youse want t' go down wit' der gang to Monumental hall
T' see 'r spiel wot is 'r spiel wit'out no frills 'r all,
I tell youse wot yer minoets 'r chermans be der score
Won't give youse ha' der pleasure when youse gets out on der floor,
An youse goes spielin, spielin,
I can't describe der feelin,
But when youse onct has been dere youse'll say it's more den fine.
T' spiel 'r way t' "Daisy" 'r "Der Girl I Left Behin."

Der bloke wot leads der orchistrer jes' knows wot he's 'bout,
He never gives youse worn out tunes, but jes' der lates' out.
An when d'y plays 'r Sousa march 'r some song 'r dey,
"Say, Jimmy, youse could live on dat," youse hear some fellers say.
I'll let youse know der night when one 'r dem is comin roun,
So youse an me an all der gang kin all 'r us go down,
An don' be skeered 'r been t'rown down, but walts up t' 'r girl,
An 'fore youse know jes' where youse is yer off into der whirl—
"Put yonse a'ms 'r 'roun me, honey,
Even dough youse have no money"—
Der orchistrer is playin now 'r schottishe light an gay.
An wit' yer heart jes' like yer feet youse spiel der night 'rway.

—Boston Globe.

Small Chocolate Cakes.

Cream one-half pound of butter, then work into it 2 ounces of finely grated chocolate and 4 ounces powdered sugar. Beat it all together for 10 minutes, then add by degrees 4 whole eggs and 4 ounces flour. Work it again for quarter of an hour, then pour it into a papered and buttered baking tin previously dusted with equal parts of powdered sugar and flour, and bake for half an hour. When cold, cut it into any shapes you please, coat it with chocolate icing, and garnish with cocoanut.

Those Girls.

"Well, Maud, I hear you are engaged to Jack."

"Yes."

"Well, I congratulate you. He was about the nicest fiance I ever had."—Exchange.

Why Not.

If you are economizing why not look over your printing bills and see if you are not paying too much for printing. Call at this office and get prices on your work, and see if we cannot save money for you.

Get all your printing done at the Sun office.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MANY USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL USES FOR SCREENS.

Fancy Knitting—The Housekeepers New Fad—Interior Domestic Fittings—Culinary Recipes.

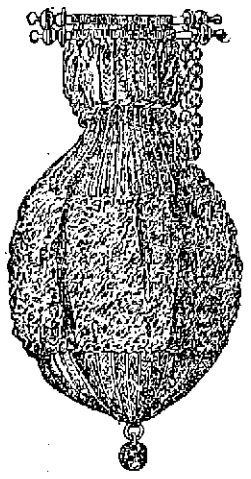
Among the useful objects and necessary pieces of furniture which have become as essential as the tables and chairs of the household Good Housekeeping names the screens of today as a wonderful adjunct. Their form and size are about the same through all the varieties that are put on the market, except in those that for fashion's sake are fantastic in shape. And then what a need they fill! If the dining room is near the kitchen, the screen plays the part of a go between and does faithful duty. On a cold night, when at all costs ventilation is necessary, it is the screen which comes between the inmates and the cold air from outside, giving shelter from the wintry blasts.

In the apartment they serve to hide the radiator, that iron warming place which, although gilded, looms hideous in halls and rooms. If a screen is put before it, the warm air still flows upward and seems to emanate from the pretty flowers and brilliant birds adorning the charming panels. For the cozy corner, how delightful! It shuts out the world and invites to pleasant slumber. It gently stands between us and those unkind visions which trouble the eyes. When the fire is too strong, and its cheerful glow reddens and flushes our faces, the screen is the ready helper in the time of need. It is the invalid's best friend, and forms, as it were, a wall between her and the eddies of air that seem to beat upon her face. On the broad piazza it is the hide and seek, and by the aid of its three divisions one can enjoy the sunshine and air unseen.

Fancy Knitting.

This purse is knitted with four needles and coarse purse twist. Two colors are used, and a part of the purse is knitted with two silks used together. Two skeins of each color are required and a set of fancy bars of wood or metal, with ring and chain attached to them, and a tassel. Any two colors can be used—old gold, with black, or crimson or blue.

With blue silk cast on one pin 80 stitches, leaving an end with which the purse is afterward to be joined on to the bars. Knit 1, purl 1 for 12 rows, knit the first stitch of every row, and at the end of it, with the silk forward, slip the last stitch as if to purl.



SILK PURSE.

Cut off the silk, and upon another needle knit 12 rows the same; then use four pins, join the two parts and knit 1, purl 1 for 2 rounds.

Now change the silk, and with gold knit 1, purl 1 for 22 rounds. Join the blue silk and use the blue and gold together.

First Round*—Put the silks over the needle, round from the back toward the left hand and knit 2 together; repeat from * all round.

Second Round—Knit plain, taking the long stitch through at the back of it and the next stitch at the front. If the stitches seem obscure, just raise the left hand needle to clear them. Repeat these two rounds till there are 13 or 14 patterns. After the first round of this pattern, you knit 2 double stitches together—i. e., two stitches of the double silk. The remainder of the purse is knitted with single silk of either color; cut off one of them and fasten the end.

Knit 7 rounds plain, then reduce the purse gradually to the tassel. Knit 7. Knit 3 together; repeat all round. Knit a round plain. Knit 6. Knit 3 together; repeat. Knit a round plain. Continue to decrease in this way, and, lastly, knit 2 together all round, draw up the few remaining stitches and sew on the tassel.

Sew the purse firmly on the bars with buttonhole stitch.

The Housekeeper's New Fad.

For the past eight or ten years plates, large and small, thin and heavy, severely simple and wonderfully extravagant in decoration, have held first place in the hearts of housekeepers who delight in the giving of dinners wherein many changes of china are necessary. The smart and friendly rivalry between women who can indulge their fancy for plate collecting has been carried to the utmost, and now, says The Decorator and Furnisher, Venetian glass has suddenly become wonderfully popular with the women whose purses are never more than half empty. In the shops, where all delicate and breakable wares are generously exposed under broad stretches of plate glass windows, whole shelves are filled with crystal vases, goblets, bowls and cups, tenderly tinted as the rainbow, full of color as a field of wild flowers and fragile as the robin's egg.

Apple and Rice Pudding.

One quart of boiled rice, 3 pints of quartered apples, washed and cored without peeling, one-half cupful of sugar, a cupful of boiling water. Place in an earthen pudding dish, alternating apples and rice, with a layer of apples on top pressed closely together into the rice, with skin side up. Bake an hour.

Fig Filling For Cake.

Stew one-half pound of chopped figs in a sirup made of one-fourth cupful of water and half cupful of sugar. Spread this when it is quite thick. It is excellent. Another nice filling may be made by using raisins instead of figs, treating them in the same way.

A Noble Ambition.

Cholly—I am tired of letting paw support me, and I've made up me mind to become independent of him, don't you know.

Miss Bullion—I think that a very noble ambition.

Cholly—Yaas. I've determined to settle down and marry some nice, rich girl like you, don't you know.—New York Weekly.

Taking No Risks.

Strawber—I want to get a serviceable suit—one that I can wear at the World's fair.

Tailor—Are you going to wear that suit out to the World's fair, sir?

Strawber—Certainly I am.

Tailor—Then I shall have to ask you to pay in advance.—Detroit Free Press.

GOOD HEALTH.

DIRECTIONS FOR AVOIDING DANGEROUS COLDS.

The Infection of Diphtheria—Ingrowing Nails—For Art Amateurs—Bracket For Painting—Water Colors.

Here is a little bit of really valuable advice for this season of the year, taken from the columns of a medical journal: Keep your mouth shut. If people would only do this, they would avoid colds and coughs and oftimes serious illness. The prescription is a very simple one, and not even the merit of originality can be claimed for it, but it undoubtedly is efficacious.

Mr. Catlin, the celebrated traveler among the North American Indians, discovered that they were free from many of the diseases which afflict civilized nations, and he attributed this exemption to the practice of keeping their mouths closed at almost all times, except when they are eating or talking. The mothers teach the children this from their earliest infancy. And does it not stand to reason that it is better to breathe through the nostrils the chilly air when leaving a heated room for the street, or even when going into a cold passage, than letting it go straight to the lungs in an ordinary way? Mr. Catlin declares that "Shut your mouth" is the most important motto which the human language can convey.

The Infection of Diphtheria.

Commenting on reported results of recent researches in diphtheria by the bacteriological bureau of the New York health department, The Herald says: "The power to transmit the infection of diphtheria, it is found, lingers sometimes for as much as 12 days and occasionally three or four weeks in patients who have made an apparently perfect recovery from this most deadly disease. In other words, the infection may have lost its pathogenic power in a person who has suffered from it, while others who have not been inoculated with the poison may be liable to take it from the convalescent.

"In this view of diphtheria a new duty devolves on teachers in all schools, especially in the public schools. It is not enough to prevent a scholar who has had diphtheria from mingling with the other pupils during the period of incubation and convalescence. The spread of the disease, it seems, can only be checked by keeping a diphtheria patient from school until a bacteriological examination shows that he no longer carries the germs of the disease. This may work hardship to some pupils, but it is better for a few to bear with a considerable detention from school than to endanger the lives of his fellow scholars."

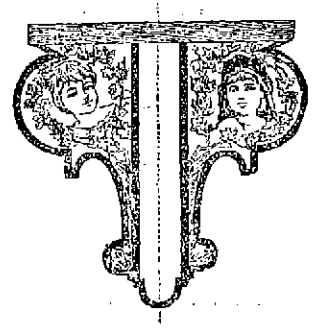
Ingrowing Toe Nail.

People suffering from that very painful and troublesome thing, an ingrowing toe nail, may be glad to hear of a simple cure suggested in an exchange: Just apply to the tender part a very little tincture of perchloride of iron. This will cause the tender surface to dry up and will relieve the pain. Let the hardened flesh remain for a week or two, when it may be removed by soaking the feet in warm water. As soon as relief from pain has been effected by means of the iron cut the toe nail straight across the top and clip a V shaped nick in the middle. This will incline the nail to draw or grow away from the flesh at the sides and assume its proper shape. As ill fitting shoes are often as much the cause of this painful trouble as an improper manner of trimming the toe nails, only those which are of a reasonable size and good shape should be worn.

PAINTING ON WOOD AND GLASS

Various Pretty and Useful Articles Decorated In This Way.

Amateurs seem to be devoting some attention to the decoration of various articles in wood, almost anything that affords a smooth surface being suitable for this pur-



BRACKET FOR PAINTING.

suit. Table tops, the backs of toilet brushes brackets and foot stools represent articles recently noted.

An attractive bracket is painted with children's heads, surrounded by wreaths of vine leaves. After the outlines of the design have been traced on the wood with lampblack, the details are filled in with vandyke brown, the frame lines being painted black, as indicated in the illustration. The design for the support—on both sides alike—is a conventional pattern carried out in black. The same simple designs can be used for the back if preferred to the two heads.

A handsome table top is made by transferring the outlines of design to a piece of plate glass and tracing them with lampblack. The details of the ornament are then filled in with bronze colors—gold and green, for instance—and the background painted black with oil color, which must not contain any siccatif, to prevent peeling off. When bronze and oil colors are quite dry and any little defects repaired, the glass plate is inserted in the wooden top of the table.

Easy Ways With Water Colors.

Use a double thick water color paper, as it is more spongy and porous, holding the moisture longer and not drying so quickly as the lighter makes. Thus hard edges and water lines can be avoided.

A simple way to stretch it is to take a common stretcher used for canvas, and after wetting one side of the paper tack it upon the stretcher in the same manner that a canvas is put on, pulling it as tightly as possible without tearing the paper. When it is dry, it will be shrunken perfectly tight and will work without blistering.

Draw the study carefully with a hard pencil or a brush and weak color, or if one does not feel equal to drawing it a perforated pattern can be obtained and the design transferred to the paper, says Modern Priscilla, the source of these hints.

Ex-President Hayes' Suavity.

Ex-President Hayes was never known to talk on politics after his retirement from the White House. Numberless attempts were made to induce him to answer even one question, but he always politely but immovably refused. Yet he was never known to decline seeing a newspaper man, even at the most intempestive hour. It was indeed a pleasure to talk with him about other affairs when he had in his own quiet, dignified, unassailable way explained that under no conditions would he consent to discuss politics.—Chicago Post.

A Difference.

New Reporter—Do we say the "Chicago fair" or the "World's fair?"

Eastern Editor—I am not sure yet. If it turns out well, it is the World's fair, but if it is a fizzle we shall credit it to Chicago.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE KIND THAT CURES

MISS GERTIE S. COWLES, Montgomery, Mass.

TWO YEARS OF AGONY.

FIVE Remedies and :: ::
FOUR Physicians Failed. ::

"DANA'S CURED ME."

DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.,
GENTLEMEN:—I wish to tell you of the wonderful cure DANA'S SARSAPARILLA has done for me.

For two years I suffered agony with my back and side, also my stomach, caused by the effects of La Grippe. My stomach would retain no food and I could not lie down for the terrible pains in my back and side—was reduced in flesh to 97 lbs. My friends despaired of my recovery. One of your papers containing testimonials of the wonderful cures came to my hands. I resolved to try DANA'S. From the first I began to improve. Have taken two bottles and am well, and in five weeks I gained 18 lbs. Part every intimate a few months ago—now perfectly well. Thank the Lord! I know

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

cured me as I had tried five different remedies and four Physicians without any benefit.

Yours respectfully,
MISS GERTIE S. COWLES.

Montgomery, Mass.

The truth of the above is certified to by E. W. PETTIS, School Committee; LEWIS T. ALLYN, Town Clerk and Treasurer; L. D. MONROE, Chairman of Selectmen and Assessors, and MRS. H. C. KEZER.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

G. W. Harrington & Bro.,

Manufacturers of the Finest Carbonated Soda Beverages in the City. The choicest line of

Lager and Stock Ales

In the city. Family Trade a Specialty. Order by Telephone 315-4.

CORNER WINTER AND DAVIS STS.

E. E. HILL,

297 Central Street, Opp. Church.

Wishes to call the attention of the city that he has a complete line of BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS at prices which will defy competition. Call and examine our $2.00 BOOTS before you purchase elsewhere.

Do You Know

That you can put Want Ads. in THE SUN for One Cent a Word for the first

insertion, and extra insertions for Half price. Try it and see how it will pay.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY.

LOWELL, MASS.

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

ESTABLISHED 1852 - - - CHARTERED 1865.

This school continues the careful training and thorough instruction in every department for which it has hitherto been so favorably known. For particulars address: The Superior.

BACK TO THE OLD HOME AGAIN.

VICTOR PIHL

Having closed out his branch store at 167 Central Street, in the future can be found at his old store,

COR. CENTRAL AND NORTH STS.

Where all kinds of new and second-hand furniture can be bought at lowest prices.

Farrell & Conaton

55 DUTTON ST.,

Practical Plumbers

AND

Sanitary Engineers

Also Steam, Gas and Water Fitters. We carry a large line of Gas Fixtures at lowest prices.

W. W. MILLER,

House and Fresco Painter and Paper Hanger.

8 WILLIS STREET.

Wall Papers supplied at wholesale rates. Get my prices before going elsewhere.

PETER J. BRADY,

GROCER.

180½ Gorham Street.

Choice, Teas, Coffees and Spices. Try our "BIG TWELVE," brand of flour the best in the city.

INSURANCE.

In all its Branches placed at once in some of the Oldest and Strongest Companies doing business in the United States.

COBURN & SHERMAN,

AGENTS,

41 MERRIMACK STREET.

This agency is the result of a consolidation of all companies and business of the firms of George W. Coburn & Son and F. W. Sherman, now located at 41 Merrimack street.

McNaughton's Bakery.

The price of bread has been reduced.

Large Loaves to 8 Cents

—AND—

Small Loaves to 4 Cents.

The Bread is Second to None in the City.

Bakery, Cor. Market and Dummer Streets.

A SIGN OFFICE, suitable for doctor or dentist, to let in THE SUN building. Rent very low.

SUSPENSE

Rests Heavily on the Industrial Interests.

STOCK OF MANUFACTURED GOODS NOW EXHAUSTED.

Increased Demand For Goods Generally Felt.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

Improvement in business still appears in many directions, but it seems to be in part balanced by loss in others. The gradual gain which began some time ago, and was strengthened a little by the success of the treasury loan, has scarcely answered expectations. Doubtless the uncertainty remains with the tariff bill yet in the senate, and currency measures of importance pending in the house has some hindering influence, but there is still seen an increase in the demand for many kinds of goods, because of the exhaustion of stock in the hands of dealers by a consumption which, though less than usual, is nevertheless greater than in any other country.

Crop reports were expected to cause a great advance in wheat, but the price has dropped to 63 1-8 cents cash, the lowest point ever known in this market, and both here and at Chicago May wheat has gone lower than ever.

Hog products and coffee were substantially unchanged.

Cotton rose 1-16 in spite of visible stocks exceeding half the world's consumption for a year, and a decrease of 20 per cent compared with last year in takings of northern spinners. Speculative forces on either side, rather than the facts of supply and demand, govern at present.

Decline In Exchanges.

The volume of domestic trade does not materially increase, exchanges indicating a decline compared with last year of 19.5 per cent elsewhere, and 34.9 per cent at New York

The decrease in shipments of boots and shoes from Boston for the week was only 14 per cent, but trading runs so largely to low-priced goods that in value the decrease in business is greater.

Textile manufactures are gaining a little. Inquiry discloses larger stocks of cotton goods held by dealers than was supposed, and quite a large proportion of mills are likely to close before long, unless orders increase, but the number reported starting is again several times the number reported closing.

Sales of wool were decidedly larger last week, 5,773,040 pounds, against 6,855,750 last year, and the markets were all more active, but this week are comparatively quiet.

Democrats Asked to Chip In.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 10.—The Democratic state central committee has issued a letter to the Democrats of the state calling for subscriptions to the election fund. It requests all office holders, both state and national, to contribute according to their salaries, and fixes the amounts they are expected to give. The letter is vigorously denounced by leading Democratic papers.

Shortening Hours of Labor.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Feb. 10.—Time in the Stark mills, beginning next Monday, will be reduced to eight hours a day and five days a week. Notices were posted in the Manchester mills that a similar reduction in time would be made in the worsted departments. The Jefferson mill, on the other hand, is working until 10 o'clock at night, to catch up with orders.

Famous Confederate Dead.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 10.—General Lucien B. Northop, commissioner general of the confederate states of America, died at Pikesville, yesterday, aged 83 years. Before and during the war he was a close friend of Jefferson Davis. Colonel Northop served in the United States army and had been an inmate of the Confederate Soldiers' home about a year.

Reed Spoke at Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 10.—A mass meeting in the interests of Galusha E. Grow, Republican candidate for congressman-at-large, was held last night at the Academy of Music. Thomas B. Reed was the principal speaker. Mr. Reed's remarks were directed entirely to the question of protection and the criticism of the present administration.

Away Ahead of Ives.

BOSTON, Feb. 10.—Billiardist Schaefer showed a pace last night that was altogether too fast for "Napoleon" Ives, beating him 600 to 402, and incidentally beating all records for the 14-inch balk line game, anchor barred, rolling up the total of 271 in a single inning. One previous record, 208, was made by Ives at Chicago.

Hard at Work.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The Democratic sub-committee engaged in shaping the tariff bill continued its work from early morn till late last night. Senator Voorhees is hopeful the bill may be completed by the latter part of next week.

Bank Clerks In Queer Business.

MARSEILLES, Feb. 10.—A gang of men engaged in the counterfeiting of coin has been arrested in this city. The prisoners include Tauzet, the chief clerk of a branch of the Credit Lyonnais, and Didier, his assistant.

Trotters Easily Beaten.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Feb. 10.—In a 10-mile race against five trotters here, Jack Prince, champion short distance bicyclist, easily beat the horses. Time 31.07. The race was for $250 a side and gate receipts

Relieved of His Purse.

NEWPORT, R. I., Feb. 10.—Deputy Sheriff Kaull was robbed of $350 on a New York boat by a chance acquaintance. A man was arrested on suspicion, but the money was not recovered.

Women Must Wait.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The house committee on judiciary has rejected the bill by Representative Bill of Colorado for a constitutional amendment permitting woman suffrage.

Postoffice Safe Cracked.

NORFOLK, Feb. 10.—The postoffice at Newport News was robbed last night. The safe was cracked and $250 in money and $3000 in stamps stolen.

All Quiet at Honolulu.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 10.—The schooner Aloha arrived from Honolulu last night. She left Honolulu Jan. 29, and reports everything quiet.

Instantly Killed.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Feb. 10.—An unknown man, aged 60, was run over and instantly killed by an express train just east of this city.

Good!

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The gold reserve of $100,000,000 is once more practically intact. There was a gain yesterday of $3,672,515.

ALMOST BEYOND BELIEF.

Humane Society Agents of Pittsburg Make a Terrible Discovery.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 10.—A complaint had been entered that the family of Humphrey Morris, a miner in Bullskin township, were in a terrible state of dirt and destitution. Agents of the humane society found the family of five children huddled about the stove. They were almost naked, while the mother was standing in the center of the room perfectly nude.

The hut contained two rooms. A miserable bedstead stood in one corner, and there was a couch made of rails, straw was laid over the slats, and there the family slept without covers. All the family were black with dirt and reeking with vermin. The mother is an imbecile, and all the children, except the oldest girl, aged 12, are little better.

On the stove was an old powder can, in which some old rags were boiling, but which is also used to do the family cooking.

Morris is in the employ of the Mayer Coke company. He has been employed there for 10 years. He never drinks, is industrious, and makes $1.75 a day, never missing a day. He buys a great many groceries, such as flour, beans and barley. Twice a week he buys meat.

Morris said they used four sacks of flour a week. The entire four sacks are made into flannel cakes, which are baked on the lid of the stove, and this diet, three times a day, varied occasionally by some barley or beans, or a little fresh meat, is all they ever eat. Morris said they never had butter; they never wanted anything, he said.

Morris said his wife was an inmate of the Fayette county asylum when he married her. He said he did not dare to tell her to clean things up as she would threaten to cut the throats of the entire family. When he got her clothes she destroyed them. He said they were perfectly happy and only wanted to be let alone.

None of the children had ever been to school. The man was born and raised in Fayette City. None of the children knew what a church was.

IN CONGRESS.

Salaries of Congressmen Incidentally Touched Upon by the House.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—After the call of committees for reports in the house Mr. Bland moved to take up the consideration of his silver seigniorage bill in committee of the whole. The motion was agreed to and he concluded his speech.

Mr. Bland was frequently interrupted by questions from the members who surrounded him, and the close of his speech was marked by applause from his sympathizers.

He was followed by Mr. Stone, who antagonized the bill.

Mr. McKeighan supported the bill.

Mr. Harter spoke in opposition to the bill. In lieu of Mr. Bland's plan for tiding the government over its present financial distress, he advocated the practice of more rigid economy, and also suggested that the salaries of all government officers, including members of congress, receiving over $2500 per annum, be lowered by 25 per cent.

Mr. Walker said that congressmen did not get half enough now. They did three times as much work in comparison with their salaries as any other class of men.

Mr. Harter favored a tax of 1 cent a pound on sugar, an increase of 30 cents in the tax on spirits and a heavy tax on beer.

Mr. Kilgore advocated the bill.

The committee soon rose, and the house adjourned.

Cyclone Strikes an Indiana Town.

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind., Feb. 10.—A cyclone struck this city yesterday afternoon. It swept through a lumber yard, carrying everything before it, and then passed over the Monon and Michigan Central yards, where it carried five freight cars from the track and wrecked them.

Cutting Down Expenses.

BUFFALO, Feb. 10.—As a result of a conference between officials of the New York Central railroad, a large corps of employes have been laid off temporarily here. Running expenses have thereby been cut down $1000 a month at this point.

A Fine Piece of Work.

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 10.—Work has been commenced on the erection of the great statue of Hidalgo de la Independencia which will grace the third court of honor of the famous Pasco de la Reforma. The monument will cost $460,000.

Witness Weeden Fainted.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Feb. 10.—The inquest on the death of the three boys killed at the sleighing accident at Brownall street crossing on Jan. 21 was begun yesterday. The 23 witnesses declared that there was no signal from the crossing gong or the engine whistle. Colonel Borden, father of one of the boys who was killed, created consternation when Electrician Weeden was testifying by pointing to the witness and saying: "There's the man who caused the deaths." Weeden tried to go on with his testimony, but fainted and fell from the stand.

Suicide by Shooting.

WINCHESTER, N. H., Feb. 10.—A. Willard Humphreys, of the Sterling Iron works company of Brooklyn, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head in a room at the Winchester House. In May last he came here and attempted suicide by taking morphine. He formerly lived here. He was 55 years of age and leaves a widow and one son, a tutor at Princeton college. Despondency is supposed to be the cause of his suicide.

Dwiggins' Diplomatic Move.

CHICAGO, Feb. 10.—Officers of Fowler, Ind., were surprised when they attempted to arrest Zimri Driggins, to be informed by that gentleman that he had been to Fowler, surrendered himself and was out on bail. They were shown proof of Dwiggins' assertion. The ex-banker is wanted for alleged irregularities connected with the failure of a bank

TWO SHIPS

Represent United States in Atlantic Squadron.

THE LOSS OF THE HISTORIC KEARSAGE

Brings to Mind Other Naval Disasters.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The navy department has word from Lieutenant Brainard that he sailed yesterday morning from Colon with the City of Para for the relief of the shipwrecked crew of the Kearsarge. It is about a day's trip—250 miles—from Colon to Roncador reef. It is expected, therefore, that the Kearsarge crew will be safely and comfortably on board some time today, and will be back in Colon on Sunday. It is expected that they will come to New York on the City of Para when she starts on her regular trip.

The North Atlantic squadron, of which the Kearsarge was the flagship, is now reduced to the Miantonomoh and the Vesuvius. This depleted condition is due to the large force ordered to Rio and the absence of other vessels which are on their way to the Pacific to take part in the Behring sea patrol.

Previous Disasters.

The last naval disaster suffered by the United States was the loss of the Dispatch off Assateague shoals, Virginia, Oct. 10, 1891.

No lives were lost at that time. In fact the United States has been notably free of disasters involving great loss of life compared with other navies of the world. The Huron went to pieces off Oregon inlet, North Carolina, during a terrible hurricane, Nov. 24, 1877, and 104 lives were lost.

The most notable disaster in which our ships have been involved was the hurricane at Samoa in which the Trenton, Vandalia and Nipsic were wrecked and 145 lives in all lost.

This included the loss from all vessels at Apia. The disaster occurred March 15, 1889, and three German ships also were lost. On Feb. 18, 1883, the Ashuelot went ashore on a rock off the coast of China and 11 men were lost.

It is expected that the loss of the Kearsarge will result in the placing of a light on Roncador bank, a result the United States navy department has earnestly sought to bring about for several years, but without result, owing to the wish of this government that other nations bear a share in the expense

A LONE ROBBER

Takes a Money Box From an Express Train and Makes His Escape.

CARSON, Nev., Feb. 10.—About 7 o'clock last evening, when the Virginia and Truckee mail train was a mile out of town, the express car was smashed in, and the box containg money to pay wages to section hands along the road was demanded of Jack Page, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express messenger, at the muzzle of a shotgun.

The train moved slowly going out of town, and the robber got aboard the train when it was nearing the outskirts, getting between the mail and express cars. When about a mile out of town the rear door of the express car was suddenly smashed in and a man with a shotgun demanded the tin box of money. The robber then pulled the bell cord, giving the engineer the signal to stop the train, which was done. After securing the box the robber jumped from the train and started toward the town. The box did not contain much over $1000.

Triple Lynching In Arkansas.

LITTLE ROCK, Feb 10.—A special from Conway says: Meager details of a triple lynching have been received from Van Buren county. It took place in what is known as the Gulch. Henry Bruce and Bob and Charlie Plunkett were the victims. It is said the three men had killed and robbed an old couple, and for this crime they were lynched.

Iron Company Goes Under.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 10.—Judge Butter has appointed Logan M. Bullitt receiver of the Signa Iron company. The company was incorporated in West Virginia, but its principal business was carried on in Pennsylvania. The authorized capital stock was said to be $5,000,000. The liabilities are heavy.

Over $100,000 Stolen.

WATKINS, N. Y., Feb. 10.—The First National bank closed yesterday by order of the comptroller of the currency. A hasty examination shows that there is less than $5000 in cash in the bank. Further quick running over books indicates a shortage of upward of $100,000. Cashier Love has skipped.

May Spread the Disease.

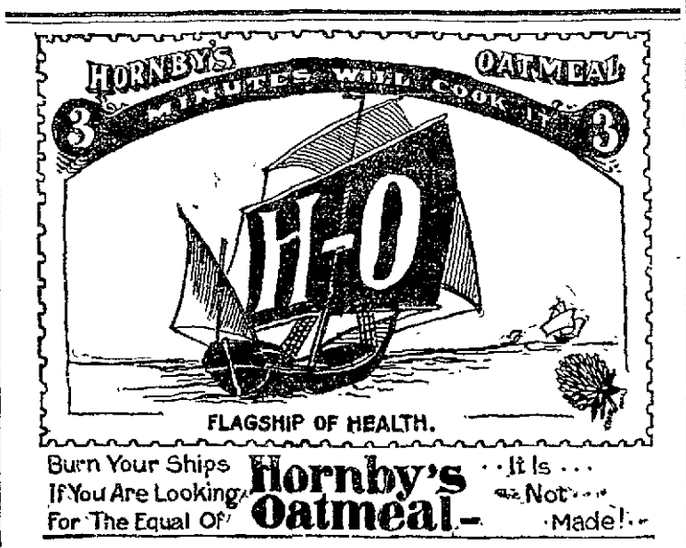
NEW BRITAIN, Conn., Feb 10.—Giacomo Pelegegre, a smallpox patient residing on Mill street, has escaped from the house and cannot be found. It is believed that he went in the direction of Middletown. His escape has created consternation, and a vigorous search is being made for him.

A Parisian Bank Muddle.

PARIS, Feb. 10.—Baron Soubeyran, ex-deputy director of the Banque d'Escompte, was arrested yesterday on charges connected with his management of the bank. The Bank of France demanded a judicial liquidation and the directors of the Banque d'Escompte resigned.

Chairman Wilson Is Sick.

CHICAGO, Feb. 10 — Chairman Wilson has tonsilitis. Mr. Wilson's physician strongly urged him to remain quiet for a few days, but he declared that the sooner he was in the warm climate the sooner he would recover, and continued on his journey to Mexico.



TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

The Indian school at Pine Ridge Agency was burned.

The Capen block, Spencer, Mass., was destroyed by fire.

John G. Sprague, architect and builder, New York, has assigned.

Hon. R. P. Kingman of Brockton, Mass., was stricken with paralysis.

The English coal strike cost the Midland railroad about $3,000,000.

It is rumored that Lord Rosebery, British foreign minister, wishes to resign.

Train wreckers succeeded in derailing several passenger coaches near Houston.

H. H. Judkins, proprietor of the Elmwood hotel, Waterville, Me., has assigned.

Superintendent Radel of the Bridgeport (Conn.) Traction company has no fears of a boycott.

The remarkable sagacity of a dog saved a Woburn (Mass.) family from being burned to death.

In a Republican caucus at Burlington, Vt., W. J. van Patten was unanimously chosen as candidate for the mayoralty.

New York banks lost $40,000,000 on the week's currency movement, due to payments for the new government bonds.

George Fife of South Norwalk, Conn., fell into a trough of scalding glue, and was so badly burned that serious results are feared.

There are evidences in parts of Boston that tramps are leaving signs for their comrades, designating houses where they receive or are refused assistance.

It developed in the Reading hearing that F. H. Prince & Co. of Boston got $186,000 in commissions on McLeod's Boston and Maine and New England deal.

It is stated that T. A. Mackinnon has been invited to accept the position of general manager of the Boston and Maine, and will give his decision in two weeks.

In a Tight Place.

LONDON, Feb. 10.—The Times in its official article says: It is announced that the Bank of Bombay is unable to lend any more money, and a squeeze is therefore in prospect.

Big Cut In Wages.

RICHMOND, Me., Feb. 10.—A reduction of wages, amounting in some cases to 25 per cent, was made in W. F. Morgan's shoe factory yesterday.

DROPPED DEAD.

Representative George W. Houk of Ohio Dies at the House of a Friend.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—Representative George W. Houk of Dayton, O., died suddenly, yesterday afternoon, of heart disease. He was apparently a man of robust condition and the news of his death came as an unexpected shock. He had attended to his congressional duties during the day, and was to all appearances in the full vigor of health.

Mr. Houk made a social call on Mrs. A. Reynolds and her sister at 127 Connecticut avenue, and at 4:30 o'clock went to the window in the parlor and looked out. At the window he stooped as if to pick up something from the carpet, and then fell forward on his face. Medical aid was summoned, but it was found that Mr. Houk's death was instantaneous.

Mr. Houk was born in Cumberland county, Pa., in 1825, but has lived in Ohio since two years of age. He was a lawyer and has been in politics since 1852, when he was elected to the Ohio legislature. He was elected to the Fifty-first and Fifty-second congresses as a Democrat

MORE ABOUT HAWAII.

The Surgeon General of the Islands Expresses His Views.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 10.—Professor W. D. Alexander, surgeon general of the Hawaiian Islands and special commissioner for the provisional government of the islands in this city, is about to return to Honolulu. He is visiting his son at Yale. In an interview he said:

"I regard President Cleveland's course as most extraordinary, but I, like other Democrats at the islands, believe that the president has been deceived and misled from the very start. Colonel Blount's investigation was badly managed. I do not think that Colonel Blount set out in the right way to gather information, and he certainly obtained only an ex parte result.

"As for Minister Stevens, the worst that can be said about him is that he was doubtless hasty in what he did. It will, however, be brought out that the British minister would have recognized the provisional government on the afternoon following the action of Minister Stevens, had not he (the British minister) learned of the annexation scheme that was on foot. The provisional government is established and it will remain."

A STAGE-STRUCK MAIDEN

Acts In a Manner Leading to the Belief That She Is Insane.

LYNN, Mass., Feb. 10.—Pauline McGowen, 18 years old, was removed to the police station last night, temporarily insane, apparently from the effects of being stage-struck During the performances yesterday afternoon and evening in the Music hall the girl walked down the aisle, over the footlights and went behind the wings. Three different times the police had to carry her home, when her parents ordered her removal to the police station.

When she arrived there she acted queerly and said she was going to marry one of the performers, Berby Norman, and had engaged a number of seats so that her friends could witness the ceremony. In her satchel she carried a revolver. She said she had been staying with Norman at the Anderson House. Her father thinks that perhaps she was drugged. She will be examined by physicians. The police are making a search for Norman.

Wool Men Are Hopeful.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10—The wool men, who are still about the Capitol in force, have not by any means given up the fight against the free wool schedule, and have some hope of being able to secure a change in the bill after it is reported to the senate, if not before.

Fell Four Stories.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 10.—Edward Fritz, 16 years old, fell from the fourth floor of a building on Temple street through an elevator well. He died a few minutes after he was picked up.

IT IS
The Talk of the Town
HOW QUICKLY
Pain Killer
Will Break Up a Cold.
A teaspoonful in a glass of water or milk, sweetened, taken just before going to bed, will break up a cold. Keep it by you.
Prepared only by
PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at the SUN office.

DEFEATED

French Troops Meet Reverses in the Soudan.

MANY SOLDIERS ARE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Some Are Literally Cut to Pieces by Natives.

PARIS, Feb. 10—Premier Casimir Perier admits that it is true that the French column was attacked by natives near Timbuctoo. The premier added that the French would not evacuate Timbuctoo and re-enforcements had already been forwarded to the French commander at that place.

The following facts of the disaster to the French column were given out last evening:

The Tuaregs, Captain Phillipe states, were armed with lances and knives, which they used with terrible effect. They made their first attack upon the leading portion of the French native column. It was so desperate and well sustained that the division was apparently cut to pieces.

The news of the disaster was brought to the second portion of the column, or rear guard, by Captain Nugett, a French officer, who, badly wounded in the head, managed to escape from the crowd of natives which assailed the advance guard.

Retreat Was Ordered.

The second division was encamped a few miles to the rear of the advance guard, which seems to have been surprised during the darkness of early morning. As soon as the rear guards' commander heard of the Tuaregs' ferocity he ordered a retreat upon Timbuctoo, leaving the unfortunate advance guard, which was commanded by Colonel Bonnier, to its fate.

The official report admits that at least nine French officers, including Colonel Bonnier, two European non-commissioned officers and 68 native soldiers were killed.

The unofficial reports, originating in rumors emanating from the minor employes of the war department and colonial office, say that the loss in killed and captured is at least 300.

The rear guard, after enduring considerable hardships and being badly pressed by the enemy, succeeded in regaining Timbuctoo, on Dec. 17, carrying with them a number of wounded. A number of men are said to have been either killed or left dying along the route.

Captain Phillipe sent out several scouting parties with instructions to see if there were any survivors left of the vanguard. These succeeded in finding a few survivors; but the men were in a pitiable condition, suffering fearfully from thirst and loss of blood.

Fighting Was Fierce.

These survivors told terrible tales of the desperate fighting which had taken place after the van-guard was surprised. The French native troops sprang to their arms, and encouraged by the example of their officers opened fire upon the enemy. But the Tuaregs were already within the French encampment and caused a panic, during which the efforts of the French officers to rally the native soldiers were entirely useless. The French officers are said to have fought most gallantly.

The scouting parties would have pushed onward, but the Tuaregs began closing around them, and eventually drove them back to Timbuctoo, following this up by assembling in large masses, preparatory to making a combined attack upon the city itself. Captain Phillipe, upon hearing this, gathered his entire force together and began the work of crowding up the enforcements.

The Tuaregs became aggressive and pushed up close to the French soldiers at work in the trenchments, and killed and wounded several. This caused Captain Phillipe to organize two small parties of picked soldiers to protect the men at work in the trenches. They made several spirited sallies on the Tuaregs, driving them backward and killing a number of them.

French Troops Exhausted.

But the French troops were badly harassed and became thoroughly exhausted with work day and night, and being compelled to be continually on the alert in order to be ready for some new attack. Especially at night time were the Tuaregs active and audacious, every night they killed or wounded several of the small garrison.

Opposed to an enemy estimated to number from 4000 to 10,000, the French only had 800 men, and this force was only supported by six small field pieces, the famed rapid fire gun, which proved so effective when used against the natives in the different parts of Africa, seems to have been missing.

But admirably commanded and encouraged by Captain Phillipe and the French officers, the native soldiers managed to hold out while awaiting the arrival of the relief column, commanded by Colonel Joffre. When Captain Phillipe was informed by native messengers that the Joffre column was on its way to relieve him he sent a messenger to Colonel Joffre to warn him that they were in danger of being attacked by the tribes. Captain Phillipe also sent a request to the governor of Soudan that the French flotilla on the Niger should not leave that district until the Joffre column had reached Timbuctoo

Captain Phillipe also reported that the population of Timbuctoo, estimated to number about 12,000 souls, principally negroes and some Moors, were favorable in their attitude toward the French, but were cowed by the Arabs, who make slaves of all prisoners who fall into their hands.

The news of the disaster to the Bonnier column has caused a decided sensation in Paris.

Ruined by Gambling.

LONDON, Feb. 10.—A Vienna dispatch to the Daily News says: An officer of the general staff has been arrested charged with the grave crime of forging checks to the amount of 20,000 florins The officer belongs to a high family, but he was a persistent gambler.

Wayne MacVeagh In Paris.

LONDON, Feb. 10.—Wayne MacVeagh, the newly appointed United States ambassador to Italy, visited the United States embassy yesterday. He went to Paris last night. He will not take up his duties at Rome until about March 1.

Twenty-Five Years a Soldier.

POTSDAM, Feb. 10.—Emperor William celebrated the 25th anniversary of his entry into the foot-guards. After reviewing the guards the emperor dined with the officers.

JOHN W. McEVOY,
81 Central St., Opp. American House,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

T. M. BOLTON,
139 Market Street, Gates' Block,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Fine Repairing at the Lowest Rates

From April 1, 1893, every package will contain a cake of pure Olive Oil Toilet Soap.

I use Ivorine in preference to all other WASHING POWDERS. Have not been troubled with "chapped hands" since I began using it. MRS. T. H. ELDRIDGE, Norwich, Ct.

Ivorine
WASHING POWDER
The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.
For 50 years makers of Yankee Shaving Soap.

Clorsonné Enamel Painting.
A new and attractive process for the artistic decoration of Terra Cotta, Plaques, Vases, Trays &c.
A FULL LINE OF
Artists' Materials,
And every requisite for Water, Oil China, Velvet, and Tapestry, Painting. Free lessons in Clorsonne Enamel Painting. For particulars enquire at
C. B. Coburn & Co.'s
35-41 Market Street.

PARLOR STOVES
AND
RANGES.
We have them in a large variety of patterns and prices
FROM $3 TO $45.
Cash or Instalments. We take your old stove in part payment for a new one.
Don't buy a Range till you have seen our
New Century.
The Handsomest and Best.
A complete line of Furniture, Carpets, etc., always on hand.
For the Latest Designs.
For the Best Goods.
For the Lowest Prices.
For the Easiest Terms, go to
A. E. O'HEIR & CO.
Office: 10 and 12 Merrimack Street
(Opposite Post Office.)
N. B.—Auction Sales conducted in all parts of the city or state.

WM. F. COURTNEY,
13 and 14 Mansur Block
Attorney at Law.

CHARLES H. FROST,
78 Central Street
Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
Musical Instruments, Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, Ammunition, Fire-arms, etc. Fine Watch epairing.

J. M. KINGSBURY,
No. 97 Bridge Street,
Meats and Provisions.
(Successor to Stront & Kingsbury.)

JAMES F. CORBETT,
Room 12, Post Office Block,
Counsellor at Law.
Take the Elevator.

JAMES H. CARMICHAEL,
No. 51 Central Street,
Counsellor at Law and Notary Public

LOTHROP & CUNNINGHAM,
112 Merrimack Street,
Photographers,
Crayons, Pastels and Water Colors a specialty. All work Guaranteed.

BOOT'S CIGAR STORE,
No. 7 Merrimack Street.
Finest Line of Pipes in the City.

WANT COLUMN

☞ Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

WANTED—Agents to take orders by sample; we will pay expense and salary or allow liberal commission. Samples sent on application. Address Lock Box 125, New York City.

FOUND—A gentleman's gold chain in the vicinity of St. Joseph's church Tuesday at 6 30 a. m. Call at McDonald's, 20 Boott Corp.

PANTS PRESSED—10 cts. per pair at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

WE MEND—Stockings, underclothing, repair, sponge and press gentlemen's clothing. Try us. Baldwin's mending establishment, 494 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

LOST—A gentleman's watch chain. Reward at 202 South street. Wm. Boyle.

$10 REWARD—Lost 2 Irish setters, answer to the name of Robin and Sparrow. One has white spot on forehead and white hind feet, the other a white spot on forehead. Return to 8 and 10 Dummer street.

PANTS PRESSED—10c. per pair at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street.

WANTED—Everybody to know the cheapest place to have clothing repaired is at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE—One of the best bargains in a farm ever offered. 200 acres of good land, two large barns, good house, large sheds, cuts 55 tons of hay, 1200 sugar trees, wood and timber enough to more than pay for the place, with good market for wood and timber. Price, $1200. G. L. Hubbard, Merrimack street.

TO LET—A flat of six rooms and bath on Westford st. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runels building, cor. Merrimack and Bridge st.

LOST—A small black and tan dog in the vicinity of Jackson street. Reward at 19 Hamilton corporation.

IF YOU WANT to make an old suit or overcoat look new, have it cleansed and repaired by Thomas Daley, 41 Tilden street. Send postal and I will call for your goods.

TO LET—Tenements in good location. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runel's building.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, two tenement house with large lot of land, this is a bargain and near the mills. Price, $2600. G. L. Hubbard, Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $25 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

LOT OF LAND—Foster street, 75x100 feet. Lies midway between Middlesex and Westford streets. Geo. D. Kimball, room 6 Runels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—On the Boulevard, 20 good house lots on easy terms, $10 down and $5 a month. Price of lots $100 G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2200. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

COTTAGE HOUSE—In Pawtucketville, 7 rooms conveniently arranged Stable connection; 7500 feet of land, fruit trees in prime condition Price $2200. Geo D. Kimball, room 6 Runels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—In Ward Four, cottage house, good lot of land. Price $1000. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A cottage of 7 rooms, near Moore street, corner lot house, in good repair throughout, a bargain at price $1000. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, concreted cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1900. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—Near Hoolt mills, cottage house of 7 rooms; this is a bargain and on easy terms. Price, $1600. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street, Courier building.

FOR SALE—At Middlesex Village, a neat cottage of 7 rooms in good repair, city water, cemented cellar, fine location, 4249 square feet of land, well fenced. Price $1900. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

CLAIRVOYANT

And Magnetic Healer. Go and consult Dr. Morris, the celebrated clairvoyant. His predictions never fail. He gives reliable advice on all matters, business changes, journeys, speculations with secret undertakings. Friends, enemies, marriages, divorces, lost friends, fortune dates, lucky numbers and all family affairs. The future plainly revealed. Lovers united, troubles healed. Those in trouble should not fail to call on him at once. He can be found at 58 Church street. Consultation hours, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Office Supervising Architect, Washington, D. C. January 31, 1894.—Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 2 o'clock p. m. on the 21st day of February, 1894, and opened immediately thereafter, for all the labor and materials required to put in place complete all the plumbing and gas piping for the U. S. Post Office building at Lowell, Mass., in accordance with the drawings and specification, copies of which may be had at this office or the office of the superintendent at Lowell, Mass. Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for a sum not less than 2 per cent of the amount of the proposal. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids and to waive any defect or informality in any bid, if it be deemed in the interest of the government to do so. All proposals received after the time stated will be returned to the bidders. Proposals must be enclosed in envelopes, sealed and marked, "Proposal for plumbing and gas piping for the U. S. Post Office building at Lowell, Mass.," and addressed to, JERREMIAH O'ROURKE, Supervising Architect.

All Honor to the Board of Health,
For they have succeeded beyond a doubt in stamping out that horrid disease, smallpox. We cannot be too thankful to them for having done it so promptly. But now another monster of disease—and some dread it as much as smallpox,—typhoid fever, is amongst us, but let us be guided strictly by the rules of the board of health, and I am sure we shall in a great measure escape it. Water is said to be the cause of it. If that is so, the remedy is easy: don't take it raw—cook it; that is, boil it and you are safe. But water is thin, very thin, and if you drink too much of it, it will make you thin, and consequently make you more susceptible to disease. Now, milk is different, there is nothing more nourishing to the body than milk Every doctor will tell you that Now during this very changeable weather it is next to impossible to avoid getting cold, and the wisest men, physicians included, cannot tell what may be the outcome of a cold. It may develop into any one of the diseases which human flesh is heir to—it may turn to typhoid fever, we cannot tell. Now, a patient suffering from typhoid fever cannot eat, but suffers from an unquenchable thirst. The doctor will invariably order the patient milk with a little whiskey to sustain the wasting body. This, in the opinion of some doctors, is even more beneficial than anything else Now, if these remedies are good in case of the fever, they should be equally good as a preventive. A word to the wise is sufficient.

You can get pure whiskey for 75c per bottle, large size, or 3 bottles for $2.00, equal to that which others ask $1 25 per bottle. Wine, port or sherry, best California, 75 cents per bottle or 3 bottles for $1.00, by sending an order by mail to

JOHN WARBURTON,
Globe Hotel, City.

Now is the Time to Save Your Money.
And deposit it in the Savings Bank, where it will be safe and draw interest at 4 per cent.
Never put off until tomorrow what can be done today.
WASHINGTON
SAVINGS INSTITUTION,
147 Central and 4 Gorham Sts.
Open daily 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Saturday evening 7 to 9

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE® NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

SUSPENSE

Rests Heavily on the Industrial Interests.

STOCK OF MANUFACTURED GOODS NOW EXHAUSTED.

Increased Demand For Goods Generally Felt.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

Improvement in business still appears in many directions, but it seems to be in part balanced by loss in others. The gradual gain which began some time ago, and was strengthened a little by the success of the treasury loan, has scarcely answered expectations. Doubtless the uncertainty remains with the tariff bill yet in the senate, and currency measures of importance pending in the house has some hindering influence, but there is still seen an increase in the demand for many kinds of goods, because of the exhaustion of stock in the hands of dealers by a consumption which, though less than usual, is nevertheless greater than in any other country.

Crop reports were expected to cause a great advance in wheat, but the price has dropped to 63 1-8 cents cash, the lowest point ever known in this market, and both here and at Chicago May wheat has gone lower than ever.

Hog products and coffee were substantially unchanged.

Cotton rose 1-16 in spite of visible stocks exceeding half the world's consumption for a year, and a decrease of 20 per cent compared with last year in takings of northern spinners. Speculative forces on either side, rather than the facts of supply and demand, govern at present.

Decline In Exchanges.

The volume of domestic trade does not materially increase, exchanges indicating a decline compared with last year of 19.5 per cent elsewhere, and 34.9 per cent at New York.

The decrease in shipments of boots and shoes from Boston for the week was only 14 per cent, but trading runs so largely to low-priced goods that in value the decrease in business is greater.

Textile manufactures are gaining a little. Inquiry discloses larger stocks of cotton goods held by dealers than was supposed, and quite a large proportion of mills are likely to close before long, unless orders increase, but the number reported starting is again several times the number reported closing.

Sales of wool were decidedly larger last week, 5,773,040 pounds, against 9,855,750 last year, and the markets were all more active, but this week are comparatively quiet.

Democrats Asked to Chip In.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 10.—The Democratic state central committee has issued a letter to the Democrats of the state calling for subscriptions to the election fund. It requests all office holders, both state and national, to contribute according to their salaries, and fixes the amounts they are expected to give. The letter is vigorously denounced by leading Democratic papers.

Shortening Hours of Labor.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Feb. 10.—Time in the Stark mills, beginning next Monday, will be reduced to eight hours a day and five days a week. Notices were posted in the Manchester mills that a similar reduction in time would be made in the worsted departments. The Jefferson mill, on the other hand, is working until 10 o'clock at night, to catch up with orders.

Famous Confederate Dead.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 10.—General Lucien B. Northop, commissioner general of the confederate states of America, died at Pikesville, yesterday, aged 83 years. Before and during the war he was a close friend of Jefferson Davis. Colonel Northop served in the United States army and had been an inmate of the Confederate Soldiers' home about a year.

Reed Spoke at Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 10.—A mass meeting in the interests of Galusha E. Grow, Republican candidate for congressman-at-large, was held last night at the Academy of Music. Thomas B. Reed was the principal speaker. Mr. Reed's remarks were directed entirely to the question of protection and the criticism of the present administration.

Away Ahead of Ives.

BOSTON, Feb. 10.—Billiardist Schaefer showed a pace last night that was altogether too fast for "Napoleon" Ives, beating him 600 to 402, and incidentally beating all records for the 14-inch balk line game, another barred, rolling up the total of 271 in a single inning. One previous record, 203, was made by Ives at Chicago.

Hard at Work.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The Democratic sub-committee engaged in shaping the tariff bill continued its work from early morn till late last night. Senator Voorhees is hopeful the bill may be completed by the latter part of next week.

Bank Clerks in Queer Business.

MARSEILLES, Feb. 10.—A gang of men engaged in the counterfeiting of coin has been arrested in this city. The prisoners include Tauzet, the chief clerk of a branch of the Credit Lyonnais, and Didier, his assistant.

Trotters Easily Beaten.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Feb. 10.—In a 10-mile race against five trotters here, Jack Prince, champion short distance bicyclist, easily beat the horses. Time 31:07. The race was for $250 a side and gate receipts.

Relieved of His Purse.

NEWPORT, R. I., Feb. 10.—Deputy Sheriff Knull was robbed of $350 on a New York boat by a chance acquaintance. A man was arrested on suspicion, but the money was not recovered.

Women Must Wait.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The house committee on judiciary has rejected the bill by Representative Bill of Colorado for a constitutional amendment permitting woman suffrage.

Postoffice Safe Cracked.

NORFOLK, Feb. 10.—The postoffice at Newport News was robbed last night. The safe was cracked and $250 in money and $1000 in stamps stolen.

All Quiet at Honolulu.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 10.—The schooner Aloha arrived from Honolulu last night. She left Honolulu Jan. 23, and reports everything quiet.

Instantly Killed.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Feb. 10.—An unknown man, aged 60, was run over and instantly killed by an express train just east of this city.

Good!

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The gold reserve of $100,000,000 is once more practically intact. There was a gain yesterday of $9,372,514.

ALMOST BEYOND BELIEF.

Humane Society Agents of Pittsburg Make a Terrible Discovery.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 10.—A complaint had been entered that the family of Humphrey Morris, a miner in Bullskin township, were in a terrible state of dirt and destitution. Agents of the humane society found the family of five children huddled about the stove. They were almost naked, while the mother was standing in the center of the room perfectly nude.

The hut contained two rooms. A miserable bedstead stood in one corner, and there was a couch made of rails, straw was laid over the slats, and there the family slept without covers. All the family were black with dirt and reeking with vermin. The mother is an imbecile, and all the children, except the oldest girl, aged 12, are little better.

On the stove was an old powder can, in which some old rags were boiling, but which is also used to do the family cooking.

Morris is in the employ of the Mayer Coke company. He has been employed there for 10 years. He never drinks, is industrious, and makes $1.75 a day, never missing a day. He buys a great many groceries, such as flour, beans and barley. Twice a week he buys meat.

Morris said they used four sacks of flour a week. The entire four sacks are made into flannel cakes, which are baked on the lid of the stove, and this diet, three times a day, varied occasionally by some barley or beans, or a little fresh meat, is all they ever eat. Morris said they never had butter; they never wanted anything, he said.

Morris said his wife was an inmate of the Fayette county asylum when he married her. He said he did not dare to tell her to clean things up as she would threaten to cut the throats of the entire family. When he got her clothes she destroyed them. He said they were perfectly happy and only wanted to be let alone.

None of the children had ever been to school. The man was born and raised in Fayette City. None of the children knew what a church was.

IN CONGRESS.

Salaries of Congressmen Incidentally Touched Upon by the House.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—After the call of committees for reports in the house Mr. Bland moved to take up the consideration of his silver seigniorage bill in committee of the whole. The motion was agreed to and he concluded his speech.

Mr. Bland was frequently interrupted by questions from the members who surrounded him, and the close of his speech was marked by applause from his sympathizers.

He was followed by Mr. Stone, who antagonized the bill.

Mr. McKeighan supported the bill.

Mr. Harter spoke in opposition to the bill. In lieu of Mr. Bland's plan for tiding the government over its present financial distress, he advocated the practice of more rigid economy, and also suggested that the salaries of all government officers, including members of congress, receiving over $2500 per annum, be lowered by 25 per cent.

Mr. Walker said that congressmen did not get half enough now. They did three times as much work in comparison with their salaries as any other class of men.

Mr. Harter favored a tax of 1 cent a pound on sugar, an increase of 30 cents in the tax on spirits and a heavy tax on beer.

Mr. Kilgore advocated the bill.

The committee soon rose, and the house adjourned.

Cyclone Strikes an Indiana Town.

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind., Feb. 10.—A cyclone struck this city yesterday afternoon. It swept through a lumber yard, carrying everything before it, and then passed over the Monon and Michigan Central yards, where it carried five freight cars from the track and wrecked them.

Cutting Down Expenses.

BUFFALO, Feb. 10.—As a result of a conference between officials of the New York Central railroad, a large corps of employes have been laid off temporarily here. Running expenses have thereby been cut down $1000 a month at this point.

A Fine Piece of Work.

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 10.—Work has been commenced on the erection of the great statue of Hidalgo de la Independencia which will grace the third court of honor of the famous Paseo de la Reforma. The monument will cost $400,000.

Witness Weeden Fainted.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Feb. 10.—The inquest on the death of the three boys killed at the sleighing accident at Brownall street crossing on Jan. 21 was begun yesterday. The 23 witnesses declared that there was no signal from the crossing gong or the engine whistle. Colonel Borden, father of one of the boys who was killed, created consternation when Electrician Weeden was testifying by pointing to the witness and saying: "There's the man who caused the deaths." Weeden tried to go on with his testimony, but fainted and fell from the stand.

Suicide by Shooting.

WINCHESTER, N. H., Feb. 10.—A. Willard Humphreys, of the Sterling Iron works company of Brooklyn, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head in a room at the Winchester House. In May last he came here and attempted suicide by taking morphine. He formerly lived here. He was 55 years of age and leaves a widow and one son, a tutor at Princeton college. Despondency is supposed to be the cause of his suicide.

Dwiggins' Diplomatic Move.

CHICAGO, Feb. 10.—Officers of Fowler, Ind., were surprised when they attempted to arrest Zimri Dwiggins, to be informed by that gentleman that he had been to Fowler, surrendered himself and was out on bail. They were shown proof of Dwiggins' assertion. The ex-banker is wanted for alleged irregularities connected with the failure of a bank.

TWO SHIPS

Represent United States in Atlantic Squadron.

THE LOSS OF THE HISTORIC KEARSAGE

Brings to Mind Other Naval Disasters.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The navy department has word from Lieutenant Brainard that he sailed yesterday morning from Colon with the City of Para for the relief of the shipwrecked crew of the Kearsarge. It is about a day's trip—250 miles—from Colon to Roncador reef. It is expected, therefore, that the Kearsarge crew will be safely and comfortably on board some time today, and will be back in Colon on Sunday. It is expected that they will come to New York on the City of Para when she starts on her regular trip.

The North Atlantic squadron, of which the Kearsarge was the flagship, is now reduced to the Miantonomoh and the Vesuvius. This depleted condition is due to the large force ordered to Rio and the absence of other vessels which are on their way to the Pacific to take part in the Behring sea patrol.

Previous Disasters.

The last naval disaster suffered by the United States was the loss of the Dispatch off Assateague shoals, Virginia, Oct. 10, 1801.

No lives were lost at that time. In fact the United States has been notably free of disasters involving great loss of life compared with other navies of the world. The Huron went to pieces off Oregon inlet, North Carolina, during a terrible hurricane, Nov. 24, 1877, and 104 lives were lost.

The most notable disaster in which our ships have been involved was the hurricane at Samoa in which the Trenton, Vandalia and Nipsic were wrecked and 145 lives in all lost.

This included the loss from all vessels at Apia. The disaster occurred March 15, 1889, and three German ships also were lost. On Feb. 19, 1883, the Ashuelot went ashore on a rock off the coast of China and 11 men were lost.

It is expected that the loss of the Kearsarge will result in the placing of a light on Roncador bank, a result the United States navy department has earnestly sought to bring about for several years, but without result, owing to the wish of this government that other nations bear a share in the expense.

A LONE ROBBER

Takes a Money Box From an Express Train and Makes His Escape.

CARSON, Nev., Feb. 10.—About 7 o'clock last evening, when the Virginia and Truckee mail train was a mile out of town, the express car was smashed in, and the box containg money to pay wages to section hands along the road was demanded of Jack Page, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express messenger, at the muzzle of a shotgun.

The train moved slowly going out of town, and the robber got aboard the train when it was nearing the outskirts, getting between the mail and express cars. When about a mile out of town the rear door of the express car was suddenly smashed in and a man with a shotgun demanded the tin box of money. The robber then pulled the bell cord, giving the engineer the signal to stop the train, which was done. After securing the box the robber jumped from the train and started toward the town. The box did not contain much over $1000.

Triple Lynching in Arkansas.

LITTLE ROCK, Feb. 10.—A special from Conway says: Meager details of a triple lynching have been received from Van Buren county. It took place in what is known as the Gulch. Henry Bruce and Bob and Charlie Plunkett were the victims. It is said the three men had killed and robbed an old couple, and for this crime they were lynched.

Iron Company Goes Under.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 10.—Judge Butler has appointed Logan M. Bullitt receiver of the Signa Iron company. The company was incorporated in West Virginia, but its principal business was carried on in Pennsylvania. The authorized capital stock was said to be $5,000,000. The liabilities are heavy.

Over $100,000 Stolen.

WATKINS, N. Y., Feb. 10.—The First National bank closed yesterday by order of the comptroller of the currency. A hasty examination shows that there is less than $5000 in cash in the bank. Further quick running over books indicates a shortage of upward of $100,000. Cashier Love has skipped.

May Spread the Disease.

NEW BRITAIN, Conn., Feb. 10.—Giacomo Pelegegre, a smallpox patient residing on Mill street, has escaped from the house and cannot be found. It is believed that he went in the direction of Middletown. His escape has created consternation, and a vigorous search is being made for him.

A Parisian Bank Muddle.

PARIS, Feb. 10.—Baron Soubeyran, ex-deputy director of the Banque d'Escompte, was arrested yesterday on charges connected with his management of the bank. The Bank of France demanded a judicial liquidation and the directors of the Banque d'Escompte resigned.

Chairman Wilson Is Sick.

CHICAGO, Feb. 10. — Chairman Wilson has tonsilitis. Dr. Wilson's physician strongly urged him to remain quiet for a few days, but he declared that the sooner he was in the warm climate the sooner he would recover, and continued on his journey to Mexico.

Burn Your Ships If You Are Looking For The Equal Of Hornby's Oatmeal. It Is Not Made!

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

The Indian school at Pine Ridge Agency was burned.

The Capen block, Spencer, Mass., was destroyed by fire.

John G. Sprague, architect and builder, New York, has assigned.

Hon. R. P. Kingman of Brockton, Mass., was stricken with paralysis.

The English coal strike cost the Midland railroad about $3,000,000.

It is rumored that Lord Rosebery, British foreign minister, wishes to resign.

Train wreckers succeeded in derailing several passenger coaches near Houston.

H. H. Judkins, proprietor of the Elmwood hotel, Waterville, Me., has assigned.

Superintendent Radel of the Bridgeport (Conn.) Traction company has no fears of a boycott.

The remarkable sagacity of a dog saved a Woburn (Mass.) family from being burned to death.

In a Republican caucus at Burlington, Vt., W. J. van Patten was unanimously chosen as candidate for the mayoralty.

New York banks lost $40,000,000 on the week's currency movement, due to payments for the new government bonds.

George Fife of South Norwalk, Conn., fell into a trough of scalding glue, and was so badly burned that serious results are feared.

There are evidences in parts of Boston that tramps are leaving signs for their comrades, designating houses where they receive or are refused assistance.

It developed in the Reading hearing that F. H. Prince & Co. of Boston got $190,000 in commissions on McLeod's Boston and Maine and New England deal.

It is stated that T. A. Mackinnon has been invited to accept the position of general manager of the Boston and Maine, and will give his decision in two weeks.

In a Tight Place.

LONDON, Feb. 10.—The Times in its official article says: It is announced that the Bank of Bombay is unable to lend any more money, and a squeeze is therefore in prospect.

Big Cut In Wages.

RICHMOND, Me., Feb. 10.—A reduction of wages, amounting in some cases to 25 per cent, was made in W. F. Morgan's shoe factory yesterday.

DROPPED DEAD.

Representative George W. Houk of Ohio Dies at the House of a Friend.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—Representative George W. Houk of Dayton, O., died suddenly, yesterday afternoon, of heart disease. He was apparently a man of robust condition and the news of his death came as an unexpected shock. He had attended to his congressional duties during the day, and was to all appearances in the full vigor of health.

Mr. Houk made a social call on Mrs. A. Reynolds and her sister at 127 Connecticut avenue, and at 4:30 o'clock went to the window in the parlor and looked out. At the window he stooped as if to pick up something from the carpet, and then fell forward on his face. Medical aid was summoned, but it was found that Mr. Houk's death was instantaneous.

Mr. Houk was born in Cumberland county, Pa., in 1825, but has lived in Ohio since two years of age. He was a lawyer and has been in politics since 1852, when he was elected to the Ohio legislature. He was elected to the Fifty-first and Fifty-second congresses as a Democrat.

MORE ABOUT HAWAII.

The Surgeon General of the Islands Expresses His Views.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 10.—Professor W. D. Alexander, surgeon general of the Hawaiian Islands and special commissioner for the provisional government of the islands in this city, is about to return to Honolulu. He is visiting his son at Yale. In an interview he said:

"I regard President Cleveland's course as most extraordinary, but I, like other Democrats at the islands, believe that the president has been deceived and misled from the very start. Colonel Blount's investigation was badly managed. I do not think that Colonel Blount set out in the right way to gather information, and he certainly obtained only an ex parte result.

"As for Minister Stevens, the worst that can be said about him is that he was doubtless hasty in what he did. It will, however, be brought out that the British minister would have recognized the provisional government on the afternoon following the action of Minister Stevens, had not he (the British minister) learned of the annexation scheme that was on foot. The provisional government is established and it will remain."

A STAGE-STRUCK MAIDEN

Acts In a Manner Leading to the Belief That She Is Insane.

LYNN, Mass., Feb. 10.—Pauline McGowen, 18 years old, was removed to the police station last night, temporarily insane, apparently from the effects of being stage-struck. During the performances yesterday afternoon and evening in the Music hall the girl walked down the aisle, over the footlights and went behind the wings. Three different times the police had to carry her home, when her parents ordered her removal to the police station.

When she arrived there she acted queerly and said she was going to marry one of the performers, Berby Norman, and had engaged a number of seats so that her friends could witness the ceremony. In her satchel she carried a revolver. She said she had been staying with Norman at the Anderson House. Her father thinks that perhaps she was drugged. She will be examined by physicians. The police are making a search for Norman.

Wool Men Are Hopeful.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The wool men, who are still about the Capitol in force, have not by any means given up the fight against the free wool schedule, and have some hope of being able to secure a change in the bill after it is reported to the senate, if not before.

Fell Four Stories.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 10.—Edward Fritz, 16 years old, fell from the fourth floor of a building on Temple street through an elevator well. He died a few minutes after he was picked up.

IT IS The Talk of the Town HOW QUICKLY Pain Killer Will Break Up a Cold.

A teaspoonful in a glass of water or milk, sweetened, taken just before going to bed, will break up a cold. Keep it by you.

Prepared only by PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at the SUN office.

DEFEATED

French Troops Meet Reverses in the Soudan.

MANY SOLDIERS ARE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Some Are Literally Cut to Pieces by Natives.

PARIS, Feb. 10.—Premier Casimir Perier admits that it is true that the French column was attacked by natives near Timbuctoo. The premier added that the French would not evacuate Timbuctoo and re-enforcements had already been forwarded to the French commander at that place.

The following facts of the disaster to the French column were given out last evening:

The Tuaregs, Captain Phillipe states, were armed with lances and knives, which they used with terrible effect. They made their first attack upon the leading portion of the French native column. It was so desperate and well sustained that the division was apparently cut to pieces.

The news of the disaster was brought to the second portion of the column, or rear guard, by Captain Nugeet, a French officer, who, badly wounded in the head, managed to escape from the crowd of natives which assailed the advance guard.

Retreat Was Ordered.

The second division was encamped a few miles to the rear of the advance guard, which seems to have been surprised during the darkness of early morning. As soon as the rear guards' commander heard of the Tuaregs' ferocity he ordered a retreat upon Timbuctoo, leaving the unfortunate advance guard, which was commanded by Colonel Bonnier, to its fate.

The official report admits that at least nine French officers, including Colonel Bonnier, two European non-commissioned officers and 68 native soldiers were killed.

The unofficial reports, originating in rumors emanating from the minor employes of the war department and colonial office, say that the loss in killed and captured is at least 300.

The rear guard, after enduring considerable hardships and being badly pressed by the enemy, succeeded in regaining Timbuctoo, on Dec. 17, carrying with them a number of wounded. A number of men are said to have been either killed or left dying along the route.

Captain Phillipe sent out several scouting parties with instructions to see if there were any survivors left of the vanguard. These succeeded in finding a few survivors; but the men were in a pitiable condition, suffering fearfully from thirst and loss of blood.

Fighting Was Fierce.

These survivors told terrible tales of the desperate fighting which had taken place after the van-guard was surprised. The French native troops sprang to their arms, and encouraged by the example of their officers opened fire upon the enemy. But the Tuaregs were already within the French encampment and caused a panic, during which the efforts of the French officers to rally the native soldiers were entirely useless. The French officers are said to have fought most gallantly.

The scouting parties would have pushed onward, but the Tuaregs began closing around them, and eventually drove them back to Timbuctoo, following this up by assembling in large masses, preparatory to making a combined attack upon the city itself. Captain Phillipe, upon hearing this, gathered his entire force together and began the work of crowding up the enforcements.

The Tuaregs became aggressive and pushed up close to the French soldiers at work in the trenchments, and killed and wounded several. This caused Captain Phillipe to organize two small parties of picked soldiers to protect the men at work in the trenches. They made several spirited sallies on the Tuaregs, driving them backward and killing a number of them.

French Troops Exhausted.

But the French troops were badly harassed and became thoroughly exhausted with work day and night, and being compelled to be continually on the alert in order to be ready for some new attack. Especially at night time were the Tuaregs active and audacious, every night they killed or wounded several of the small garrison.

Opposed to an enemy estimated to number from 4000 to 10,000, the French only had 800 men, and this force was only supported by six small field pieces, the famed rapid fire gun, which proved so effective when used against the natives in the different parts of Africa, seems to have been missing.

But admirably commanded and encouraged by Captain Phillipe and the French officers, the native soldiers managed to hold out while awaiting the arrival of the relief column, commanded by Colonel Joffre. When Captain Phillipe was informed by native messengers that the Joffre column was on its way to relieve him he sent a messenger to Colonel Joffre to warn him that they were in danger of being attacked by the tribes. Captain Phillipe also sent a request to the governor of Soudan that the French flotilla on the Niger should not leave that district until the Joffre column had reached Timbuctoo.

Captain Phillipe also reported that the population of Timbuctoo, estimated to number about 12,000 souls, principally negroes and some Moors, were favorable in their attitude toward the French, but were cowed by the Arabs, who make slaves of all prisoners who fall into their hands.

The news of the disaster to the Bonnier column has caused a decided sensation in Paris.

Ruined by Gambling.

LONDON, Feb. 10.—A Vienna dispatch to the Daily News says: An officer of the general staff has been arrested charged with the grave crime of forging checks to the amount of 20,000 florins. The officer belongs to a high family, but he was a persistent gambler.

Wayne MacVeagh In Paris.

LONDON, Feb. 10.—Wayne MacVeagh, the newly appointed United States ambassador to Italy, visited the United States embassy yesterday. He went to Paris last night. He will not take up his duties at Rome until about March 1.

Twenty-Five Years a Soldier.

POTSDAM, Feb. 10.—Emperor William celebrated the 25th anniversary of his entry into the foot-guards. After reviewing the guards the emperor dined with the officers.

JOHN W. McEVOY, 81 Central St., Opp. American House, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

T. M. BOLTON, 130 Market Street, Gates' Block, Saddle and Harness Maker, Fine Repairing at the Lowest Rates

From April 1, 1893, every package will contain a cake of pure Olive Oil Toilet Soap.

I use Ivorine in preference to all other WASHING POWDERS. Have not been troubled with "chapped hands" since I began using it. MRS. T. H. ELDREDGE, Norwich, Ct.

Ivorine WASHING POWDER

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct. For 50 years makers of Yankee Shaving Soap.

Clorsonne Enamel Painting.

A new and attractive process for the artistic decoration of Terra Cotta, Plaques, Vases, Trays &c.

A FULL LINE OF Artists' Materials,

And every requisite for Water, Oil China, Velvet, and Tapestry, Painting. Free lessons in Clorsonne Enamel Painting. For particulars enquire at

C. B. Coburn & Co.'s 35-41 Market Street.

PARLOR STOVES AND RANGES.

We have them in a large variety of patterns and prices

FROM $3 TO $45.

Cash or Instalments. We take your old stove in part payment for a new one.

Don't buy a Range till you have seen our

New Century.

The Handsomest and Best.

A complete line of Furniture, Carpets, etc., always on hand.

For the Latest Designs.
For the Best Goods.
For the Lowest Prices.
For the Easiest Terms, go to

A. E. O'HEIR & CO.

Office: 10 and 12 Merrimack Street.

N. B.—Auction Sales conducted in all parts of the city or state.

WM. F. COURTNEY, 13 and 14 Masonic Block, Attorney at Law.

CHARLES H. FROST, 78 Central Street, Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, Ammunition, Fire-arms, etc. Fine Watch repairing.

J. M. KINGSBURY, No. 97 Bridge Street, Meats and Provisions. (Successor to Stone & Kingsbury.)

JAMES F. CORBETT, Room 12, Post Office Block, Counsellor at Law. Take the Elevator.

JAMES H. CARMICHAEL, No. 51 Central Street, Counsellor at Law and Notary Public

LOTHROP & CUNNINGHAM, 112 Merrimack Street, Photographers, Crayons, Pastels and Water Colors a specialty. All work Guaranteed.

BOOT'S CIGAR STORE, No. 7 Merrimack Street. Finest Line of Pipes in the City.

WANT COLUMN

Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

WANTED—Agents to take orders by sample; we will pay expense and salary or allow liberal commission. Samples sent on application. Address Lock Box 126, New York City.

FOUND—A gentleman's gold chain in the vicinity of St. Joseph's church Tuesday at 5.30 a. m. Call at McDonald's, 20 Boott Corp.

PANTS PRESSED—10 cts. per pair at Baldwin's, 491 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

WE MEND—Stockings, underclothing, repair, sponge and press gentlemen's clothing. Try us. Baldwin's mending establishment, 491 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

LOST—A gentleman's watch chain. Reward at 202 South street. Wm. Boyle.

$10 REWARD—Lost 2 Irish setters, answer up to the name of Robin and Sparrow. One has white spot on forehead and white hind feet, the other a white spot on forehead. Return to 8 and 10 Hummer street.

PANTS PRESSED—10c. per pair at Baldwin's, 491 Merrimack street.

WANTED—Everybody to know the cheapest place to have clothing repaired is at Baldwin's, 491 Merrimack, street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE—One of the best bargains in a farm ever offered. 200 acres of good land, two large barns, good house, large sheds; cuts 55 tons of hay, 1200 sugar trees, wood and timber enough to more than pay for the place, with good market for wood and timber. Price, $1200. G. L. Hubbard, Merrimack street.

TO LET—A flat of six rooms and bath on Westford st. G. D. Kimball, 6 Hunels building, cor. Merrimack and Bridge st.

LOST—A small black and tan dog in the vicinity of Jackson street. Reward at 19 Hamilton corporation.

IF YOU WANT to make an old suit or overcoat look new, have it cleansed and repaired by Thomas Daley, 41 Tilden street. Send postal and I will call for your goods.

TO LET—Tenements in good location. G. D. Kimball, 6 Hunel's building.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, two tenement house with large lot of land, this is a bargain and near the mills. Price, $2600. G. L. Hubbard, Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A 4-tenement block, Store in one, rents for $28 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

LOT OF LAND—Foster street, 75x100 feet. Lies midway between Middlesex and Westford streets. Geo. D. Kimball, room 6 Hunels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—On the Boulevard, 20 good house lots on easy terms, $10 down and $5 a month. Price of lots $100. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2200. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

COTTAGE HOUSE—In Pawtucketville, 7 rooms conveniently arranged. Stable connection; 7500 feet of land; fruit trees in prime condition. Price $2200. Geo. D. Kimball, room 6 Hunels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—In Ward Four, cottage house, good lot of land. Price $1000. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A cottage of 7 rooms, near Moore street, corner lot house, in good repair throughout, a bargain at price $1000. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1900. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—Near Hoadley mills, cottage house of 7 rooms; this is a bargain and on easy terms. Price, $1600. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street, Courier building.

FOR SALE—At Middlesex Village, a neat cottage of 7 rooms in good repair, city water, cemented cellar, fine location, 4240 square feet of land, well fenced. Price $1000. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

CLAIRVOYANT

And Magnetic Healer. Go and consult Dr. Morris, the celebrated clairvoyant. His predictions never fail. He gives reliable advice on all matters, business changes, journeys, speculations with secret undertakings. Friends, enemies, marriages, divorces, lost friends, fortune dates, lucky numbers and all family affairs. The future plainly revealed. Lovers united, troubles healed. Those in trouble should not fail to call on him at once. He can be found at 58 Church street. Consultation hours, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Office Supervising Architect, Washington, D. C. January 31, 1894.—Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 2 o'clock p. m. on the 21st day of February, 1894, and opened immediately thereafter, for all the labor and materials required to put in place complete all the plumbing and gas piping for the U. S. Post Office building at Lowell, Mass., in accordance with the drawings and specification, copies of which may be had at this office or the office of the superintendent at Lowell, Mass. Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for a sum not less than 2 per cent. of the amount of the proposal. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids and to waive any defect or informality in any bid, if it be deemed in the interest of the government to do so. All proposals received after the time stated will be returned to the bidders. Proposals must be enclosed in envelopes, sealed and marked, "Proposal for plumbing and gas piping for the U. S. Post Office building at Lowell, Mass.," and addressed to, JEREMIAH O'ROURKE, Supervising Architect.

All Honor to the Board of Health,

For they have succeeded beyond a doubt in stamping out that horrid disease, smallpox. We cannot be too thankful to them for having done it so promptly. But now another monster of disease—and some dread it as much as smallpox,—typhoid fever, is amongst us; but let us be guided strictly by the rules of the board of health, and I am sure we shall in a great measure escape it. Water is said to be the cause of it. If that is so, the remedy is easy; don't take it raw—cook it; that is, boil it, and you are safe. But water is thin, very thin, and if you drink too much of it, it will make you thin, and consequently make you more susceptible to disease. Now, milk is different: there is nothing more nourishing to the body than milk. Every doctor will tell you that. Now during this very changeable weather it is next to impossible to avoid getting cold, and the wisest men, physicians included, cannot tell what may be the outcome of a cold. It may develop into any one of the diseases which human flesh is heir to—it may turn to typhoid fever; no cannot tell. Now, a patient suffering from typhoid fever cannot eat, but suffers from an unquenchable thirst. The doctor will invariably order the patient milk with a little whiskey to sustain the wasting body. Milk, in the opinion of some doctors, is even more beneficial than anything else. Now, if these remedies are good in case of the fever, they should be equally good as a preventive. A word to the wise is sufficient.

You can get pure whiskey for 75c. per bottle, large size, or 3 bottles for $2.00, equal to that which other dealers ask $1.25 per bottle. Wine, port or sherry, be it California, 25 cents per bottle or 3 bottles for $1.00, by sending an order by mail to JOHN WARBURTON, Globe Hotel, City.

Now is the Time to Save Your Money.

And deposit it in the Savings Bank, where it will be safe and draw interest at 4 per cent.

Never put off until tomorrow what can be done today.

WASHINGTON SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

147 Central and 4 Gorham Sts.

Open daily 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Saturday evening 7 to 9

LOWELL DAILY SUN.

JOHN H. HARRINGTON, Publisher.

SUN BUILDING, LOWELL, MASS.

Issued Daily; Sundays excepted.

Per Year, $3.00 - - - Per Month, 25c.

City delivery and postage free.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER

TRAINS TO AND FROM BOSTON.

Southern Division.

To Boston. Lve.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	From Boston. Arr.
5 45	6 50	6 00	7 08
6 50	7 45	6 40	7 39
6 50	8 08	6 50	7 55
§7 01	7 58	8 00	9 11
§7 18	8 02	8 30	9 11
§7 27	8 12	9 00	9 42
7 45	8 35	9 05	10 13
8 50	9 49	10 00	11 13
§9 00	10 34	10 45	11 58
9 40	10 40	11 30	12 09
11 00	12 00	1 00	1 35
§11 52	12 45	2 00	3 01
1 45	2 50	3 00	3 46
3 00	4 24	3 30	4 48
§4 02	4 45	4 20	5 35
4 30	5 30	5 05	5 44
§5 35	6 20	5 25	6 22
6 40	6 50	5 50	7 05
§6 53	7 40	6 15	7 28
§7 32	8 35	7 30	8 10
		8 00	8 40
		10 15	11 22
		11 20	12 23

Sunday Trains.

To Boston. Lve.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	From Boston. Arr.
§7 18	8 02	2 00	2 75
§7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
7 45	9 50	1 00	1 37
9 16	10 10	5 00	5 58
§4 25	5 32	7 30	8 10
§6 03	7 00	8 00	8 40
		9 00	10 02

§From Middlesex St. station only.

Western Division.

To Boston. Lve.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	From Boston. Arr.
6 50	8 05	7 30	8 55
8 15	9 18	9 30	10 27
9 20	10 32	10 25	11 45
10 50	12 05	12 05	1 05
12 15	1 30	2 15	3 27
12 45	2 00	3 15	4 20
3 25	4 38	4 50	5 45
4 10	5 25	5 01	6 16
5 10	6 32	6 00	7 10
6 35	8 00	9 35	7 45
6 25	10 35		

Sunday Trains

To Boston. Lve.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	From Boston. Arr.
8 15	9 30	8 00	9 19
12 05	1 20	11 45	12 56
1 15	8 30	5 00	6 26
7 35	7 00	7 00	8 22
7 30	8 50		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station. Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

Fictitious Claims.

NEWS PAPERS that dispose of their entire circulation through the news agencies make it a point to crow over their agency sales. THE SUN does not depend upon the unfriendly agencies of its competitors for its circulation. It had the largest subscription list in Lowell before any penny daily paper was established here, and has it yet. THE SUN delivers to more regular paid subscribers than any two papers in Lowell. The papers that go into the houses and that count with advertisers are those delivered to regular subscribers.

DON'T LET that matter of reducing the price of ice slip your memory, Mr. Gage

MR BLAND is determined to force his bill for the coinage of the seignorage on congress.

BRAZIL IS to have an election which it is stated will put an end to hostilities. But what if the people will not submit to the officials elected? There will then be ground for another war.

ALDERMAN STANLEY seems to have the cinch on the vacancy on the water board. Westall and Lovejoy are losing their strength. The general impression seems to be that they have enough already.

DOWN GOES silver in the markets. The price per ounce is now 63 3-4 cents, which would leave the cart wheel dollar worth 49 1-8 cents. This is not an encouraging state of affairs to the advocates of free silver.

IT SHOULD be understood that Mr. Smith does not represent anybody in this city but himself in pushing the bill for a license commission for Lowell. What the people want now is the the removal of the license limit. Secretary Smith of the board of trade was never in touch with the people.

THE RATE of taxation on incomes provided for in the bill which has just passed the house is two per cent. This would be $80 on an an income of $4000, the lowest to be taxed, and $20,000 on an income of $1,000,000. This is more than most capitalists will want to pay. This provision will turn many of the wealthiest men in the party against its policy.

IT IS a great mistake to regard the Wilson bill as an approach to free trade. The McKinley bill taxes diamonds ten per cent, woolens 98 per cent, window glass 98 per cent, and so on the same principle, but the Wilson bill taxes these commodities respectively 30, 40 and 53 per cent. The logic of the McKinley bill is that to increase the cost of the things laborers must use will increase the reward of labor, in other words it will enrich a man to take away part of his earnings. If this be true nearly everybody can become wealthy.

FEW BILLS have been introduced in the legislature for years that have been so decidedly popular as that relating to the law of libel submitted by Senator Lawrence from Middlesex. It is intended to afford greater protection for newspapers in regard to the law of libel. Not a single newspaper has uttered a word against it. Senator Lawrence has a great power behind him in urging this measure. Let him but point to a man who offers any opposition to the measure and see how soon that deluded individual will close his "yap." But there is another bill introduced providing for a fine of $500 or imprisonment not exceeding two years for the person originating a libel or causing same to be published. That will undoubtedly be opposed by the press especially by that portion of it which is in the mudslinging business. This bill should pass.

HEAR YE LAWRENCE.

Lawrence is up in arms against Lowell in the fight for the state normal school. The chief argument adduced in favor of Lawrence is that Lowell has impure water, has some typhoid fever on hand and is a one horse town.

It is but recently that Lawrence could boast of her water supply. She has obtained a filter that purifies the water to the extent of rejecting the dead animals dumped in the river below Lowell. Let us admit that Lawrence has fairly good water. Lowell has the most perfect water in the state from her driven wells and there is no sickness, no typhoid in the part of the city to which this water is supplied. In case the normal school be located in this city a special pipe will be laid from the driven wells to the building so that the water supply will be the best obtainable.

As to railroad facilities Lowell would be a more convenient location for the district needing the institution than Lawrence could present. But Lawrence claims to be a larger city than Lowell! Well let that be impressed upon the committee on education It is a strong point. Another good argument is, that as there is one normal school in Salem it would be well to have another as close to it as possible so that the students of both could meet occasionally and compare notes. Compared with the claims of Lawrence, Andover and Methuen, those of Lowell and the twenty-eight towns conveniently connected with it must appear insignificant. If Lowell was located where Lawrence is at present, she would not have the presumption usually known as "gall" to ask for the state normal school. Of course Lawrence is somewhat troubled with a board of trade and men who "want the earth" are unfortunately among its members. This will be the only excuse Lawrence can make after the whole matter is settled, for having entered the fight. As a matter of courtesy the committee on education heard the arguments of the Lawrence men which made far more strong the claims of Lowell. Should the institution be located here the students from Lawrence will be just as welcome as those from any of the other country districts.

AS THE senate has already started to revise the Wilson bill it is safe to predict that the measure will never pass that body in its present form. The income tax may be dropped entirely and there will probably be a duty of half a cent a pound on all sugars, raw and refined.

IF ALL the bills introduced in the legislature for regulating telephone service should become law, the telephone monopoly would soon disappear. A bill providing for lower rates and opposing monopoly should be passed at once. Give us $5 rates or no telephone.

Carnegie Wages.

The Pittsburg papers announce the "readjustment of wages" taking place in the iron and steel mills of the Carnegie company.

The old rate of wages and the new one about going into effect compare as follows, the prices being given for 100 tons:

	Old wages.	New wages
Roller	$12 75	$6 00
Screwdown	9 75	3 70
Tableman	6 05	3 25
Hooker	5 08	2 72
Sweeper	5 45	2 25
Heater	9 75	5 25

The new scale thus shows in several cases the wages are less than half what they were under the former schedule. To make up for this to some extent the company has modified the three eight hour turns which made up the 24 hours under the old system and "permitting" the men to work at that heavy and exhausting labor 12 hours a day.—Irish World.

Labor Helping Employers.

Owing to the depression of business and the desire of the Glass trust to close factories, the Chambers Glass company found it hard work to keep their establishment in full operation. Ready funds were required, and the banks were unwilling to provide them. It was at this juncture the officers of the Window Glass Workers' association stepped in with a proposition to supply the necessary capital. The treasury of this association contained $210,000, and a loan of $50,000 was made to the Chambers company. By this assistance the glass company is able to retain its full force, pay the usual wages and run on full time.

The officers of the labor organization are so well pleased over the result of their action that they are seriously thinking of assisting other antitrust concerns By putting these factories in active operation they think they will force the Glass trust concerns to abandon their present policy and to reopen their establishments. By destoying this artificial state of affairs the glass trade will be most materially benefited, and money that is now tied up by reason of the trust's action will be placed in circulation.

Able, Willing and Trustworthy.

A man advertised in the New York Sunday papers for an office manager and the assurance was given in the advertisement that the position would be permanent. Within 36 hours he had received 417 answers, and not one single answer was badly written. An astonishing proportion of the applicants were men who until recently had been in business for themselves. A considerable number were salesmen who had been laid off by their firms during the period of the hard times, and several of them were men whose positions had been taken away from them by women who underbid their salaries. The revelation was astonishing. These men in most cases inclosed their references, and in almost every case these were from houses or individuals whose names on a man's paper was a certificate of character.

WEARINESS in women, that nervous, aching, worn-out feeling, comes to an end with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription It restores your strength; it puts new life into you: it brings you back into the world again.

It is a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, especially adapted to woman's delicate wants. It regulates and promotes all the natural functions, and builds up, invigorates, and cures.

Creston, Iowa

DR. R. V. PIERCE: Sir—My wife improved in health gradually from the time she commenced taking "Favorite Prescription" until now. She has been doing her own housework for the past four months. When she began taking it, she was scarcely able to be on her feet, she suffered so from uterine debility.

I can heartily recommend it for such cases

H. H. Snyder

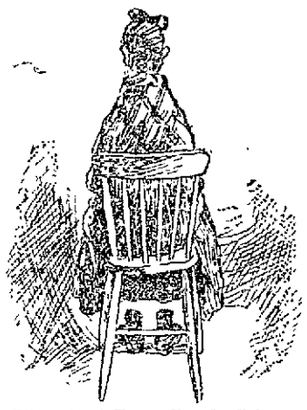
W. A. LEW. 29 John Street.

Clothing, Cleansed, Dyed and Pressed

Orders received for cleaning dying and pressing promptly and neatly executed.

SUNBEAMS.

An Illusion.



When Aunt Betty slipped off her new shoes to rest her feet and drew her feet up on the chair rung, it produced a rather startling effect to those sitting behind her. —Harper's Bazar.

Poverty.

He found his wife in tears.

In answer to his frantic appeals she could only bury her tear wet face upon his shoulder and sob tumultuously.

After an hour or two, however, she became sufficiently calm to be partially coherent in her discourse.

"Edwin"——

Her countenance was full of agony as with the memory of a horrid dream.

——"today for the first time I have realized our poverty. For the first time"——

A shudder convulsed her fragile frame.

——"I have felt the hand of penury at my heartstrings."

He stroked her throbbing temples and murmured soothingly.

"Today, Edwin," she wailed, "there came and stood in front of our humble home one of those handorgan men who play till you pay them something, and Edwin"——

She pressed her hand over her eyes.

——"I hadn't a cent in the house."

And the loving husband vowed that she would never again suffer want if he had to steal for her.—Detroit Tribune.

Knew Her.

"Didn't I tell you I wanted to get off at Third street?" shouted a woman on a Michigan avenue car as she jumped up and looked daggers at the conductor.

"I—I thought you said Fourth," he stammered.

"You had no business to think anything of the sort!"

"But I"——

"You attend to your business, John Smith, or I'll report you!"

She got off the car and went her way, and one of the passengers soothingly said:

"I am sure she said Fourth."

"So am I," replied the conductor.

"Then why didn't you insist?"

"No use. She's my wife, and I've lived with her long enough to know that she never takes anything back!"—Detroit Free Press.

Jack.

Clara—It seems such an age since you went to California, dear, and now I am just dying to hear what Jack said to you on your return. The poor fellow has been perfectly miserable while you were away. I just know he must be in love. What did he say?

Maud—Oh, yes, Jack. But first I must tell you about Bertram Calloway. You know he met me at the station with a party of the boys, and they all seemed so glad to welcome me back. There was Charlie Silverspoon and Percy McIntyre and——

Clara—Oh, yes, but wasn't Jack there?

Maude—No. Don't interrupt. And Reginald Tutter—how he has improved—and several others, and I thought they would never stop shaking hands. When we got to the house, such flowers you never saw! They were gorgeous, and Percy made the prettiest little speech of welcome you ever heard.

Clara—But Jack! Haven't you seen him?

Maud—He came afterward, I believe, but I wish you wouldn't interrupt. Then, you know that fellow—what's his name—Quill Cutter, who was so awfully gone on me last summer. He took me out into the conservatory that evening, and what do you suppose he said?

Clara—I don't care a rap what he said. But Jack—Jack. I am dying to hear what he said. Won't you please, please tell me?

Maud—Well, if you really must know about Jack I will tell you. Come here, dear. Now stand in the doorway and listen. Do you hear voices?

Clara (listening)—Why, yes, and—(rapturously)—why one of them is Jack's voice, isn't it?

Maud—Yes, my dear, and do you know whose voice the other's is?

Clara (doubtfully)—That isn't so familiar to me, dear. Who can it be?

Maud (blushing)—That's papa's voice.—New York Press.

Disappointed.

"I hope you have enjoyed your visit to the city," said a New Yorker to Uncle Jabez Sassafras of Quohosh.

"Waal, no, I can't say as I have."

"What was the trouble?"

"Wall, for one *thing* you New Yorkers don't know how to treat strangers—leastways your newspapers don't."

"Don't they?"

"No, sir. Now, there wasn't a paper in this yer city that said I was in town."

"No?"

"It's a fact. I looked in every one of them expectin to see a paragraph that 'Mr. Jabez Sassafras, one of the prominent citizens of Quohosh, is favoring our city with his presence. We understand that Mr. Sassafras is a justice of the peace in his town and one of the solid men of the place. Come again, Mr Sassafras.'"

"Didn't any of the papers say that?"

"No, sir, not one That is what The Bugle would have said if any of you New Yorkers had visited Quohosh, but you don't appear to appreciate the good it does your town to have strangers to come to it. I shan't come no more."

And Uncle Jabez Sassafras went to the station and bought his ticket home, and the city editors of the New York papers when they learned the fact forthwith hanged themselves on the sour apple trees most adjacent to their respective offices.—Brooklyn Life

The Pie of Pies

Let pastry cooks o'erbrim the books
With recipes for pies
That would incite an anchorite
To wild apostrophies
And tell of such as knew the touch
Of Francatelli's great,
My muse always awakes to praise
The pie I never ate.

Though poets blend in odes that tend
The save it to convince
That crust are naught unless inwrought
With mystery of mince
Or glorify the kind of pie
With pumpkin fruit a-freight,
I'm still content to compliment
The pie I never ate.

It's quite the thing I know, to sing—
To memory awake—
About the pies of goodly size
Our mothers used to make,
But somehow, when I think again
Of such suggestive bait,
With stronger stress my muse would bless
The pie I never ate.

—Boston Courier.

A TRIAL TREATMENT FREE.

Dr. Pearson's Liberal Offer—Consultation Examination, Advice, Medicine and First Treatment Free to All Who Apply in Person.—All Who Need Medical Treatment Will Be Cordially Welcome to This Free Test Without a Penny to Pay.

We are convinced that our method of treatment by local application of cleansing and healing lotions to the inflamed mucous membrane of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes, aided by the administration of medicine internally to correct the general health, is the only proper treatment for these local and general catarrhal inflammations.

We are convinced of this because of the many patients who have yielded so quickly to this system of treatment, after having swallowed medicine for years without obtaining the slightest benefit.

We are convinced of the superiority of our mild and painless method of treatment because it is being endorsed by many physicians in family practice who are sending their catarrhal patients to us, and because many specialists are abandoning their old methods of severe and heroic treatment, throwing away their old instruments by which nitrate of silver, creosote, chromic acid, acetic acid and other caustic medicines were applied, and are now using the mild and cleansing lotions instead.

We are convinced that there is a large class of sufferers from old and obstinate chronic diseases, who have been subjected to harsh and torturous treatment by unscrupulous and ignorant fakir specialists, and who have exhausted their patience and wasted their means in the vain attempt to find relief, until, heart-sick and discouraged, they have concluded to try no more, and expect to suffer as long as they live. It is to this class of sufferers especially that the free test is directed.

We want to convince the sick of this community of the correctness of our claims. We propose to subject our methods to the severest test—a test which can be made by any one absolutely free. In order to enable all to obtain some definite understanding of Dr. Pearson's system of disease treatment, and to test its great practical advantages over all other methods, Drs. Pearson and Carroll offer to all sufferers from catarrh, or other chronic maladies, a trial treatment free.

Remember that all who apply in person will be cordially welcomed to a careful examination, advice, medicine and treatment upon their first visit, absolutely free of charge. This is a test which the patient can make use of without a penny to pay for consultation, examination, advice, medicine and first treatment.

THE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT applies to all Chronic Diseases. If you have Nasal Catarrh, Bronchial Catarrh, Asthma, Deafness or Consumption, Stomach, Liver, Kidney or Nervous Troubles come and test our Treatment without a cent to pay.

DON'T BE DECEIVED.

Remember that Dr. Pearson's mild and painless treatment conquered and overthrew all other forms. Remember that no physician in this city has ever presented such testimonials as those of Drs. Pearson and Carroll. Don't experiment with old-fashioned men and methods. Don't be deceived. Don't run the risk of being tortured and injured. WE can stand imitators, but YOU cannot. The lowest fee, the best service, the cleanest and most perfect equipment, the most thorough attention are yours to command. Call upon Drs. Pearson and Carroll at once.

HOW LONG ARE DRS PEARSON AND CARROLL GOING TO STAY IN LOWELL? THEY WILL STAY IN LOWELL UNTIL EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD SUFFERING FROM A CHRONIC DISEASE IS CURED.

CATARRH OF THE HEAD.

This is the most prevalent form of catarrh, and results from repeated and neglected colds, and inhaling irritating particles of dust and smoke. Have you any of the following symptoms?

Is your nose red?
Does the nose itch and burn?
Do you have frequent sneezing spells?
Do the nostrils stop up?
Is the stoppage worse at night?
Do you have headaches?
Is there a pain and heaviness over the eyes?
Is your sense of smell impaired?
Is the nose sore and irritated?
Does your nose discharge?
Do you blow out scabs?
Is there a dropping into the throat?
Does your nose bleed?
Have you a foul breath?
Do you hawk a good deal?
Is your throat sore?
Do you sleep with the mouth open?
Do you snore while asleep?
Does your throat tickle?
Are you losing your sense of taste?
Do you spit up mucus?
Have you a tired aching feeling?

ARTHUR E. MORSE, 16 South Loring street, a well known citizen of Lowell, says: "I have suffered for years with a severe throat trouble, and nothing I ever tried before going to Drs. Pearson and Carroll gave me any relief. I have made wonderful improvement under their treatment and I recommend them in the strongest terms."

WILLIAM T. HALLOWELL, 48 Fifth street, Centralville, a prominent member of the G. A. R., says: "I am glad to testify to my complete and perfect cure under the treatment of Drs. Pearson and Carroll. I was in an alarming condition and feared consumption when I went to them, now I am well and strong."

Drs. Pearson and Carroll

SPECIALISTS.

Corner Palmer and Merrimack Sts.,

Over O'Donnell & Gilbride's. Entrance on Palmer street.

Consultation and Examination Free

OFFICE HOURS—9 to 12 a. m. 2 to 4 and 6.30 to 8.30 p m., except Thursday evening. Sunday 9 to 11 30 a. m.

Marshall's Polish

Will Clean Rusty Iron and Steel,
Will Polish Gold and Silver Ware,
Will Clean Gas Fixtures,
Removes Fly Specks from Gilt Work,
It contains no grease, No Oils, No Acids.
Put up in ½ pint, 1 quart and ½ gallon cans.

Sole Agents for Lowell,

Bartlett & Dow.

PHILIP J. FARLEY, Room 11 Barristers' Hall, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

JOHN A. McQUADE, Room 11, Mansur Block, Central St., Constable and Collecting Agency, And Auctioneer.

D. F. NEGUS, No. 36 Central Street, Lowell, Mass. Dentist.

JOHN H. McCABE, Room 19, Odd Fellows' Bl'k, Mid'sex St Baritone Soloist and Teacher of Singing and Piano.

JOSEPH W. LEACH, Room 12, Shedd's Block Soloist and Teacher of Singing.

P. J. HOAR, Room 19 P. O. Block Attorney at Law.

TAYLOR BROTHERS, No. 3 Central Street, Stationers, Booksellers and Newsdealers Specialties and standard goods. We give you more than you can get anywhere else for your money.

JAMES MARREN, Real Estate and Insurance Agent, 69 CENTRAL STREET. Insurance placed in the most reliable companies. All orders sent to P. O. Box 486 shall be promptly attended to.

JAMES MEEK, HAY, GRAIN AND POULTRY FOOD. Little Stone Mill foot of Anne St. LOWEST PRICES. TELEPHONE 55-5.

What Shall we Have for Breakfast? One of the meest foods to use Cunningham's Wheat Preparation. 12c. per package. Also keep a full line of Cereals, Rolled Oats, Buckwheat, etc

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY Old No. 199 Middlesex St. New No. 455. Opp. Northern Depot Telephone 374-3, Brass Signs. CALEB L. SMITH.....Proprietor.

DRS. CUFF & CONSTANTINEAU, Surgeon Dentists Rooms 5, 6, 7, 8, Bon Marche Build'g, 159 Merrimack Street.

LADIES! DON'T FORGET You can have your children's hair taken care of as well as your own, at Mrs. J. W. Forsythe's Hair Dressing Parlors. Also Hair Goods and Hair Work. Orders promptly attended to Over O'Donnell & Gilbride's. Entrance on Palmer Street.

REMOVAL OF OFFICE MERRIMACK MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO., (OLD ANDOVER CO.) THIS solid company, that has done business in Lowell so many years, continues to offer the BEST INSURANCE AGAINST DAMAGE BY FIRE and LIGHTNING, at the Least Possible Expense. 70 per cent. dividends are paid on five-year policies. All business for this company—Renewals, Sales, Endorsements, etc.—will be promptly attended to by Metcalf & Hazen, 75 Middlesex St. OVER STEVENS DRUG STORE.

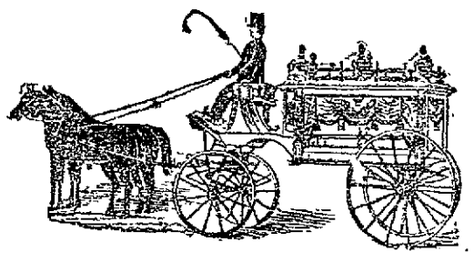
D. L. Page Co. 46 MERRIMACK STREET, Caterers, Bakers, and Confectioners.

For a well stocked and carefully selected stock of drugs, likewise a fine line of Toilet Articles, visit the Ward One Drug Store, W. H. SHEEHAN, PROP. 246 Market, Cor. of Adams Street.

BILLHEADS of every description printed at short notice at the SUN office.

PETER - DAVEY,

WAREROOMS: No. 134 Market Street. RESIDENCE: No. 63 Bartlett Street.



Always on hand a Large Supply of

CASKETS, COFFINS, ROBES, ETC.,

LOWEST PRICES AND EASIEST TERMS.

Bodies Embalmed by the Latest Methods.

ALWAYS READY to attend to calls Day or Night. Telephone Connection at both Store and Residence.

Peter Davey. 34 MARKET STREET - - OPPOSITE PALMER.

Furniture, Carpets &c., at a Great Sacrifice at the old house of BENNER & COREY 230 Central St. Business to be closed up; goods must be sold. B. C. BENNER.

TEETH $5 TO $10 A SET. To our patients who do not find it convenient to call during the day, please call at nominee, or Saturday afternoons as our office is not open evenings. Office hours, 9 a m. to 6 p. m. NO CHARGE FOR EXTRACTING. Every Set warranted to be the same Teeth that other dentists ask $15 and $18 for, and every Set warranted to fit. Gold Fillings and Gold Crown work a specialty Teeth Filled with Gold by Electricity. No Pain. Teeth extracted Without Pain by our new method. 30 years experience. DRS J. K. BICKELL & SON. Painless Dentists, Rooms 24, 25, and 32 Runels' Building, Cor. Merrimack and Bridge Sts

HALF PRICE For Remnants. A. L. Kittredge & Co., NO. 122 CENTRAL STREET.

ATTENTION! Democrats, Republicans, Populists, and Prohibitionists. In fact everybody take notice that the cheapest place to buy dry goods is at DRAIN'S, 57 Gorham Street.

BIRDS We shall sell those sweet singing HARTZ MOUNTAIN CANARIES for a few days only at $2.50 each, usual price $3.25 These birds have beautiful water and flute notes and are the best birds to buy. We warrant every one in full song. Fine Brass Cages $1; also a full line of Talking Parrots, Rabbits, Guinea Pigs, Pigeons, etc. at Ludlam Brothers' BRANCH BIRD STORE, 110 CENTRAL ST.

WM. E. LIVINGSTON, DEALER IN Coal, Wood, Lime, CEMENT, SAND, GRAVEL, HAIR, KAOLIN, PLASTER, BRICKS, FERTILIZERS. Straw, Hay Grain. Flour &c., &c. NO. 27 THORNDIKE STREET. Branch office. 33 Merrimack street,—Calderwood's cigar store

JUST ONE-THIRD UNDER PRICE. Etchings, Engravings, Pastells, Artotypes, Water Colors, and Colored Prints of every description, and the largest lines of Moulding to select from in the city, all at one-third less than elsewhere. Order now for the holidays. MAKER'S, COR. MERRIMACK AND JOHN STS.

Have You Tried Watson's Celebrated Home Made and Cream Bread, Manufactured from the Finest of Wheat? It is unexcelled for purity and quantity. Our Cream Pies are immense. Wedding and Party orders furnished at short notice. BAKERY, 24 to 30 Charles St.

MULLIN & WINSLOW, Dealers In COAL At Summer Prices 408 Gorham Street. Telephone 21-6.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD, Nos. 173 to 185 Central St Fine Carriages, Sleighs, etc., Repairing at Reasonable Rates.

Arthur M. Bertrand, (Successor to F. W. Sargent,) MERCHANT TAILOR. FINE TAILORING A SPECIALTY. 14 Middle Street, Lowell, Mass. Dress Suits to Let.

John B. Coleman, Fire Insurance Agent, Will write Fire Insurance Policies in first-class companies on household furniture, dwelling houses, barns etc at lowest rates. Parties better call on Mr Coleman before insuring elsewhere. Both Stock and Mutual Companies represented. ROOM 7, POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Do You Go To Lawrence? If So, Call At THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK, Which now has the Finest Dining Rooms in the city. They have been recently renovated. The Cuisine is Unsurpassed

LOWELL AGENCY FOR FRANK JONES' ALE. —AND THE— Celebrated Anheuser Busch Beer. The Trade and Families Supplied at Lowest Prices. Orders by mail or telephone promptly attended to. JOHN LENNON, Nos. 108, 110, 112, 114 MARKET STREET TELEPHONE—No. 38-2.

SCOTT & O'DAY, Plumbers and Sanitary Engineers. Steam, Gas and Water Piping. JOBBING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. 21 SOUTH STREET, Near Middlesex

F. R. FOSTER, DEALER IN Hardware, Cutlery, Glass and Putty, Carpenters' and Machinists' Tools. No. 67 Dutton Street.

LADIES' AND GENTS' CLOTHING Cleaned, Pressed and Repaired at Short Notice. THOMAS DALEY, Cor. Fletcher and Dutton Streets. Goods called for and delivered without extra charge. Send Orders by Postal.

OFFICE TO LET—In THE SUN building. A nice location for a doctor or light professional business. Inquire at THE SUN office.

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JOHN H. HARRINGTON, Publisher.

SUN BUILDING, LOWELL, MASS.

Issued Daily; Sundays excepted.

Per Year, $3.00 - - - Per Month, 25c.

City delivery and postage free.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

TRAINS TO AND FROM BOSTON.

Southern Division.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
5 45	6 41	6 00	7 08
6 30	7 45	6 40	7 39
6 50	8 08	6 50	7 55
§7 01	7 58	8 00	9 11
§7 18	8 02	8 30	9 11
§7 25	8 12	9 00	9 42
7 45	8 35	9 05	10 15
8 50	9 43	10 00	11 13
§9 00	10 30	10 45	11 58
9 40	10 40	11 30	12 09
11 00	12 00	1 00	1 55
§12 02	12 45	2 00	3 04
1 45	2 50	3 05	3 46
3 00	4 24	3 30	4 48
§4 02	4 45	4 20	5 33
4 31	5 30	5 03	5 41
§5 15	6 30	5 25	6 22
5 40	6 50	5 50	7 05
§6 55	7 40	6 15	7 28
§7 32	8 35	7 30	8 10
		8 00	8 40
		10 15	11 22
		11 20	12 23

Sunday Trains.

Lve.	Arr.	Lve.	Arr.
§7 18	8 02	2 00	2 55
§7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
9 15	9 50	1 00	1 57
9 16	10 16	5 00	6 58
§4 25	5 32	7 30	8 10
§6 03	7 03	8 00	8 40
		9 00	10 02

§From Middlesex St. station only.

Western Division.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
6 50	8 05	7 20	8 35
8 15	9 18	9 20	10 37
9 29	10 32	10 25	11 43
10 50	12 05	12 00	1 07
12 15	1 40	2 15	3 27
12 45	2 00	3 15	4 20
3 25	4 30	4 30	5 45
4 40	5 25	5 01	6 16
5 10	6 42	6 00	7 06
6 55	8 00	9 05	7 55
6 25	10 35		

Sunday Trains.

Lve.	Arr.	Lve.	Arr.
8 15	9 30	8 00	9 19
12 05	1 26	11 45	12 56
4 15	5 50	5 00	6 20
5 35	7 00	7 00	8 22
7 30	8 50		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station.

Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

Fictitious Claims.

NEWSPAPERS that dispose of their entire circulation through the news agencies make it a point to crow over their agency sales. THE SUN does not depend upon the unfriendly agencies of its competitors for its circulation. It had the largest subscription list in Lowell before any penny daily paper was established here, and has it yet. THE SUN delivers to more regular paid subscribers than any two papers in Lowell. The papers that go into the houses and that count with advertisers are those delivered to regular subscribers.

DON'T LET that matter of reducing the price of ice slip your memory, Mr. Gage.

MR BLAND is determined to force his bill for the coinage of the seignorage on congress.

BRAZIL IS to have an election which it is stated will put an end to hostilities. But what if the people will not submit to the officials elected? There will then be ground for another war.

ALDERMAN STANLEY seems to have the clinch on the vacancy on the water board. Westall and Lovejoy are losing their strength. The general impression seems to be that they have enough already.

DOWN GOES silver in the markets. The price per ounce is now 69 3-4 cents, which would leave the cart wheel dollar worth 49 1-3 cents. This is not an encouraging state of affairs to the advocates of free silver.

IT SHOULD be understood that Mr. Smith does not represent anybody in this city but himself in pushing the bill for a license commission for Lowell. What the people want now is the the removal of the license limit. Secretary Smith of the board of trade was never in touch with the people.

THE RATE of taxation on incomes provided for in the bill which has just passed the house is two per cent. This would be $80 on an an income of $4000, the lowest to be taxed, and $20,000 on an income of $1,000,000. This is more than most capitalists will want to pay. This provision will turn many of the wealthiest men in the party against its policy.

IT IS a great mistake to regard the Wilson bill as an approach to free trade. The McKinley bill taxes diamonds ten per cent. woolens 98 per cent., window glass 98 per cent, and so on the same principle, but the Wilson bill taxes these commodities respectively 20, 40 and 53 per cent. The logic of the McKinley bill is that to increase the cost of the things laborers must use will increase the reward of labor, in other words it will enrich a man to take away part of his earnings. If this be true nearly everybody can become wealthy.

FEW BILLS have been introduced in the legislature for years that have been so decidedly popular as that relating to the law of libel submitted by Senator Lawrence from Middlesex. It is intended to afford greater protection for newspapers in regard to the law of libel. Not a single newspaper has uttered a word against it. Senator Lawrence has a great power behind him in urging this measure. Let him but point to a man who offers any opposition to the measure and see how soon that deluded individual will close his "yap." But there is another bill introduced providing for a fine of $500 or imprisonment not exceeding two years for the person originating a libel or causing same to be published. That will undoubtedly be opposed by the press especially by that portion of it which is in the mudslinging business. This bill should pass.

HEAR YE LAWRENCE.

Lawrence is up in arms against Lowell in the fight for the state normal school. The chief argument adduced in favor of Lawrence is that Lowell has impure water, has some typhoid fever on hand and is a one horse town.

It is but recently that Lawrence could boast of her water supply. She has obtained a filter that purifies the water to the extent of rejecting the dead animals dumped in the river below Lowell. Let us admit that Lawrence has fairly good water. Lowell has the most perfect water in the state from her driven wells and there is no sickness, no typhoid in the part of the city to which this water is supplied. In case the normal school be located in this city a special pipe will be laid from the driven wells to the building so that the water supply will be the best obtainable.

As to railroad facilities Lowell would be a more convenient location for the district needing the institution than Lawrence could present. But Lawrence claims to be a larger city than Lowell! Well let that be impressed upon the committee on education. It is a strong point. Another good argument is, that as there is one normal school in Salem it would be well to have another as close to it as possible so that the students of both could meet occasionally and compare notes. Compared with the claims of Lawrence, Andover and Methuen, those of Lowell and the twenty-eight towns conveniently connected with it must appear insignificant. If Lowell was located where Lawrence is at present, she would not have the presumption usually known as "gall" to ask for the state normal school. Of course Lawrence is somewhat troubled with a board of trade and men who "want the earth" are unfortunately among its members. This will be the only excuse Lawrence can make after the whole matter is settled, for having entered the fight. As a matter of courtesy the committee on education heard the arguments of the Lawrence men which made for more strong the claims of Lowell. Should the institution be located here the students from Lawrence will be just as welcome as those from any of the other country districts.

AS THE senate has already started to revise the Wilson bill it is safe to predict that the measure will never pass that body in its present form. The income tax may be dropped entirely and there will probably be a duty of half a cent a pound on all sugars, raw and refined.

IF ALL the bills introduced in the legislature for regulating telephone service should become law, the telephone monopoly would soon disappear. A bill providing for lower rates and opposing monopoly should be passed at once. Give us $5 rates or no telephone.

Carnegie Wages.

The Pittsburg papers announce the "readjustment of wages" taking place in the iron and steel mills of the Carnegie company.

The old rate of wages and the new one about going into effect compare as follows, the prices being given for 109 tons:

	Old wages.	New wages
Roller	$12 75	$6 00
Screwdown	9 75	3 70
Tableman	9 05	3 29
Hooker	6 09	2 75
Sweeper	9 45	2 25
Heater	9 75	5 25

The new scale thus shows in several cases the wages are less than half what they were under the former schedule. To make up for this to some extent the company has modified the three eight hour turns which made up the 24 hours under the old system and "permitting" the men to work at that heavy and exhausting labor 12 hours a day.—Irish World.

Labor Helping Employers.

Owing to the depression of business and the desire of the Glass trust to close factories, the Chambers Glass company found it hard work to keep their establishment in full operation. Ready funds were required, and the banks were unwilling to provide them. It was at this juncture the officers of the Window Glass Workers' association stepped in with a proposition to supply the necessary capital. The treasury of this association contained $210,000, and a loan of $50,000 was made to the Chambers company. By this assistance the glass company is able to retain its full force, pay the usual wages and run on full time.

The officers of the labor organization are so well pleased over the result of their action that they are seriously thinking of assisting other antitrust concerns. By putting these factories in active operation they think they will force the Glass trust concerns to abandon their present policy and to reopen their establishments. By destoying this artificial state of affairs the glass trade will be most materially benefited, and money that is now tied up by reason of the trust's action will be placed in circulation.

Able, Willing and Trustworthy.

A man advertised in the New York Sunday papers for an office manager, and the assurance was given in the advertisement that the position would be permanent. Within 36 hours he had received 417 answers, and not one single answer was badly written. An astonishing proportion of the applicants were men who until recently had been in business for themselves. A considerable number were salesmen who had been laid off by their firms during the period of the hard times, and several of them were men whose positions had been taken away from them by women who underbid their salaries. The revelation was astonishing. These men in most cases inclosed their references, and in almost every case these were from houses or individuals whose names on a man's paper was a certificate of character.

WEARINESS in women, that nervous, aching, worn-out feeling, comes to an end with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It restores your strength; it puts new life into you; it brings you back into the world again.

It is a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, especially adapted to women's delicate wants. It regulates and promotes all the natural functions, and builds up, invigorates, and *cures*.

Creston, Iowa.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Sir*—My wife improved in health gradually from the time she commenced taking "Favorite Prescription" until now. She has been doing her own housework for the past four months. When she began taking it, she was scarcely able to be on her feet, she suffered so from uterine debility.

I can heartily recommend it for such cases.

H. H. Snyder

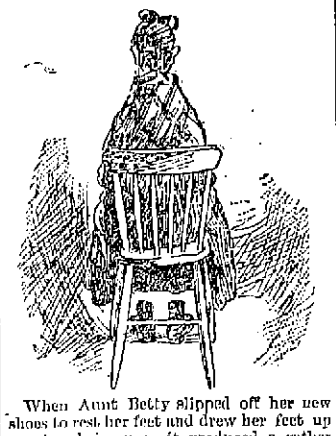
W. A. LEW. 29 John Street.

Clothing, Cleansed, Dyed and Pressed

Orders received for cleaning dying and pressing promptly and neatly executed.

SUNBEAMS.

An Illusion.



When Aunt Betty slipped off her new shoes to rest her feet and drew her feet up on the chair rung, it produced a rather startling effect to those sitting behind her. —Harper's Bazar.

Poverty.

He found his wife in tears.

In answer to his frantic appeals she could only bury her tear wet face upon his shoulder and sob tumultuously.

After an hour or two, however, she became sufficiently calm to be partially coherent in her discourse.

"Edwin"——

Her countenance was full of agony as with the memory of a horrid dream.

——"today for the first time I have realized our poverty. For the first time"——

A shudder convulsed her fragile frame.

——"I have felt the hand of penury at my heartstrings."

He stroked her throbbing temples and murmured soothingly.

"Today, Edwin," she wailed, "there came and stood in front of our humble home one of those handorgan men who play till you pay them something, and Edwin"——

She pressed her hand over her eyes.

——"I hadn't a cent in the house."

And the loving husband vowed that she would never again suffer want if he had to steal for her.—Detroit Tribune.

Knew Her.

"Didn't I tell you I wanted to get off at Third street?" shouted a woman on a Michigan avenue car as she jumped up and looked daggers at the conductor.

"I—I thought you said Fourth," he stammered.

"You had no business to think anything of the sort!"

"But I"——

"You attend to your business, John Smith, or I'll report you!"

She got off the car and went her way, and one of the passengers soothingly said:

"I am sure she said Fourth."

"So am I," replied the conductor.

"Then why didn't you insist?"

"No use. She's my wife, and I've lived with her long enough to know that she never takes anything back!"—Detroit Free Press.

Jack.

Clara—It seems such an age since you went to California, dear, and now I am just dying to hear what Jack said to you on your return. The poor fellow has been perfectly miserable while you were away. I just know he must be in love. What did he say?

Maud—Oh, yes, Jack. But first I must tell you about Bertram Calloway. You know he met me at the station with a party of the boys, and they all seemed so glad to welcome me back. There was Charlie Silverspoon and Percy McIntyre and——

Clara—Oh, yes, but wasn't Jack there?

Maude—No. Don't interrupt. And Reginald Tutler—how he has improved—and several others, and I thought they would never stop shaking hands. When we got to the house, such flowers you never saw! They were gorgeous, and Percy made the prettiest little speech of welcome you ever heard.

Clara—But Jack! Haven't you seen him?

Maud—He came afterward, I believe, but I wish you wouldn't interrupt. Then, you know that fellow—what's his name—Quill Cutter, who was so awfully gone on me last summer. He took me out into the conservatory that evening, and what do you suppose he said?

Clara—I don't care a rap what he said. But Jack—Jack. I am dying to hear what he said. Won't you please, please tell me?

Maud—Well, if you really must know about Jack I will tell you. Come here, dear. Now stand in the doorway and listen. Do you hear voices?

Clara (listening)—Why, yes, and—(rapturously)—why!one of them is Jack's voice, isn't it?

Maud—Yes, my dear, and do you know whose voice the other's is?

Clara (doubtfully)—That isn't so familiar to me, dear. Who can it be?

Maud (blushing)—That's papa's voice.—New York Press.

Disappointed.

"I hope you have enjoyed your visit to the city," said a New Yorker to Uncle Jabez Sassafras of Quohosh.

"Waal, no, I can't say as I have."

"What was the trouble?"

"Well, for one thing you New Yorkers don't know how to treat strangers—leastways your newspapers don't."

"Don't they?"

"No, sir. Now, there wasn't a paper in this yer city that said I was in town."

"No?"

"It's a fact. I looked in every one of them expectin to see a paragraph that 'Mr. Jabez Sassafras, one of the prominent citizens of Quohosh, is favoring our city with his presence. We understand that Mr. Sassafras is a justice of the peace in his town and one of the solid men of the place. Come again, Mr. Sassafras.'"

"Didn't any of the papers say that?"

"No, sir, not one. That is what The Bugle would have said if any of you New Yorkers had visited Quohosh, but you don't appear to appreciate the good it does your town to have strangers to come to it. I shan't come no more."

And Uncle Jabez Sassafras went to the station and bought his ticket home, and the city editors of the New York papers when they learned the fact forthwith hanged themselves on the sour apple trees most adjacent to their respective offices.—Brooklyn Life.

The Pie of Pies.

Let pastry cooks o'erhrim the books
With recipes for pies
That would incite an anchorite
To wild apostrophies
And tell of such as knew the touch
Of Francatelli great,
My muse always awakes to praise
The pie I never ate.

Though poets blend in odes that tend
The savant to convince
That crusts are naught unless inwrought
With mystery of mince
Or glorify the kind of pie
With pumpkin fruit o-freight,
I'm still content to compliment
The pie I never ate.

It's quite the thing I know, to sing—
To memory awake—
About the pies of goodly size
Our mothers used to make,
But somehow, when I think again
Of such suggestive halt,
With stronger stress my muse would bless
The pie I never ate.

—Boston Courier.

A TRIAL TREATMENT FREE.

Dr. Pearson's Liberal Offer—Consultation Examination, Advice, Medicine and First Treatment Free to All Who Apply in Person.—All Who Need Medical Treatment Will Be Cordially Welcome to This Free Test Without a Penny to Pay.

We are convinced that our method of treatment by local application of cleansing and healing lotions to the inflamed mucous membrane of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes, aided by the administration of medicine internally to correct the general health, is the only proper treatment for these local and general catarrhal inflammations.

We are convinced of this because of the many patients who have yielded so quickly to this system of treatment, after having swallowed medicine for years without obtaining the slightest benefit.

We are convinced of the superiority of our mild and painless method of treatment because it is being endorsed by many physicians in family practice who are sending their catarrhal patients to us, and because many specialists are abandoning their old methods of severe and heroic treatment, throwing away their old instruments by which nitrate of silver, creosote, chromic acid, acetic acid and other caustic medicines were applied, and are now using the mild and cleansing lotions instead.

We are convinced that there is a large class of sufferers from old and obstinate chronic diseases, who have been subjected to harsh and torturous treatment by unscrupulous and ignorant fakir specialists, and who have exhausted their patience and wasted their means in the vain attempt to find relief, until, heart-sick and discouraged, they have concluded to try no more, and expect to suffer as long as they live. It is to this class of sufferers especially that the free test is directed.

We want to convince the sick of this community of the correctness of our claims. We propose to subject our methods to the severest test—a test which can be made by any one absolutely free. In order to enable all to obtain some definite understanding of Dr. Pearson's system of disease treatment, and to test its great practical advantages over all other methods, Drs. Pearson and Carroll offer to all sufferers from catarrh, or other chronic maladies, a trial treatment free.

Remember that all who apply in person will be cordially welcomed to a careful examination, advice, medicine and treatment upon their first visit, absolutely free of charge. This is a test which the patient can make use of without a penny to pay for consultation, examination, advice, medicine and first treatment.

THE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT applies to all Chronic Diseases. If you have Nasal Catarrh, Bronchial Catarrh, Asthma, Deafness or Consumption, Stomach, Liver, Kidney or Nervous Troubles come and test our Treatment without a cent to pay.

DON'T BE DECEIVED.

Remember that Dr. Pearson's mild and painless treatment conquered and overthrew all other forms. Remember that no physician in this city has ever presented such testimonials as those of Drs. Pearson and Carroll. Don't experiment with old-fashioned men and methods. Don't be deceived. Don't run the risk of being tortured and injured. WE can stand imitators, but you cannot. The lowest fee, the best service, the cleanest and most perfect equipment, the most thorough attention are yours to command. Call upon Drs. Pearson and Carroll at once.

HOW LONG ARE DRS. PEARSON AND CARROLL GOING TO STAY IN LOWELL? THEY WILL STAY IN LOWELL UNTIL EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD SUFFERING FROM A CHRONIC DISEASE IS CURED.

CATARRH OF THE HEAD.

This is the most prevalent form of catarrh, and results from repeated and neglected colds, and inhaling irritating particles of dust and smoke. Have you any of the following symptoms?

Is your nose red?
Does the nose itch and burn?
Do you have frequent sneezing spells?
Do the nostrils stop up?
Is the stoppage worse at night?
Do you have headaches?
Is there a pain and heaviness over the eyes?
Is your sense of smell impaired?
Is the nose sore and irritated?
Does your nose discharge?
Do you blow out scabs?
Is there a dropping into the throat?
Does your nose bleed?
Have you a foul breath?
Do you hawk a good deal?
Is your throat sore?
Do you sleep with the mouth open?
Do you snore while asleep?
Does your throat tickle?
Are you losing your sense of taste?
Do you spit up mucus?
Have you a tired aching feeling?

ARTHUR E. MORSE, 10 South Loring street, a well known citizen of Lowell, says: "I have suffered for years with a severe throat trouble, and nothing I ever tried before going to Drs. Pearson and Carroll gave me any relief. I have made wonderful improvement under their treatment and I recommend them in the strongest terms."

WILLIAM T. HALLOWELL, 48 Fifth street, Centralville, a prominent member of the G. A. R., says: "I am glad to testify to my complete and perfect cure under the treatment of Drs. Pearson and Carroll. I was in an alarming condition and feared consumption when I went to them, now I am well and strong."

Drs. Pearson and Carroll

SPECIALISTS.

Corner Palmer and Merrimack Sts.,

Over O'Donnell & Gilbride's. Entrance on Palmer street.

Consultation and Examination Free.

OFFICE HOURS—9 to 12 a. m. 2 to 4 and 6.30 to 8.30 p. m., except Thursday evening. Sunday 9 to 11.30 a. m.

Marshall's Polish

Will Clean Rusty Iron and Steel,
Will Polish Gold and Silver Ware,
Will Clean Gas Fixtures,
Removes Fly Specks from Gilt Work,
It contains no grease, No Oils, No Acids.
Put up in ½ pint, 1 quart and ½ gallon cans.

Sole Agents for Lowell,

Bartlett & Dow.

PHILIP J. FARLEY, Room 11 Barristers' Hall. Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

JOHN A. McQUADE, Room 11, Munsur Block, Central St., Constable and Collecting Agency, And Auctioneer.

D. F. NEGUS, No. 36 Central Street, Lowell, Mass. Dentist.

JOHN H. McCARE, Room 19, Odd Fellows' Bl'k, Mid'sex St. Baritone Soloist and Teacher of Singing and Piano.

JOSEPH W. LEACH, Room 12, Shedd's Block Soloist and Teacher of Singing.

P. J. HOAR, Room 19 P. O. Block Attorney at Law.

TAYLOR BROTHERS, No. 3 Central Street, Stationers, Booksellers and Newsdealers Specialties and standard goods. We give you more than you can get anywhere else for your money.

JAMES MARREN, Real Estate and Insurance Agent, 69 CENTRAL STREET.

Insurance placed in the most reliable companies.

All orders sent to P. O. Box 486 shall be promptly attended to.

JAMES MEEK,

HAY, GRAIN AND POULTRY FOOD.

Little Stone Mill foot of Anne St.

LOWEST PRICES. TELEPHONE 55-5.

What Shall we Have for Breakfast?

One of the nicest foods to use

Cunningham's Wheat Preparation.

12c. per package. Also keep a full line of Cereals, Rolled Oats, Buckwheat, etc.

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 199 Middlesex St. New No. 455. Opp. Northern Depot. Telephone 374-3, Brass Signs.

CALEB L. SMITH, ... Proprietor.

DRS. CUFF & CONSTANTINEAU,

Surgeon Dentists

Rooms 5, 6, 7, 8, Bon Marche Build'g, 159 Merrimack Street.

LADIES!

DON'T FORGET You can have your children's hair taken care of, as well as your own, at Mrs. J. W. Forsythe's Hair Dressing Parlors. Also Hair Goods and Hair Work. Orders promptly attended to. Over O'Donnell & Gilbride's. Entrance on Palmer Street.

REMOVAL OF OFFICE MERRIMACK MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

(OLD ANDOVER CO.)

THIS solid company, that has done business in Lowell so many years, continues to offer the BEST INSURANCE AGAINST DAMAGE BY FIRE and LIGHTNING, at the Least Possible Expense.

70 per cent. dividends are paid on five-year policies.

All business for this company—Renewals, Sales, Endorsements, etc.—will be promptly attended to by

Metcalf & Hazen, 75 Middlesex St.

OVER STEVENS DRUG STORE.

D. L. Page Co.

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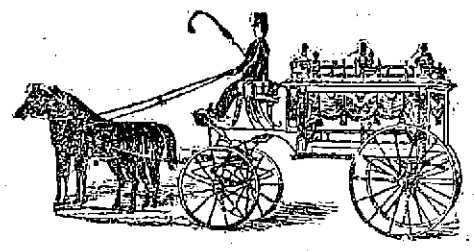

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STORY FROM THE STAGE.

A Fair Chorus Singer's Jump to be Prima Donna.

"The Wayside Inn" With a New Primma Donna Became the Page at a London Theatre—Thereupon Hung a Love Story and a Happy Marriage.

(Story Complete In This Issue.)

The fact that the speaking tube leading from the prompter's desk to the conductor's chair in the Folly theater at ——shire, England, had refused to fulfill its duties led to two discoveries, one in support of a physical law, the other semiscientific. The physical discovery, so to speak, was that a small mouse can effectually prevent the passage of a large human voice. How the rodent came to make the speaking tube a hiding place matters not. It had forced its way some 10 feet into the tube, and, as Lord Dundreary would say, "The conversation ended." The second discovery was an accidental resultant of the useless condition of the speaking tube.

Forbes Henley, the stage manager of the Folly; Corbett Kenyon, the musical director, and Kelley, the gasman and electrician, were laughing over the mishap to the tube, and Henley remarked:

"I don't see, Kenyon, how you caught the signals if you didn't use the tube."

"That's the oddest thing of all," said Kenyon, taking hold of the electric light which hung over the conductor's music rack. "This lamp did it. When I didn't get the signal for the overture, I happened to lean over by this light, and I heard a small edition of your voice say, 'What the deuce is the matter with the band? Why don't they begin?' I didn't wait to ask questions of myself, and as I couldn't ask any of any one else through the tube I began the music. Well, I found out that by listening at the electric light I could hear everything said on the stage at the prompt entrance. I can't account for it, but it's so."

"Ah," said Mr. Kelley, breaking into the conversation, "I understand it all. The electric wires leading from my electric and gas table to your light form an accidental telephone. It often happens. Why, I've seen an ordinary gas pipe which would let you hear conversations held two or three floors away—something like those whispering galleries I've read about."

"Well, Kelley, I don't think we'll trust to the accidental telephone. You'll patch up the tube before night, won't you?" said Henley.

"All right, sir."

"And see that the opening to the tube is kept shut hereafter, please."

"All right, sir," again replied Kelley.

This conversation had been held after one of the rehearsals of the new opera which the Folly management was about to produce. The members of the company had departed some time ago, and the stage had been "cleared." Up stage, however, during the progress of these discoveries and the talk relating thereto, a young woman had been modestly waiting. Kenyon was the first to notice her and remarked in an undertone to Mr. Henley:

"Forbes, I think there's some one wishes to speak to you."

Henley turned and spoke up quickly after recognizing the young lady:

"Did you wish to see me, Miss Marriott?"

"If you please, sir," replied the young lady, coming down stage hesitatingly.

"Have you been waiting ever since rehearsal? Why didn't you speak before? I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, my dear," using the meaningless term of address in universal use upon the stage.

"I didn't like to interrupt you," she answered.

"What can I do for you?" asked Henley, looking quite earnestly at her. And he could have looked upon few prettier, more ladylike or more modest appearing damsels in the entire dramatic profession.

With evident embarrassment Miss Marriott answered her manager: "Could you and Mr. Kenyon do me a great favor—a favor to my mother as well as myself? Mother, as perhaps you know, sir, was once well known as a singer. She's an invalid now, and all the pleasure left her in this world is music. I've told her about the new opera, and she wishes she could see the score for only one day. Then, too, although I'm only in the chorus, I like to 'run through' all the operas we sing. Mother helps me, and I somehow feel I can understand my own work better when I know the whole opera."

"Do you mean to say you study the whole of the operas we sing?" asked Kenyon, here joining the conversation.

"Yes, sir," replied Miss Mariott, turning to Kenyon. "I've studied all we've played so far."

There was a short silence before Henley spoke, saying: "I'm sure I don't know what to reply to your request. It's against the rules, and"——

"Oh, bother the rules!" interrupted Kenyon. "The opera's ours, isn't it? By Jove, such interest in her work by one of the chorus deserves some recognition. Let Miss Marriott have the extra score. I'll trust her."

"Well," said Henley, with a brightened face, "I'm glad to do so if you're willing." He went away, and soon returning handed the young lady a thick volume of manuscript. "There, my dear, that's the piano score. You'll be careful of it. I rely on your not letting any one but your mother and yourself see it. You can keep it till after Sunday. We shan't need it."

"Oh, thank you so much! I'll keep it sacredly. I'll promise no one shall hear or see a note of it but mother and myself."

And with an uncommon look of thankfulness—and something more—divided one-third to Kenyon, two-thirds to Henley, she hastened away. Henley and Kenyon soon followed.

Of all the provincial theaters in Great Britain the Folly of ——shire was perhaps the most successful. All the London productions had found a quick reproduction here, and unvarying prosperity had attended every venture. The company had become localized, so to speak, and was a united, diligent and admirably constructed corps. Continued success had made the management bold, and now a distinctly daring attempt was on the boards—namely, an entirely new and original opera. "The Wayside Inn" was in rehearsal for early production. Furthermore, the author of the book of the opera was Forbes Henley; the composer of the music was Corbett Kenyon, stage manager and musical director of the Folly respectively. Therefore these two gentlemen, both young and energetic, were doubly interested in the coming event. Everything thus far had tended toward a thoroughly good production. The entire company—principals, chorus, band—all acted as if they had, each member, a personal interest in the welfare of the new work. All—with the inevitable one exception. That exception was the prima donna of the Folly company, Rose Blanville. Now, it must be confessed that Miss Blanville was a good singer, a clever actress and, moreover, a great favorite with the patrons of the Folly. But—oh, how those three letters do interfere with the even current of life's affairs! —she was not a true artist at heart. She was tricky, as flighty as a woodcock, as unreliable as a tailor's promises, and of late she had tried to show her independence by slighting her work, by breaking the established rules of the theater in a score of petty ways. In all England there was no fairer or more just stage manager than Henley, but he did expect the rules to be obeyed. Only the "fakirs" or "shirkers" ever found fault with his discipline. But in the case of Miss Blanville it was "grin and bear" her impertinences, her small misdemeanors, for Rose knew there was not a leading soprano disengaged in all Great Britain. Kenyon knew this, Henley knew it, so they hoped she would grow better natured, and from pride's sake, if nothing more, do her best in the new opera.

The rehearsal of today was the second full one—that is, of the entire opera and by all engaged in it. Excepting one or two small kicks of Miss Blanville, everything had passed off most promisingly, and the hopes of the author and composer were on a high key and at concert pitch.

Several days passed, and rehearsals continued. Improvement was shown at each successive trial, and even the prima donna behaved quite decently. Changes naturally suggested themselves to the author and composer, and a short scene with a few solo lines was introduced into act 2 of "The Wayside Inn." It seemed to strike both Kenyon and Henley at once and alike that Constance Marriott would do this little "bit part" nicely. Therefore that young lady was made happy and proud by being chosen to play this small part and also by the knowledge that her name would no longer be submerged and hidden in the line—villagers, peasants, etc., by the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus. No, although it would be the last on the list there it would read: "Stella (a dairy maid) —Miss Constance Marriott."

It was quite pleasant, too, to find that the choice had been a good one, for Miss Marriott sang and acted the little scene charmingly. True, both Henley and Kenyon gave her an unusual amount of time and attention in the early rehearsals, but soon, however, she needed no further instructions.

Thus it went on till the Friday night before the Monday night on which "The Wayside Inn" was to be first produced. The local papers had been full of glorious "advance notices" of the event, and every seat salable had been secured for the opening night. Indeed the London journals had taken up the story, and the musical critics of The Times, The Standard, The Telegraph and a half dozen more of the leading dailies in the metropolis and elsewhere had requested "seats to be set aside" for them for the first night.

Henley was happy. Kenyon was confident. As the former said, "Everything is coming our way." Had he foreseen Friday night's happenings and their consequences he might have added, "And the devil came also."

There is a very strict rule regarding smoking in the dressing rooms of a theater. Actors—yes, and actresses, so far as cigarettes go—often break the rule, but if caught it means a sure fine, unless for some special reason there is a winking at the offense. Now, Henley could forgive anything almost but the ladies smoking cigarettes in their dressing rooms. Too much lace and flimsy stuffs hang around or lie scattered about on the chairs not to make it very dangerous if a lighted cigarette should be dropped carelessly about. It might result in a dire and dread panic, a conflagration, the loss of many lives.

On the third floor of that part of the theater devoted to the dressing rooms in a large room where some half dozen of the chorus ladies were wont to attire themselves for the stage between the acts Constance Marriott sat alone on this Friday night. There was no change of dress for the beginning of the next act of the opera being played, and the fair chorus girl had sought seclusion from the chatter of her companions in the dressing room. Perhaps she was "blue." At any rate, she seemed to be thinking deeply of something or somebody, and with closed eyes she leaned her pretty head against the wall, her chair carelessly tipped back. She was aroused from her reverie by the sound of voices, not near by—no, they seemed, although every word could be distinctly heard, to be far away. Comparing sight and sound, she heard as one sees through opera glasses reversed. Miss Marriott was mortal, a woman, and—well, she listened. She even blushed at the sound of the voices, for she recognized the speakers.

"Miss Blanville, I've asked you a score of times not to smoke cigarettes in your dressing room. It's against the rules."

"You don't like it, eh?" The sound of a woman's voice came up to the listener.

"No," was the quick reply, a little louder, "but that's not the reason of the rule nor of my request. Smoking in the theater invalidates our insurance. If I"——

"Our insurance—ahem! Our insurance!" was the sarcastic interruption.

"I beg your pardon. The insurance." Here came a pause.

"Will you be so kind as to throw that cigarette away?"

"Yes, when I've smoked all I wish to of it and not before," was the answer.

"Then, Miss Blanville, I shall fine you £5."

"You will, will you? And I'll not pay it," said the feminine voice.

"I think you will," was the subdued but firm rejoinder in male tones.

"And I know blamed well I'll not," answered the woman.

Just as the conversation ended at this point another of the chorus girls came into the dressing room where Constance Marriott had been listening.

"Oh, Millie," cried Constance at the sight of her companion, "when you go down stairs will you tell Mr. Henley I'm ill? Ask him to excuse me the next act, will you? There's a dear! I don't want to be fined."

"Why, Connie, are you sick?"

"Yes, dear, I am truly—my head aches fearfully."

"Of course I'll tell him. I'll come back in a minute if I can help you any," said Millie, running out and then returning to say: "Connie, dear, in the pocket of my sack—the gray one—there's a bit of sherry in a flask. Take a drop of it, dear. It'll do you good."

Constance didn't wait for the drink or for Millie's return. For only a moment she pressed her ear against the wall and listened. She heard Rose Blanville utter a man's oath, and evidently talking to her waiting maid heard the prima donna say:

"The confounded upstart! Fine me, will he? I fancy he'll not! I'll pay him out. Wait till Monday night! He'll find his leading lady out of town. Where'll his blooming opera be then?"

"You can't do that, miss, can you?" asked the maid.

"I can't, can't I? You see if I can't! My old man's been begging me to give up here. He'll take me to America, he says. He'll buy me a doctor's certificate. I'll play 'Walker' with Mr. Henley, the duffer! It'll be 'Tommy Dodd' with his old opera."

That was enough for Constance. Poor girl, she was in a quandary. All the Blanville's talk might be mere boast. What was Constance to do? She couldn't be a telltale and warn Henley. It would look, too, like currying favor, and how could she tell him the source of her information? Of course she knew as well as if she had shared in the scene all that had taken place in the star dressing room on the first floor, knew who the speakers were as well as if she had seen their lips moving.

She hastened from the theater. Saturday morning a kind note from Henley advising her, if she were a bit ill, not to come to the theater, either to the matinee or evening performance. "I want you to be bright and strong for the last rehearsal Monday," ran the note. It made the tears start to Constance's bright eyes when she read the words the "last rehearsal." Now, when a stage manager writes a note of this sort to a chorus girl it means a good deal. You may not know stage etiquette, and as the boys say, "I'll give you that for a tipper." But you and I do know that Constance was not ill at all. Nevertheless she remained at home Saturday and did not go out on that or the following day. Both Henley and Kenyon called at the door of her lodging between matinee and night performances, but she simply sent a message in reply to their queries, saying that she was much better and would certainly be all right Monday morning.

The eventful day arrived. Eventful days are always acting that way—in fact, all days are eventful to some one or another, and they continue to turn up as regularly as tax bills.

Contrary to the usual plan, there had been no Sunday rehearsal. Every one was "dead letter perfect," and the interested parties had decided that a good day's rest before the final rehearsal was worth more than one more going over the opera.

Ten a. m. Monday found everybody who should be present on the stage of the Folly theater. The customary "20 minutes' grace" was uncalled for. Every one felt so deep an interest in the new production and had so much pride in doing the best for their fellow manager's and director's opera that, as the low comedy man said, "They sat up all night to be on time and would have come on crutches, except that that might suggest a lame performance."

"The Wayside Inn" was bound to be "a great go," so everybody said.

The orchestra got a good grasp upon the note A—that is to say, every member of the band put his instrument in tune.

The scene for act 1 of "The Wayside Inn" was set, and Henley said in a low voice, standing in front of Kenyon's desk, "I think we're all ready, Corbett." Kenyon rapped his men to attention and held his baton aloft. A lad came to Henley's side and touched his arm, and the baton slowly descended. "Well, what is it, Williams?" sharply asked Henley.

"I don't think Miss Blanville is here, sir," replied the callboy.

Henley said afterward that so far as temperature was concerned the call boy's words prepared him for arctic exploration in just two seconds. He was outwardly calm, however, and seemed careless in his remark:

"All right, we'll have to wait a few minutes then. She's got five minutes more of grace anyhow," looking at his watch. He did not need even the five minutes, for a messenger boy appeared and handed him a letter. He tore the envelope open and read as follows:

MONDAY MORNING.

To Forbes Henley, Esq., Stage Manager Folly Theater:

DEAR SIR—I beg to inclose the herewith dr.'s certificate, wich will show you I can't sing tonight. Maybee I shan't smoke no more cigarettes, anyway in your theater. yours truly,

ROSE BLANVILLE.

Miss Blanville was a better singer than a speller.

The inclosure was as follows:

This is to certify that, being professionally called in yesterday (Sunday) by Miss Rose Blanville, I find her suffering with acute bronchitis. It would probably cause the loss of her voice should she attempt to sing for several weeks to come, and in my professional capacity I have forbidden her to use her voice until I give her permission so to do.

FRANCIS A. CLARRIDGE, M. D.

"It's a lie!" said Henley hoarsely. He paused only a moment and then turned to the assembled company, each man, woman and child of which had seen something was "gone wrong," and said in a steady but very precise manner of speech:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to say that I have a doctor's certificate here announcing the sudden illness of Miss Blanville. The rehearsal is postponed for one hour, if you please, while the management —Mr. Kenyon and myself—consult as to what will be done in the emergency. Please do me the favor not to speak of the matter about town yet awhile. Everything may come out all right. I rely upon your co-operation."

There was a murmur which seemed a ground swell of pity and commiseration for their stage manager, and the men were ugly in their remarks about that "so and so" Blanville, and the women said, "What a shame!" etc., for no one believed a particle in Miss Blanville's illness. The people were slowly departing when Constance Marriott came down stage and stood before Henley. She said in a quiet, confident way:

"Mr. Henley, I wish you would call the people back."

"Miss Marriott, this is no time for pleasantry. I hardly expected it of you," rejoined the stage manager, with an emphasis on the "you."

"Pardon me, Mr. Henley! If you will only try me, I know I can sing every note of Miss Blanville's part. I think I can act it, with a little help, for I've watched the business carefully"——

"Wait a minute!" cried Henley, his face ablaze with hope. He called at the top of his voice: "Please don't go, ladies and gentlemen! Remain where you are just a moment!" Everybody took a position as if for a tableau, and all looked at Constance Marriott and Forbes Henley. "Now go on," said he to the quondam chorus girl.

"Only this," continued Miss Marriott. "I feared Miss Blanville would disappoint you, and with my mother's help I've learned the music of the part she was to play. You can try me. It will do no harm, and if I succeed you need not postpone the opening."

Before Henley could reply Kenyon, who was never heard before or after to utter a profane word, shouted out to the stage manager.

"Forbes, I've heard every word she's said, and by —— I think she can do it. She shall have a try anyhow." And he rapped his men to attention again.

Henley said: "We'll begin the rehearsal, please. Attention, every one! Places! Act 1. Off you go, Corbett!"

The overture went with a snap and dash and needed not a word of correction. The opening chorus, too, seemed to be sung better than ever before, and everything went swimmingly till the entrance of Grace Damal—the role of the prima donna. Then Constance entered, came down stage for her opening number, a beautiful, quiet, rather pathetic song. Kenyon stood up at his desk and whispered to her: "Take your own time! Sing confidently! Trust to me! I'll help you out!"

She didn't need a bit of help—not a bit. True, at first her voice trembled just a trifle, but Henley whispered, "Don't be afraid—you're all right." And her tones came out clear as a bell. That girl had been taught the right way to produce a note. In heaven's name, what had such a voice been doing in a chorus?

Kenyon smiled, sat down, and albeit watching Constance closely showed he had no fear or hesitation.

The solo ended, the rehearsal stopped. It was no use. It could not go on. The entire company burst into a shout of applause, and as for Henley and Kenyon the lattter had jumped upon the stage right over the footlights and held Constance's hands in his, shaking them up and down as if they were rattles and he a big baby. Henley—well, Henley kissed her, he did, and then, looking like a fool, said, "I fine myself £20, but it's worth it." It was quite awhile before the assemblage got back to its united senses.

Why, Miss Marriott's voice was infinitely purer and better than the absent Blanville's. She felt the music and made you feel it too. Sing? She sang the proverbial lark out of his whole gamut. Finally the rehearsal was resumed, and allowing for a little crudeness here and there, but no awkwardness—and even the crudeness disappeared as Miss Marriott gained confidence—the role was acted with remarkable finish. "Save your voice, dear," said Henley. "You're all right," smiling on his pretty savior from disaster.

"Just hum through the principal numbers once more to get the action," said Kenyon, and by this means parts of the opera were gone over twice or thrice long before 3 o'clock.

When night came, to the crowded house Henley made a splendid speech of explanation regarding the change of cast in the principal role. The audience was a trifle cold and hesitating until after Constance's first solo, and then, as Kenyon said when he held his stick on high for the tumultuous encore which followed, "She's got 'em!" And in fact she did "have them."

The performance was a complete triumph, but whether "The Wayside Inn" or the new prima donna had won the greater success it was difficult to say. The London critics telegraphed over a column each to their several journals, and in one night Constance Marriott sprang from a simple chorus girl to the foremost rank among comic opera singers. Henley whispered to Kenyon as they stood at the stage door after the performance.

"All right, old boy. I envy you. Wish you luck," said Kenyon, and he started on ahead of his partner in success.

Henley walked home with Constance Marriott. He must beg her pardon for giving her that kiss. He did so quite eloquently, and she gave it back to him when they got inside the door of her dwelling. What a welcome came from the sweet invalid mother!

Well, well, well, what a happy hour it was, while Constance told how, after the first rehearsal we have spoken of, she had overheard the description of the accidental telephone from the prompt side to the leader's desk; how she, too, had discovered the same sort of a line of communication leading from the star dressing room to the chorus room, how she had listened that Friday night, how she had deliberately bribed the librarian of the theater to let her have the score, telling him that she had been made "understudy" and needed to look over the prima donna's part; how she and her mother had worked at the role all Saturday and Sunday, and——

You know or can imagine the rest. Forbes kissed her again—this time right before her own mother, who laughed a very knowing laugh. Then Forbes actually kissed the mother.

"The Wayside Inn" ran to crowded houses for over five months and was then taken off. Miss Marriott was unable to appear for two weeks, and the public would have no one else in her role. She took this fortnight's vacation because Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Henley went on their wedding tour.—Nath Childs in Short Stories.

Army and Navy Officers' Outfits.

An army officer's outfit is expensive. The army outfit costs at the very lowest $180. Very few officers would be satisfied with a $180 outfit. It is made of cheap cloth, poorly finished. It is "regulation," and the commanding officer would have to pass it. But an officer would feel very mean in one of these outfits at an official reception. From $180 the cost of the outfit ranges up to $350. Most of the difference is in the cost of the material of the uniform. A naval officer's outfit costs even more. At the navy department they say that in round numbers a "good" outfit will cost $450. There are 1,410 officers in the navy on the active list. If the navy department took a notion to alter the character of the uniform and equipment of its officers so radically that the present outfit would be useless, it would cost $634,500 to make the change. All of this would come out of the pockets of the officers themselves. It is very well to make officers pay for their own outfits, but they cannot see the justice of paying for changes which depend on the whims of a superior officer and which benefit no one but Uncle Sam.—Washington Star.

The Gallery God as a Critic.

The gallery god is the best critic of melodrama. The essential feature of good melodrama is thrill, and he always thrills at the proper time and is not afraid to manifest the same. The thrill may extend down stairs, but somehow the atmosphere down there is not so highly charged with enthusiasm, or else the high priced patrons are averse to showing their feelings, so they thrill in silence if at all and weep under the pretense of wiping their eyeglasses. Not so the gallery god. He is outspoken in his praise or condemnation. He knows a good point when he sees it, and he is not afraid to say so. Moreover, if the melodrama does not come up to his standard, which is pretty high, he never goes again.—Washington Post.

In a Japanese Theater.

A Japanese audience, when they wish to express disapproval of a bad play, do not hiss or hoot or make any hideous and inconvenient noise. They merely rise to their feet and turn their backs to the stage, upon which the curtain immediately descends, and the play is forthwith tabooed. —Indianapolis News.

Song.

There is a wondrous story
 That I would sing to thee,
A song of golden glory,
 Love's faith and constancy.
The winter day is ended,
 But in the sky above
A thousand lights are blended,
 The thousand thoughts of love,
 Bright thoughts of love.

The western skies are golden
 As some great wheaten sheaf,
But brighter far that olden
 Sweet tale of love's belief.
The sunsets die and vanish
 With each departing day,
But years serve not to banish
 The love that lives alway.
 And this is my song.

—Flavel Scott Mines in Godey's Lady Book.

MORPHINE ANTIDOTE.

DR. MOOR'S PROOF THAT HE HAS CONQUERED THE POISON.

Permanganate of Potash Demonstrates Its Mastery Over Morphine of an Equal Amount—Poisons, No Matter How Administered, Reach the Stomach.

Dr. William Moor, the discoverer of the new antidote for morphine, is experimenting with strychnine, cocaine and other poisons.

Dr. Moor has demonstrated by staking his life upon it that the permanganate will instantly counteract all the poisonous effects of morphine. When he took three grains of the poison, against the protests of 12 physicians, he demonstrated not only the success of his antidote, which he took immediately afterward, but proved that it was a new discovery to the medical profession.

Dr. Moor is 28 years old. He is tall, with a black mustache and a restless, energetic manner. He has all the enthusiasm of an inventor. Poisons are his playthings and experiment his amusement. He is an Austrian by birth, studied two years in Berlin and one in Paris and is a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city. He has been in practice a little over three years.

Dr. Moor was asked how his attention came to be called to permanganate of potash. He said it had always been a favorite with him when as a boy he performed chemical experiments. "It is very pretty to look at," said he. Then he took a pill made of the permanganate and put it in a glass of water. When he touched it with a spoon, it turned the whole glass to a rich purple color, like that of a fine Burgundy. This showed that the drug, which usually comes in dark purple, needlelike crystals, is easily soluble.

"I will show you how it affects morphine," said Dr. Moor. Then he took a little bottle of sulphate of morphine. He poured out a grain of morphine. This he dissolved in a half glass of water. It was colorless. The reporter, who tasted it, found it intensely bitter. "Now watch the effect," said Dr. Moor. He poured the colorless morphine solution into the glass containing the beautiful purple liquid. The liquid immediately turned a dirty black, like ink, and the color at once began to precipitate in fine particles toward the bottom of the glass.

"Now taste it," said Dr. Moor.

It was tasteless. The bitterness had all disappeared, showing that the morphine had been instantly annihilated by contact with the permanganate of potash. The liquid at the top began to get clearer. The fine black particles in five minutes formed a thick layer, and all the rest looked like pure water. This residuum is black manganese dioxide, a harmless substance. "That is the way it acts in the human stomach," said Dr. Moor. "The morphine or any of the salts of opium is at once rendered harmless by contact with the permanganate. The antidote at once seeks the poison, passing by the other substances. The soluble salt of morphine is acted upon by the antidote 75,000 times quicker than albumen and several thousand times quicker than pepton."

"How did you find this out?"

"I experimented upon the white of egg," said Dr. Moor. "That is pure albumen. It is converted into pepton by the action of pepsin. Pepton is the chief rival of the permanganate, because pepton is soluble in water and permanganate of potash acts most quickly on soluble substances. You have seen the demonstration which I have just given.

"The effect of the permanganate on morphine is instantaneous, as you see. But for purposes of calculation I estimate it as occupying a second. Then I watch the effect of permanganate of potash on white of egg and calculate the time until the effect is produced. It is infinitely slower—75,000 times slower. Thus I knew that the permanganate would seek the morphine and not the pepton in the stomach."

"But that is only theoretical. Did you have no practical test before you took the three grains of morphine yourself?" he was asked.

"Oh, yes," said Dr. Moor. "I tried it on a couple of rabbits by hypodermic injections, administering the same quantity of morphine to each. In the one which I gave the antidote the temperature remained normal. In the other it fell to 16. Then I began trying it on myself, taking first an eighth of a grain, then a quarter, then a half, then three-quarters. When I took the antidote, there was no apparent effect. I never took as much as three grains at one time until I gave my demonstration before the west side German clinic. Dr. Gottheil was very much frightened. I told him I would just as lief take six grains. Almost any quantity of morphine would be harmless if a similar quantity of the antidote were taken.

"Professor Hitzig in Germany a year or two ago proved that poisons of all kinds, no matter how administered, find their way to the stomach. Thus a snake poison received in the leg or a hypodermic injection of morphine in the arms begins to get into the stomach within a few seconds. Professor Hitzig found that one-half the poison will get into the stomach within an hour. The same is true of poisons received through the stomach, which pass back to the stomach again. So it follows that permanganate of potash, if administered while a person is still alive, begins at once to destroy the poison. It should be administered in successive doses, say at intervals of 20 minutes. I do not claim, however, that atropine should not also be administered hypodermically. Everything should be done to maintain the heart's action."

Dr. Moor is hopeful that the power of the permanganate in killing poison extends to poisons other than those derived from opium. Cocaine is one of the substances with which he is experimenting in addition to strychnine and atropine. He knows from experiment that the effects of permanganate upon these substances is different from that upon morphine and in the case of strychnine is very much slower. He said yesterday that he did not know that it had ever been ascertained what was the active principle of a rattlesnake's poison. "I am going to experiment with the rattlesnake, however," said he. "If the poison gets into the stomach, there ought to be a way of reaching it, as is done with morphine."—New York World.

Difference of Opinion.

As Sims Reeves finished singing, "Come Into the Garden, Maud," one night amid thunders of applause a gentleman turned to his neighbor and shouted, "Isn't that grand, magnificent, beautiful?"

To his astonishment the reply bawled into his ear was:

"Well, I dunno, mister, but to my way o' thinkin you men's a gradel fool for axin Maud or any other young women to come to th' garden gate expectin to find him by hisself, when he knows as th' row he's kickin up wi' his howlin 'll waken all th' people within half a mile and fetch 'em out to see what all th' bother's about."—London Telegram.

For Cleaning Milk Bottles.

Some [illegible] are [illegible] to be excellent for cleaning bottles that have held milk in them. Put a few leaves in the bottle, pour in water, shake, then rinse out with clear water. It will make them clear as crystal and remove any particle of milk.

NOVEL TELEGRAPHING.

It Looked Like Thought Transference, but the Explanation Was Simple.

A prominent lawyer thought he had discovered a wonderful instance of thought transference the other day. He has two typewriter operators. One works in his private office, and the other has a desk in an adjoining room. Of late he has been puzzled upon giving instructions to his private stenographer, to be delivered to the other typewriter, to find that she never quit the room, yet the girl in the next room would always execute the order just as if she had been told explicitly what was required.

The attorney for a long time had been trying to account for this seeming telepathic communication between the two young ladies. Yesterday he thought he would make a test of the matter, and calling his stenographer he said, "I want you to take down this article of agreement and give it to Miss Blank to transcribe." He then dictated a lengthy and technical document, trying to make it as difficult as possible.

The stenographer took it down and then went to her machine and began operating it. The attorney watched her closely and saw that she never stopped her work. He waited for a half hour, then he turned to his typewriter and said:

"Miss So-and-so, I think you have forgotten to give Miss Blank that dictation I gave you for her."

"Oh, no," replied the young lady. "Miss Blank has it finished and waiting for you out there."

This nonplused the attorney. He was sure his private stenographer had not left the room and did not see how it could be possible for such a complicated agreement to be transferred by telepathic communication. He went out to Miss Blank, who handed him the agreement completed. The attorney could not contain himself any longer as he said: "Miss Blank, I have been noticing something strange for the past month. Will you tell me how you receive my instructions from Miss So-and-so without her leaving my room? Here you have transcribed a very difficult dictation, and I am sure you have had no communication with her." The young lady began to smile and said:

"Mr. ——, you should not be so sure that we have had no communication. We can converse with each other when the door is open just as well as if we were in the same room. No, it's not thought transference, but plain telegraphy. You see, Miss So-and-so and I have learned telegraphy recently, and we practice in this way.

"We found the space bars of our typewriters made perfect telegraph keys, so that we can send messages just as well as with a regular telegraph instrument. So it's not so mysterious after all."

The young lady showed her employer the manner of sending a message, and he began to think how easily some mysterious incidents could be explained if we only knew the truth.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Sang His Father Out of Jail.

Little Davie Connelly, the sweet voiced lad who is known all over the Pacific coast, sang his father out of jail in the Spokane police court once. David Connelly, Sr., had been arrested for being drunk and had been fined $1 and costs by Judge Miller. Then Davie appeared. Inspector Gough was an admirer of the lad, and so was Prosecutor Plattor.

At their request the little fellow sang in a voice of affecting sweetness, "Kiss and Let's Make Up." Judge Miller listened, and when he had concluded asked his name.

"Davie Connelly," said the lad.

"Why—ahem—who's your father?" asked the judge, with a suspicion of tenderness in his voice.

"Why, he's the man you just sent to jail," said the little fellow.

"I think we had better let the father go for the boy's sake," said Mr. Plattor.

"Sing 'My Mother's Picture,'" suggested Inspector Gough, and the boy sang with tender emotion the appeal of the child not to sell his mother's portrait. It was a sweet, pathetic refrain that brought emotions to the heart.

"Does your father get drunk often?" asked the judge as he looked sympathetically at the little singer.

"No, sir. This is the first time in a year," he replied. "And, judge, if you will let him go, I'll work at the Louvre next week and bring you the money for his fine."

"You? Why, what do you earn?"

"Seventeen dollars and a half a week," replied Davie. And in another minute it was arranged, and the parent was allowed to go.—Portland Oregonian.

An Oddity of Skin Grafting.

After a series of observations extending over a period of 12 years and experimenting on 24 individuals of both sexes and of opposite colors Professor Thiersch of Leipsic has given the following as the result: If a piece of negro's skin is grafted on the flesh of a white man or woman, the transplanted piece, as soon as it begins to properly adhere, gradually changes in color and texture until it becomes indistinguishable from that of the surrounding cuticle, the process of change usually occupying a period of from 92 to 112 days to make the complete transformation. On the other hand, when the skin of a white person is grafted on the flesh of a negro, the change, which it has already been admitted finally takes place, is not nearly so rapid, usually occupying a period of upward of a year. As to texture, it can be truly said that the white piece, though it changes to all appearance to real negro skin, is never as fine and soft as its ebony surroundings.

The question now arises: Should further experiment prove this to be true beyond a doubt, will the belles of the future have their faces denuded and patched up with negro skin in order to give them a fashionable texture?—St. Louis Republic.

That Sinking Feeling.

A Detroit doctor is laying for a boy about 16 years old, who came into his office one day last week, and after getting the doctor's advice disappeared and has not since been seen, at least by him.

"Doctor," said the boy, "I have a sinking feeling all over a great many times a day."

"Ever at night?" asked the doctor.

"Hardly ever."

"Let me see your tongue."

The boy showed his tongue. The doctor felt his pulse, sounded his chest, worked a stethoscope on him, listened at his heartbeats and then told him what was the matter with him and what to take for it.

"Maybe my business has got something to do with it, doctor?" suggested the boy as the physician stepped into the adjoining room to get a vial.

"Hardly that, I think," cheerily sang out the physician from the other room. "What is your business?"

"I run an elevator," responded the lad. And before the doctor could get to him he had disappeared, as above stated.—Detroit Free Press.

Santa Fits the System.

Dudley Nobs—Pa, there is one thing about Santa Claus I never could understand.

Mr. Nobs—What is that, my son?

Dudley Nobs—Why does Santa always leave valuable presents to rich folks and cheap ones to poor people? Why don't he even things up?—New York Journal.

Boston and Maine Railroad.

WESTERN DIVISION

Commencing January 21, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE CENTRAL STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, at 6.30, 8.15, 9.20, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 12.45, 3.25, 4.10, 5.10, 6.55, 9.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.35, 7.30, p. m.

For Lawrence, 8.30, 9.20, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 5.10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.30 p. m.

For Haverhill, 8.30, 9.20 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 5.10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.30 p. m.

For Salem and Lynn, 12.15, 5.10 p. m.

For Newburyport, 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 6.15 p. m.

For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25 p. m.

For Somersworth, N. H., Salmon Falls Saco and Portland 8.30 a.m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35.

For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.00 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Bangor, Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For St. John N. B., Montreal, Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays); SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.

For Eastport and St. John's (per steamer), on Mondays and Thursdays at 12.15 p m.

Southern Division.

Trains leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell.

For Boston—5.45, 6.30, §6.50, *7.45, *8.50, ¶9.25, *9.50, 11.00 a. m.; *12.10, 1.35, 2.10, ¶3.00, 4.20, *5.40 p. m. SUNDAYS, ¶7.45, 8.45, *9.15 a. m.

Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell, as follows:

For Boston.—5.48, 6.34, ¶6.53, 7.01, *7.18, *7.27, *7.48, *8.57, 9.28, *9.35, *9.58, 11.03, 11.44 a. m., *12.17, 1.38, 2.13, ¶3.03, 4.02, 4.33, *5.33, ¶5.43, *6.28, 7.52, p. m. SUNDAYS, *7.17, *7.27, ¶7.48, 8.48, ¶9.20 a. m.; §4.25, 6.03 p. m.

or Woburn, 6.30, §7.01, 7.35, *7.45, 11.00 a.m.; 1.35, 4.30, *§5.33, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45 a. m. §4.25, §6.03, p.m.

*Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.

For Lawrence—6.50, 10.05, 11.00 a. m. 1.25, 2.10, 4.45, 5.50 p m. SUNDAYS 9.15 a. m., 7.15 p. m.

For Salem and Way Stations—§7.38 a. m.; 1.25, 6.50 p. m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m.

☞ Time below is from Northern depot.

For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m.; 12.00, 5.10 and 5.49 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p. m.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.57, 3.43, 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.

For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m., and 3.43 p. m.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.48, 9.14, 9.16, 12.11 a.m.; 12.57, 1.47, 3.43, (5.04 Nashua only), 5.42, 6.22, 8.13, 8.43 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.00, a. m. to Nashua only), 2.00, 6.00 8.13, 8.43 p. m.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.11, 9.45, 12.11, a. m.; 1.47, (5.42 Franklin only), 13.13 p. m.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.45 a.m.; 1.47 p. m.

For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.45 a.m.; 1.47 and †8.13.

For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.15 a. m.; 12.11, †8.13 p. m.

For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.45 a. m.; †8.43 p. m.

Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.47, 5.13, p. m., daily except Sunday.

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STORY FROM THE STAGE.

A Fair Chorus Singer's Jump to be Prima Donna.

"The Wayside Inn" With a New Primma Donna Became the Page at a London Theatre—Thereupon Hung a Love Story and a Happy Marriage.

(Story Complete In This Issue.)

The fact that the speaking tube leading from the prompter's desk to the conductor's chair in the Folly theater at ——shire, England, had refused to fulfill its duties led to two discoveries, one in support of a physical law, the other semiscientific. The physical discovery, so to speak, was that a small mouse can effectually prevent the passage of a large human voice. How the rodent came to make the speaking tube a hiding place matters not. It had forced its way some 10 feet into the tube, and, as Lord Dundreary would say, "The conversation ended." The second discovery was an accidental resultant of the useless condition of the speaking tube.

Forbes Henley, the stage manager of the Folly; Corbett Kenyon, the musical director, and Kelley, the gasman and electrician, were laughing over the mishap to the tube, and Henley remarked:

"I don't see, Kenyon, how you caught the signals if you didn't use the tube."

"That's the oddest thing of all," said Kenyon, taking hold of the electric light which hung over the conductor's music rack. "This lamp did it. When I didn't get the signal for the overture, I happened to lean over by this light, and I heard a small edition of your voice say, 'What the deuce is the matter with the band? Why don't they begin?' I didn't wait to ask questions of myself, and as I couldn't ask any of any one else through the tube I began the music. Well, I found out that by listening at the electric light I could hear everything said on the stage at the prompt entrance. I can't account for it, but it's so."

"Ah," said Mr. Kelley, breaking into the conversation, "I understand it all. The electric wires leading from my electric and gas table to your light form an accidental telephone. It often happens. Why, I've seen an ordinary gas pipe which would let you hear conversations held two or three floors away—something like those whispering galleries I've read about."

"Well, Kelley, I don't think we'll trust to the accidental telephone. You'll patch up the tube before night, won't you?" said Henley.

"All right, sir."

"And see that the opening to the tube is kept shut hereafter, please."

"All right, sir," again replied Kelley.

This conversation had been held after one of the rehearsals of the new opera which the Folly management was about to produce. The members of the company had departed some time ago, and the stage had been "cleared." Up stage, however, during the progress of these discoveries and the talk relating thereto, a young woman had been modestly waiting. Kenyon was the first to notice her and remarked in an undertone to Mr. Henley:

"Forbes, I think there's some one wishes to speak to you."

Henley turned and spoke up quickly after recognizing the young lady:

"Did you wish to see me, Miss Marriott?"

"If you please, sir," replied the young lady, coming down stage hesitatingly.

"Have you been waiting ever since rehearsal? Why didn't you speak before? I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, my dear," using the meaningless term of address in universal use upon the stage.

"I didn't like to interrupt you," she answered.

"What can I do for you?" asked Henley, looking quite earnestly at her. And he could have looked upon few prettier, more ladylike or more modest appearing damsels in the entire dramatic profession.

With evident embarrassment Miss Marriott answered her manager: "Could you and Mr. Kenyon do me a great favor—a favor to my mother as well as myself? Mother, as perhaps you know, sir, was once well known as a singer. She's an invalid now, and all the pleasure left her in this world is music. I've told her about the new opera, and she wishes she could see the score for only one day. Then, too, although I'm only in the chorus, I like to 'run through' all the operas we sing. Mother helps me, and I somehow feel I can understand my own work better when I know the whole opera."

"Do you mean to say you study the whole of the operas we sing?" asked Kenyon, here joining the conversation.

"Yes, sir," replied Miss Mariott, turning to Kenyon. "I've studied all we've played so far."

There was a short silence before Henley spoke, saying: "I'm sure I don't know what to reply to your request. It's against the rules, and"——

"Oh, bother the rules!" interrupted Kenyon. "The opera's ours, isn't it? By Jove, such interest in her work by one of the chorus deserves some recognition. Let Miss Marriott have the extra score. I'll trust her."

"Well," said Henley, with a brightened face, "I'm glad to do so if you're willing." He went away, and soon returning handed the young lady a thick volume of manuscript. "There, my dear, that's the piano score. You'll be careful of it. I rely on your not letting any one but your mother and yourself see it. You can keep it till after Sunday. We shan't need it."

"Oh, thank you so much! I'll keep it sacredly. I'll promise no one shall hear or see a note of it but mother and myself."

And with an uncommon look of thankfulness—and something more—divided one-third to Kenyon, two-thirds to Henley, she hastened away. Henley and Kenyon soon followed.

Of all the provincial theaters in Great Britain the Folly of ——shire was perhaps the most successful. All the London productions had found a quick reproduction here, and unvarying prosperity had attended every venture. The company had become localized, so to speak, and was a united, diligent and admirably constructed corps. Continued success had made the management bold, and now a distinctly daring attempt was on the boards—namely, an entirely new and original opera. "The Wayside Inn" was in rehearsal for early production. Furthermore, the author of the book of the opera was Forbes Henley; the composer of the music was Corbett Kenyon, stage manager and musical director of the Folly respectively. Therefore these two gentlemen, both young and energetic, were doubly interested in the coming event. Everything thus far had tended toward a thoroughly good production. The entire company—principals, chorus, band—all acted as if they had, each member, a personal interest in the welfare of the new work. All—with the inevitable one exception. That exception was the prima donna of the Folly company, Rose Blanville. Now, it must be confessed that Miss Blanville was a good singer, a clever actress and, moreover, a great favorite with the patrons of the Folly. But—oh, how those three letters do interfere with the even current of life's affairs!—she was not a true artist at heart. She was tricky, as flighty as a woodcock, as unreliable as a tailor's promises, and of late she had tried to show her independence by slighting her work, by breaking the established rules of the theater in a score of petty ways. In all England there was no fairer or more just stage manager than Henley, but he did expect the rules to be obeyed. Only the "fakirs" or "shirkers" ever found fault with his discipline. But in the case of Miss Blanville it was "grin and bear" her impertinences, her small misdemeanors, for Rose knew there was not a leading soprano disengaged in all Great Britain. Kenyon knew this, Henley knew it, so they hoped she would grow better natured, and from pride's sake, if nothing more, do her best in the new opera.

The rehearsal of today was the second full one—that is, of the entire opera and by all engaged in it. Excepting one or two small kicks of Miss Blanville, everything had passed off most promisingly, and the hopes of the author and composer were on a high key and at concert pitch.

Several days passed, and rehearsals continued. Improvement was shown at each successive trial, and even the prima donna behaved quite decently. Changes naturally suggested themselves to the author and composer, and a short scene with a few solo lines was introduced into act 2 of "The Wayside Inn." It seemed to strike both Kenyon and Henley at once and alike that Constance Marriott would do this little "bit part" nicely. Therefore that young lady was made happy and proud by being chosen to play this small part and also by the knowledge that her name would no longer be submerged and hidden in the line—villagers, peasants, etc., by the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus. No, although it would be the last on the list there it would read: "Stella (a dairy maid)—Miss Constance Marriott."

It was quite pleasant, too, to find that the choice had been a good one, for Miss Marriott sang and acted the little scene charmingly. True, both Henley and Kenyon gave her an unusual amount of time and attention in the early rehearsals, but soon, however, she needed no further instructions.

Thus it went on till the Friday night before the Monday night on which "The Wayside Inn" was to be first produced. The local papers had been full of glorious "advance notices" of the event, and every seat salable had been secured for the opening night. Indeed the London journals had taken up the story, and the musical critics of The Times, The Standard, The Telegraph and a half dozen more of the leading dailies in the metropolis and elsewhere had requested "seats to be set aside" for them for the first night.

Henley was happy. Kenyon was confident. As the former said, "Everything is coming our way." Had he foreseen Friday night's happenings and their consequences he might have added, "And the devil came also."

There is a very strict rule regarding smoking in the dressing rooms of a theater. Actors—yes, and actresses, so far as cigarettes go—often break the rule, but if caught it means a sure fine, unless for some special reason there is a winking at the offense. Now, Henley could forgive anything almost but the ladies smoking cigarettes in their dressing rooms. Too much lace and flimsy stuffs hang around or lie scattered about on the chairs not to make it very dangerous if a lighted cigarette should be dropped carelessly about. It might result in a dire and dread panic, a conflagration, the loss of many lives.

On the third floor of that part of the theater devoted to the dressing rooms in a large room where some half dozen of the chorus ladies were wont to attire themselves for the stage between the acts Constance Marriott sat alone on this Friday night. There was no change of dress for the beginning of the next act of the opera being played, and the fair chorus girl had sought seclusion from the chatter of her companions in the dressing room. Perhaps she was "blue." At any rate, she seemed to be thinking deeply of something or somebody, and with closed eyes she leaned her pretty head against the wall, her chair carelessly tipped back. She was aroused from her reverie by the sound of voices, not near by—no, they seemed, although every word could be distinctly heard, to be far away. Comparing sight and sound, she heard as one sees through opera glasses reversed. Miss Marriott was mortal, a woman, and—well, she listened. She even blushed at the sound of the voices, for she recognized the speakers.

"Miss Blanville, I've asked you a score of times not to smoke cigarettes in your dressing room. It's against the rules."

"You don't like it, eh?" The sound of a woman's voice came up to the listener.

"No," was the quick reply, a little louder, "but that's not the reason of the rule nor of my request. Smoking in the theater invalidates our insurance. If I"——

"Our insurance—ahem! Our insurance!" was the sarcastic interruption.

"I beg your pardon. The insurance."

Here came a pause.

"Will you be so kind as to throw that cigarette away?"

"Yes, when I've smoked all I wish to of it and not before," was the answer.

"Then, Miss Blanville, I shall fine you £5."

"You will, will you? And I'll not pay it," said the feminine voice.

"I think you will," was the subdued but firm rejoinder in male tones.

"And I know blamed well I'll not," answered the woman.

Just as the conversation ended at this point another of the chorus girls came into the dressing room where Constance Marriott had been listening.

"Oh, Millie," cried Constance at the sight of her companion, "when you go down stairs will you tell Mr. Henley I'm ill? Ask him to excuse me the next act, will you? There's a dear! I don't want to be fined."

"Why, Connie, are you sick?"

"Yes, dear, I am truly—my head aches fearfully."

"Of course I'll tell him. I'll come back in a minute if I can help you any," said Millie, running out and then returning to say: "Connie, dear, in the pocket of my sack—the gray one—there's a bit of sherry in a flask. Take a drop of it, dear. It'll do you good."

Constance didn't wait for the drink or for Millie's return. For only a moment she pressed her ear against the wall and listened. She heard Rose Blanville utter a man's oath, and evidently talking to her waiting maid heard the prima donna say:

"The confounded upstart! Fine me, will he? I fancy he'll not! I'll pay him out. Wait till Monday night! He'll find his leading lady out of town. Where'll his blooming opera be then?"

"You can't do that, miss, can you?" asked the maid.

"I can't, can't I? You see if I can't! My old man's been begging me to give up here. He'll take me to America, he says. He'll buy me a doctor's certificate. I'll play 'Walker' with Mr. Henley, the duffer! It'll be 'Tommy Dodd' with his old opera."

That was enough for Constance. Poor girl, she was in a quandary. All the Blanville's talk might be mere boast. What was Constance to do? She couldn't be a telltale and warn Henley. It would look, too, like currying favor, and how could she tell him the source of her information? Of course she knew as well as if she had shared in the scene all that had taken place in the star dressing room on the first floor, knew who the speakers were as well as if she had seen their lips moving.

She hastened from the theater. Saturday morning a kind note from Henley advising her, if she were a bit ill, not to come to the theater, either to the matinee or evening performance. "I want you to be bright and strong for the last rehearsal Monday," ran the note. It made the tears start to Constance's bright eyes when she read the words the "last rehearsal." Now, when a stage manager writes a note of this sort to a chorus girl it means a good deal. You may not know stage etiquette, and as the boys say, "I'll give you that for a tipper." But you and I do know that Constance was not ill at all. Nevertheless she remained at home Saturday and did not go out on that or the following day. Both Henley and Kenyon called at the door of her lodging between matinee and night performances, but she simply sent a message in reply to their queries, saying that she was much better and would certainly be all right Monday morning.

The eventful day arrived. Eventful days are always acting that way—in fact, all days are eventful to some one or another, and they continue to turn up as regularly as tax bills.

Contrary to the usual plan, there had been no Sunday rehearsal. Every one was "dead letter perfect," and the interested parties had decided that a good day's rest before the final rehearsal was worth more than one more going over the opera.

Ten a. m. Monday found everybody who should be present on the stage of the Folly theater. The customary "20 minutes' grace" was uncalled for. Every one felt so deep an interest in the new production and had so much pride in doing the best for their fellow manager's and director's opera that, as the low comedy man said, "They sat up all night to be on time and would have come on crutches, except that that might suggest a lame performance."

"The Wayside Inn" was bound to be "a great go," so everybody said.

The orchestra got a good grasp upon the note A—that is to say, every member of the band put his instrument in tune.

The scene for act 1 of "The Wayside Inn" was set, and Henley said in a low voice, standing in front of Kenyon's desk, "I think we're all ready, Corbett." Kenyon rapped his men to attention and held his baton aloft. A lad came to Henley's side and touched his arm, and the baton slowly descended. "Well, what is it, Williams?" sharply asked Henley.

"I don't think Miss Blanville is here, sir," replied the callboy.

Henley said afterward that so far as temperature was concerned the call boy's words prepared him for arctic exploration in just two seconds. He was outwardly calm, however, and seemed careless in his remark:

"All right, we'll have to wait a few minutes then. She's got five minutes more of grace anyhow," looking at his watch. He did not need even the five minutes, for a messenger boy appeared and handed him a letter. He tore the envelope open and read as follows:

MONDAY MORNING.

To Forbes Henley, Esq., Stage Manager Folly Theater:

DEAR SIR—I beg to inclose the herewith dr.'s certificate, wich will show you I can't sing tonight. Maybee I shan't smoke no more cigarettes, anyway in your theater. yours truly.

ROSE BLANVILLE.

Miss Blanville was a better singer than a speller.

The inclosure was as follows:

This is to certify that, being professionally called in yesterday (Sunday) by Miss Rose Blanville, I find her suffering with acute bronchitis. It would probably cause the loss of her voice should she attempt to sing for several weeks to come, and in my professional capacity I have forbidden her to use her voice until I give her permission so to do.

FRANCIS A. CLARRIDGE, M. D.

"It's a lie!" said Henley hoarsely. He paused only a moment and then turned to the assembled company, each man, woman and child of which had seen something was "gone wrong," and said in a steady but very precise manner of speech:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to say that I have a doctor's certificate here announcing the sudden illness of Miss Blanville. The rehearsal is postponed for one hour, if you please, while the management—Mr. Kenyon and myself—consult as to what will be done in the emergency. Please do me the favor not to speak of the matter about town yet awhile. Everything may come out all right. I rely upon your co-operation."

There was a murmur which seemed a ground swell of pity and commiseration for their stage manager, and the men were ugly in their remarks about that "so and so" Blanville, and the women said, "What a shame!" etc., for no one believed a particle in Miss Blanville's illness. The people were slowly departing when Constance Marriott came down stage and stood before Henley. She said in a quiet, confident way:

"Mr. Henley, I wish you would call the people back."

"Miss Marriott, this is no time for pleasantry. I hardly expected it of you," rejoined the stage manager, with an emphasis on the "you."

"Pardon me, Mr. Henley! If you will only try me, I know I can sing every note of Miss Blanville's part. I think I can act it, with a little help, for I've watched the business carefully"——

"Wait a minute!" cried Henley, his face ablaze with hope. He called at the top of his voice: "Please don't go, ladies and gentlemen! Remain where you are just a moment!" Everybody took a position as if for a tableau, and all looked at Constance Marriott and Forbes Henley. "Now go on," said he to the quondam chorus girl.

"Only this," continued Miss Marriott. "I feared Miss Blanville would disappoint you, and with my mother's help I've learned the music of the part she was to play. You can try me. It will do no harm, and if I succeed you need not postpone the opening."

Before Henley could reply Kenyon, who was never heard before or after to utter a profane word, shouted out to the stage manager:

"Forbes, I've heard every word she's said, and by —— I think she can do it. She shall have a try anyhow." And he rapped his men to attention again.

Henley said: "We'll begin the rehearsal, please. Attention, every one! Places! Act 1. Off you go, Corbett!"

The overture went with a snap and dash and needed not a word of correction. The opening chorus, too, seemed to be sung better than ever before, and everything went swimmingly till the entrance of Grace Damal—the role of the prima donna. Then Constance entered, came down stage for her opening number, a beautiful, quiet, rather pathetic song. Kenyon stood up at his desk and whispered to her: "Take your own time! Sing confidently! Trust to me! I'll help you out!"

She didn't need a bit of help—not a bit. True, at first her voice trembled just a trifle, but Henley whispered, "Don't be afraid—you're all right." And her tones came out clear as a bell. That girl had been taught the right way to produce a note. In heaven's name, what had such a voice been doing in a chorus?

Kenyon smiled, sat down, and albeit watching Constance closely showed he had no fear or hesitation.

The solo ended, the rehearsal stopped. It was no use. It could not go on. The entire company burst into a shout of applause, and as for Henley and Kenyon the latter had jumped upon the stage right over the footlights and held Constance's hands in his, shaking them up and down as if they were rattles and he a big baby. Henley—well, Henley kissed her, he did, and then, looking like a fool, said, "I fine myself £20, but it's worth it." It was quite awhile before the assemblage got back to its united senses.

Why, Miss Marriott's voice was infinitely purer and better than the absent Blanville's. She felt the music and made you feel it too. Sing? She sang the proverbial lark out of his whole gamut. Finally the rehearsal was resumed, and allowing for a little crudeness here and there, but no awkwardness—and even the crudeness disappeared as Miss Marriott gained confidence—the role was acted with remarkable finish. "Save your voice, dear," said Henley. "You're all right," smiling on his pretty savior from disaster.

"Just hum through the principal numbers once more to get the action," said Kenyon, and by this means parts of the opera were gone over twice or thrice long before 9 o'clock.

When night came, to the crowded house Henley made a splendid speech of explanation regarding the change of cast in the principal role. The audience was a trifle cold and hesitating until after Constance's first solo, and then, as Kenyon said when he held his stick on high for the tumultuous encore which followed, "She's got 'em!" And in fact she did "have them."

The performance was a complete triumph, but whether "The Wayside Inn" or the new prima donna had won the greater success it was difficult to say. The London critics telegraphed over a column each to their several journals, and in one night Constance Marriott sprang from a simple chorus girl to the foremost rank among comic opera singers. Henley whispered to Kenyon as they stood at the stage door after the performance.

"All right, old boy. I envy you. Wish you luck," said Kenyon, and he started on ahead of his partner in success.

Henley walked home with Constance Marriott. He must beg her pardon for giving her that kiss. He did so quite eloquently, and she gave it back to him when they got inside the door of her dwelling. What a welcome came from the sweet invalid mother!

Well, well, well, what a happy hour it was, while Constance told how, after the first rehearsal we have spoken of, she had overheard the description of the accidental telephone from the prompt side to the leader's desk; how she, too, had discovered the same sort of a line of communication leading from the star dressing room to the chorus room; how she had listened that Friday night, how she had deliberately bribed the librarian of the theater to let her have the score, telling him that she had been made "understudy" and needed to look over the prima donna's part; how she and her mother had worked at the role all Saturday and Sunday, and——

You know or can imagine the rest. Forbes kissed her again—this time right before her own mother, who laughed a very knowing laugh. Then Forbes actually kissed the mother.

"The Wayside Inn" ran to crowded houses for over five months and was then taken off. Miss Marriott was unable to appear for two weeks, and the public would have no one else in her role. She took this fortnight's vacation because Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Henley went on their wedding tour.—Nath Childs in Short Stories.

Army and Navy Officers' Outfits.

An army officer's outfit is expensive. The army outfit costs at the very lowest $180. Very few officers would be satisfied with a $180 outfit. It is made of cheap cloth, poorly finished. It is "regulation," and the commanding officer would have to pass it. But an officer would feel very mean in one of these outfits at an official reception. From $180 the cost of the outfit ranges up to $350. Most of the difference is in the cost of the material of the uniform. A naval officer's outfit costs even more. At the navy department they say that in round numbers a "good" outfit will cost $450. There are 1,410 officers in the navy on the active list. If the navy department took a notion to alter the character of the uniform and equipment of its officers so radically that the present outfit would be useless, it would cost $634,500 to make the change. All of this would come out of the pockets of the officers themselves. It is very well to make officers pay for their own outfits, but they cannot see the justice of paying for changes which depend on the whims of a superior officer and which benefit no one but Uncle Sam.—Washington Star.

The Gallery God as a Critic.

The gallery god is the best critic of melodrama. The essential feature of good melodrama is thrill, and he always thrills at the proper time and is not afraid to manifest the same. The thrill may extend down stairs, but somehow the atmosphere down there is not so highly charged with enthusiasm, or else the high priced patrons are averse to showing their feelings, so they thrill in silence if at all and weep under the pretense of wiping their eyeglasses. Not so the gallery god. He is outspoken in his praise or condemnation. He knows a good point when he sees it, and he is not afraid to say so. Moreover, if the melodrama does not come up to his standard, which is pretty high, he never goes again.—Washington Post.

In a Japanese Theater.

A Japanese audience, when they wish to express disapproval of a bad play, do not hiss or hoot or make any hideous and inconvenient noise. They merely rise to their feet and turn their backs to the stage, upon which the curtain immediately descends, and the play is forthwith tabooed.—Indianapolis News.

Song.

There is a wondrous story
That I would sing to thee,
A song of golden glory,
Love's faith and constancy.
The winter day is ended,
But in the sky above
A thousand lights are blended,
The thousand thoughts of love,
Bright thoughts of love.

The western skies are golden
As some great wheaten sheaf,
But brighter far that olden
Sweet tale of love's belief.
The sunsets die and vanish
With each departing day,
But years serve not to banish
The love that lives alway,
And this is my song.

—Flavel Scott Mines in Godey's Lady Book.

MORPHINE ANTIDOTE.

DR. MOOR'S PROOF THAT HE HAS CONQUERED THE POISON.

Permanganate of Potash Demonstrates Its Mastery Over Morphine of an Equal Amount—Poisons, No Matter How Administered, Reach the Stomach.

Dr. William Moor, the discoverer of the new antidote for morphine, is experimenting with strychnine, cocaine and other poisons.

Dr. Moor has demonstrated by staking his life upon it that the permanganate will instantly counteract all the poisonous effects of morphine. When he took three grains of the poison, against the protests of 12 physicians, he demonstrated not only the success of his antidote, which he took immediately afterward, but proved that it was a new discovery to the medical profession.

Dr. Moor is 28 years old. He is tall, with a black mustache and a restless, energetic manner. He has all the enthusiasm of an inventor. Poisons are his playthings and experiment his amusement. He is an Austrian by birth, studied two years in Berlin and one in Paris and is a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city. He has been in practice a little over three years.

Dr. Moor was asked how his attention came to be called to permanganate of potash. He said it had always been a favorite with him when as a boy he performed chemical experiments. "It is very pretty to look at," said he. Then he took a pill made of the permanganate and put it in a glass of water. When he touched it with a spoon, it turned the whole glass to a rich purple color, like that of a fine Burgundy. This showed that the drug, which usually comes in dark purple, needlelike crystals, is easily soluble.

"I will show you how it affects morphine," said Dr. Moor. Then he took a little bottle of sulphate of morphine. He poured out a grain of morphine. This he dissolved in a half glass of water. It was colorless. The reporter, who tasted it, found it intensely bitter. "Now watch the effect," said Dr. Moor. He poured the colorless morphine solution into the glass containing the beautiful purple liquid. The liquid immediately turned a dirty black, like ink, and the color at once began to precipitate in fine particles toward the bottom of the glass.

"Now taste it," said Dr. Moor.

It was tasteless. The bitterness had all disappeared, showing that the morphine had been instantly annihilated by contact with the permanganate of potash. The liquid at the top began to get clearer. The fine black particles in five minutes formed a thick layer, and all the rest looked like pure water. This residuum is black manganese dioxide, a harmless substance. "That is the way it acts in the human stomach," said Dr. Moor. "The morphine or any of the salts of opium is at once rendered harmless by contact with the permanganate. The antidote at once seeks the poison, passing by the other substances. The soluble salt of morphine is acted upon by the antidote 75,000 times quicker than albumen and several thousand times quicker than pepton."

"How did you find this out?"

"I experimented upon the white of egg," said Dr. Moor. "That is pure albumen. It is converted into pepton by the action of pepsin. Pepton is the chief rival of the permanganate, because pepton is soluble in water and permanganate of potash acts most quickly on soluble substances. You have seen the demonstration which I have just given.

"The effect of the permanganate on morphine is instantaneous, as you see. But for purposes of calculation I estimate it as occupying a second. Then I watch the effect of permanganate of potash on white of egg and calculate the time until the effect is produced. It is infinitely slower—75,000 times slower. Thus I know that the permanganate would seek the morphine and not the pepton in the stomach."

"But that is only theoretical. Did you have no practical test before you took the three grains of morphine yourself?" he was asked.

"Oh, yes," said Dr. Moor. "I tried it on a couple of rabbits by hypodermic injections, administering the same quantity of morphine to each. In the one which I gave the antidote the temperature remained normal. In the other it fell to 16. Then I began trying it on myself, taking first an eighth of a grain, then a quarter, then a half, then three-quarters. When I took the antidote, there was no apparent effect. I never took as much as three grains at one time until I gave my demonstration before the west side German clinic. Dr. Gottheil was very much frightened. I told him I would just as lief take six grains. Almost any quantity of morphine would be harmless if a similar quantity of the antidote were taken.

"Professor Hitzig in Germany a year or two ago proved that poisons of all kinds, no matter how administered, find their way to the stomach. Thus a snake poison received in the leg or a hypodermic injection of morphine in the arms begins to get into the stomach within a few seconds. Professor Hitzig found that one half the poison will get into the stomach within an hour. The same is true of poisons received through the stomach, which pass back to the stomach again. So it follows that permanganate of potash, if administered while a person is still alive, begins at once to destroy the poison. It should be administered in successive doses, say at intervals of 20 minutes. I do not claim, however, that atropine should not also be administered hypodermically. Everything should be done to maintain the heart's action."

Dr. Moor is hopeful that the power of the permanganate in killing poison extends to poisons other than those derived from opium. Cocaine is one of the substances with which he is experimenting in addition to strychnine and atropine. He knows from experiment that the effects of permanganate upon these substances is different from that upon morphine and in the case of strychnine is very much slower. He said yesterday that he did not know that it had ever been ascertained what was the active principle of a rattlesnake's poison. "I am going to experiment with the rattlesnake, however," said he. "If the poison gets into the stomach, there ought to be a way of reaching it, as is done with morphine."—New York World.

Difference of Opinion.

As Sims Reeves finished singing "Come Into the Garden, Maud," one night amid thunders of applause a gentleman turned to his neighbor and shouted, "Isn't that grand, magnificent, beautiful?"

To his astonishment the reply bawled into his ear was:

"Well, I dunno, mister, but to my way of thinkin yon mon's a gradely fool for axin Maud or any other young women to come to th' garden gate expectin to find him by hisself, when he knows as th' row he's kickin up wi' his howlin 'll waken all th' people within half a mile and fetch 'em out to see what all th' bother's about."—London Telegram.

For Cleaning Milk Bottles.

[illegible] are said to be excellent for cleaning bottles that have had milk in them. Put a few leaves in the bottle, pour in water, shake, then rinse out with clear water. It will make them clear as crystal and remove any particle of milk.

NOVEL TELEGRAPHING.

It Looked Like Thought Transference, but the Explanation Was Simple.

A prominent lawyer thought he had discovered a wonderful instance of thought transference the other day. He has two typewriter operators. One works in his private office, and the other has a desk in an adjoining room. Of late he has been puzzled upon giving instructions to his private stenographer, to be delivered to the other typewriter, to find that she never quit the room, yet the girl in the next room would always execute the order just as if she had been told explicitly what was required.

The attorney for a long time had been trying to account for this seeming telepathic communication between the two young ladies. Yesterday he thought he would make a test of the matter, and calling his stenographer he said, "I want you to take down this article of agreement and give it to Miss Blank to transcribe." He then dictated a lengthy and technical document, trying to make it as difficult as possible.

The stenographer took it down and then went to her machine and began operating it. The attorney watched her closely and saw that she never stopped her work. He waited for a half hour, then he turned to his typewriter and said:

"Miss So-and-so, I think you have forgotten to give Miss Blank that dictation I gave you for her."

"Oh, no," replied the young lady. "Miss Blank has it finished and waiting for you out there."

This nonplused the attorney. He was sure his private stenographer had not left the room and did not see how it could be possible for such a complicated agreement to be transferred by telepathic communication. He went out to Miss Blank, who handed him the agreement completed. The attorney could not contain himself any longer as he said: "Miss Blank, I have been noticing something strange for the past month. Will you tell me how you receive my instructions from Miss So-and-so without her leaving my room? Here you have transcribed a very difficult dictation, and I am sure you have had no communication with her." The young lady began to smile and said:

"Mr. ——, you should not be so sure that we have had no communication. We can converse with each other when the door is open just as well as if we were in the same room. No, it's not thought transference, but plain telegraphy. You see, Miss So-and-so and I have learned telegraphy recently, and we practice in this way.

"We found the space bars of our typewriters made perfect telegraph keys, so that we can send messages just as well as with a regular telegraph instrument. So it's not so mysterious after all."

The young lady showed her employer the manner of sending a message, and he began to think how easily some mysterious incidents could be explained if we only knew the truth.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Sang His Father Out of Jail.

Little Davie Connelly, the sweet voiced lad who is known all over the Pacific coast, sang his father out of jail in the Spokane police court once. David Connelly, Sr., had been arrested for being drunk and had been fined $1 and costs by Judge Miller. Then Davie appeared. Inspector Gough was an admirer of the lad, and so was Prosecutor Platter.

At their request the little fellow sang in a voice of affecting sweetness, "Kiss and Let's Make Up." Judge Miller listened, and when he had concluded asked his name.

"Davie Connelly," said the lad.

"Why—ahem—who's your father?" asked the judge, with a suspicion of tenderness in his voice.

"Why, he's the man you just sent to jail," said the little fellow.

"I think we had better let the father go for the boy's sake," said Mr. Platter.

"Sing 'My Mother's Picture,'" suggested Inspector Gough, and the boy sang with tender emotion the appeal of the child not to sell his mother's portrait. It was a sweet, pathetic refrain that brought emotions to the heart.

"Does your father get drunk often?" asked the judge as he looked sympathetically at the little singer.

"No, sir. This is the first time in a year," he replied. "And, judge, if you will let him go, I'll work at the Louvre next week and bring you the money for his fine."

"You? Why, what do you earn?"

"Seventeen dollars and a half a week," replied Davie. And in another minute it was arranged, and the parent was allowed to go.—Portland Oregonian.

An Oddity of Skin Grafting.

After a series of observations extending over a period of 12 years and experimenting on 23 individuals of both sexes and of opposite colors Professor Thiersch of Leipsic has given the following as the result: If a piece of negro's skin is grafted on the flesh of a white man or woman, the transplanted piece, as soon as it begins to properly adhere, gradually changes in color and texture until it becomes indistinguishable from that of the surrounding cuticle, the process of change usually occupying a period of from 92 to 112 days to make the complete transformation. On the other hand, when the skin of a white person is grafted to the flesh of a negro, the change, which it has already been admitted finally takes place, is not nearly so rapid, usually occupying a period of upward of a year. As to texture, it can be truly said that the white piece, though it changes to all appearance to real negro skin, is never as fine and soft as its ebony surroundings.

The question now arises: Should further experiment prove this to be true beyond a doubt, will the belles of the future have their faces denuded and patched up with negro skin in order to give them a fashionable texture?—St. Louis Republic.

That Sinking Feeling.

A Detroit doctor is laying for a boy about 16 years old, who came into his office one day last week, and after getting the doctor's advice disappeared and has not since been seen, at least by him.

"Doctor," said the boy, "I have a sinking feeling all over a great many times a day."

"Ever at night?" asked the doctor.

"Hardly ever."

"Let me see your tongue."

The boy showed his tongue. The doctor felt his pulse, sounded his chest, worked a stethoscope on him, listened at his heartbeats and then told him what was the matter with him and what to take for it.

"Maybe my business has got something to do with it, doctor?" suggested the boy as the physician stepped into the adjoining room to get a vial.

"Hardly that, I think," cheerily sang out the physician from the other room. "What is your business?"

"I run an elevator," responded the lad.

And before the doctor could get to him he had disappeared, as above stated.—Detroit Free Press.

Santa Fits the System.

Dudley Nobs—Pa, there is one thing about Santa Claus I never could understand.

Mr. Nobs—What is that, my son?

Dudley Nobs—Why does Santa always leave valuable presents to rich folks and cheap ones to poor people? Why don't he even things up?—New York Journal.

Boston and Maine Railroad.

WESTERN DIVISION

Commencing January 21, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE CENTRAL STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, at 6.50, 8.15, 9.20, 10.00 a. m.; 12.15, 12.45, 3.25, 4.10, 5.10, 6.55, 9.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.35, 7.30, p. m.

For Lawrence, 8.30, 9.20, 10.00 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 5.10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.30 p. m.

For Haverhill, 8.30, 9.20 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 5.10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.30 p. m.

For Salem and Lynn, 12.15, 5.10 p. m.

For Newburyport, 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 6.15 p. m.

For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25 p. m.

For Somersworth, N. H., Salmon Falls Saco and Portland 8.30 a.m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35.

For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 6.00 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Bangor; Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For St. John N. B., Montreal, Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays); SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.

For Eastport and St. John's (per steamer), on Mondays and Thursdays at 12.15 p. m.

Southern Division.

Trains leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell,

For Boston—5.45, 6.30, ¶6.50, *7.45, *8.50, ¶9.25, *9.50, 11.00 a. m.; *12.10, 1.35, 2.10, ¶3.00, 4.20, ¶5.40 p. m. SUNDAYS, ¶7.45, 8.45, *9.15 a. m.

Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell, as follows:

For Boston.—5.48, 6.34, ¶6.53, 7.01, *7.18, *7.27, *7.48, *8.07, 9.28, *9.35, *9.58, 11.03, 11.44 a. m., *12.17, 1.38, 2.13, ¶3.03, 4.02, 4.23, *5.33, ¶5.48, *6.26, 7.52, p. m. SUNDAYS, *7.17, *7.27, ¶7.48, 8.48, *9.20 a. m.; §4.25, 6.03 p. m.

or Woburn, 6.30, §7.01, 7.35, *7.45, 11.00 a.m.; 1.35, 4.30, *§5.33, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45 a. m. §4.25, §6.03; p.m.

*Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.

For Lawrence—6.20, 10.00, 11.00 a. m. 1.25, 2.10, 4.05, 5.50 p. m. SUNDAYS 9.15 a. m., 7.15 p. m.

For Salem and Way Stations—§7.38 a. m.; 1.25, 5.50 p. m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m.

☞ Time below is from Northern depot.

For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m.; 12.00, 5.10 and 6.49 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p. m.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.57, 3.43, 6.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.

For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m. and 3.43 p. m.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.49, 9.14, 9.45, 12.11 a.m.; 12.57, 1.47, 3.43, (5.04 Nashua only), 5.42, 6.22, 8.13, 8.43 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.03 a. m. (0 Nashua only), 2.20, 6.00 8.13, 8.43 p. m.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.14, 9.45, 12.11, a. m.; 1.47, (5.42 Franklin only), 18.13 p. m.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.45 a.m.; 1.47 p. m.

For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.45 a.m.; 1.47 and †8.43.

For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.45 a. m.; 12.11, †8.13 p. m.

For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.45 a. m.; †8.43 p. m.

Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.47 8.13, p. m., daily except Sunday.

☞ †Daily for Montreal.

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9 CENTS. 9

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NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Mate Leroy Describes Attractive Silks For Spring Wear.

The Princess Form of Evening Dress Growing In Favor—New Fancies In Light Wool Fabrics—Tea Gowns Meet With Renowned Favor—Magenta and Solferino Reds.

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STYLISH NEW BODICES.

The upper bodice is of hair line cheviot trimmed with velvet-ribbon and fine embroidery picked out with jet beads. That on the right is of mauve crepon and heliotrope silk, trimmed with borders of peacock flues. That on the left is of challis and faille, with trimming of quilted satin ribbon in dark blue, the rest being light. That at the bottom is of black faille, with a shirred yoke and sleeves. The bertha is trimmed with narrow black silk soutache.

There are quite a number of novelties this week, but as is generally the case at this intermediate season they are mostly confined to the designs of gowns for different requirements. Next summer's goods have all been picked over and the choicest chosen by those who can command ready money. The rest remain for those who have to "save up" for whatever they want or who were not forehanded enough to buy each season's goods ahead of time.

I saw in one place, however, some handsome silks which will be the fashionable ones for the late spring and summer. Taffetas and lustrings will have a place they have not enjoyed as dress fabrics for at least two generations. These are seen mostly in very narrow stripes and clouded or mottled effect, and the coloring is not as brilliant as it was last season. There will be very little if any changeable silk worn by grown persons, though the children will fairly revel in the iridescent beauties of the dove and the rainbow.

HOME AND PARTY GOWNS.

There is an immense line of cheney silk, with soft, shadowy patterns that look as though seen through a hazy mist. The delicate beauty of these silks as well as their rich, firm quality has made them prime favorites for certainly over a hundred years. There are two styles of these—one having medium sized patterns on dark or dull grounds for day dresses, and the other having enormous floral designs on light grounds for evening wear. Some of these are made up into one entire dress, while others have combinations of plain silk—such as faille or benguline or even satin and velvet. To have the front breadth made of plain silk, richly embroidered with silk or chenille, with metal threads, and in some cases imitation jewels or jet beads to add to the effect, is a favorite manner of making them.

The princess form for evening dresses grows in favor, and the effect is always heightened by having the front open over a breadth of something else always more or less ornamented. The rich cheney silks may be and frequently are cut so as to have the front breadth open, and also to have a couple of breadths of velvet or other plain fabric set in with very deep plaits, so that they form a fan shaped train. Some of the fronts are made of lace, either in a succession of flounces or in one deep fall. Beaded lace for this purpose is very fashionable. Some black lace has a deep palm leaf pattern worked upon it with floss silks and pearl, black or colored beads. This is an exceptionally handsome decoration.

One modiste told me that she had received orders for eight light taffeta frocks, and every one was to have 12 three inch pinked ruffles on the skirt overlapping each other. Two of them were to have white lace laid over each ruffle. One very pretty though sober pattern of taffeta had a snuff brown ground, with clouded or mottled pattern in black. The taffeta silk is the kind that rustles so delightfully, though the quality is fine and close rather than heavy and rich. The taffetas are also very glossy silks. The lustrings are thinner and have little or no rustle.

A very pleasing home gown of striped black and dark green taffeta had a plain gathered skirt, with a straight band of dark green rep. There was a draped upper skirt, which also had a band of the rep. The upper portion of the sleeves, the jockeys, and the yoke, and the draped belt were all of the rep. The waist was laid in Norfolk plaits from the yoke down to the belt. A little fancy picot braid edged the yoke and jockeys, and altogether this made a neat and youthful gown. I might have mentioned when speaking of the taffeta that it will wash if the colors are not too delicate.

I saw a pretty party dress of pale blue taffeta, with a puffed overskirt of black dotted net, for a young lady. I might perhaps have called it a festooned skirt, for at equal distances all around the lace was gathered up, and over the gathers there were velvet ribbons ending in a bunch of loops. The corsage was draped surplice style and was made of dark blue velvet, and there was a full crushed puff of the same all round the bottom. Fur is to be used as a bordering to many of these taffetas, though until they are seen together it is difficult to imagine them as suitable for each other.

NEW MODES FOR EARLY SPRING.

There are several new fancies in light wool fabrics for late spring. One is called Shetland cloth and is, I think, of Scotch origin. It is of light color, or as nearly of no definable color as it is possible to get a material. It is soft and drapes easily and blends with almost everything. A gown was made of it over a jupon of bottle green velutina bordered with gray fox fur. The overskirt of the wool was plaited and made to hang peplum fashion, with five deep points. The corsage was round and open—peasant style—over a full waist of mastic surah. The corsage was edged with fur, as were the wrists. There were caps to the gigot sleeves of the velutina.

Overskirts, double skirts and polonaise draperies are surely returning, and so are modest little bustles. Some figures can dispense with them, but more really require a judicious pad of horsehair to hold the skirts up a trifle in the back. Where there really is no overskirt many gowns are trimmed so as to simulate one. A hairline cheviot was made with a plain skirt, and down both sides of the front breadth were sewed velvet ribbons 2 inches wide to about four inches from the bottom, and from there it extended all around the skirt, simulating an open overdress.

The corsage to this was extremely dainty and quite new. The front was pointed at the waist line, and the back was perfectly straight, and the edge was finished with a piping. The velvet ribbon was placed along the sides, meeting that of the skirt exactly, and that portion lying between the velvet was laid in close plaits. There was a velvet pelerine collar, edged with large jet beads, and between the points formed by the collar a strip of velvet ribbon added to the effect. The sleeves were double puffed, with a band of velvet between the puffs, and another reached around each wrist and up the arm to the first puff. The chief value of this gown is that it is very simple, while having a dressy effect.

Some dressmakers feel that the proper way to make a dress is to cut the material into little bits and sew them together again in some unheard of manner, but the wise woman will have her gown, if it is one of good material, made of large straight pieces as far as it can be done. In a season or two it can be cut up and joined in with something else with benefit, whereas if it is cut up in the first place nothing can ever be done with it after the first style has changed. Some of the wealthiest ladies in New York have their gowns made over sometimes twice and are proud of it.

Skirts can be worn with long tea jackets or with blouse waists long after the original corsage has been forgotten. The jackets are beautiful now and made of the pretty new colored crepons, with much lace and many dainty ribbon bows. They are certainly among the most attractive articles of a woman's attire. The newest fancy is to have the tea cap of the same color or material as the tea jacket or tea gown.

There has been much talk against tea gowns in general, and for a time it did seem as if the fashion had received its deathblow, but this season shows a revival of the craze, and tea gowns surpass themselves in color, grace of form and outline and beauty of material. I saw one in a large show window made of magenta surah, trimmed with masses of black and white lace, so mingled that it was difficult to separate them. The gown was lined with cream colored brocade, and there must have been 100 yards of velvet ribbon in tiny but very full rosettes set down the sides like a double row of buttons.

There was another tea gown of ivory brocade, with a puffing of emerald green velvet all around the long skirt and up the fronts, which opened over an inner dress draped Greek style, with a loose gold girdle. The inner dress was of shell pink china crape. The sleeves were immense bishops of green velvet bordered with ermine. Another had the outer part nearly the same, but had a border of coon down fur, and the under part was of heavily beaded green crape studded and fringed with mock pearls. The whole front from the neck to the feet was almost covered with these pearls, which showed up exquisitely on the soft green crape.

FOR THE YOUNGSTERS.

Magenta and solferino in all their raw shades are to be the favorite reds of the coming season, and one may see them in every line of goods. Few flowers have those hideous colors, and so we may be spared some agony. The aniline dies have produced the two shades in fast colors on many cotton fabrics, among them some zephyr ginghams and sateens. The most of the ginghams, however, are very delicate and dainty, notably the striped ones. These last are so silky and soft that it will be a delight to possess three or four of them. I noticed among the new percales and ginghams that at last apple green is made a fast color. This shade of green is so delicate and combines so well with almost every color and with white and looks so cool and fresh on a sultry day that it is a matter for rejoicing to know that it will not fade out with the first washing.

Percale and pique are to be worn as dress goods this season, though they have been relegated to the children for many years. They will be made quite simply, with French yoke or surplice waists.

Speaking of children reminds me of the new suits for wee laddies of 6 and 8. One was a suit all in one piece of plaid, shetland brown and white, cut on the bias. The suit was cut like a loose sack, quite flaring at the bottom. It was belted with a leather belt. The collar and cuffs were of brown cloth, feather stitched with white. The other was a sailor, of dark blue storm serge, with long trousers, not nearly as wide as usual. The blouse gathered around the waist with an elastic. The V shaped piece was of thick ribbed flannel.

I notice among the new garments for children, both boys and girls, a simplicity as great as can be achieved for all ordinary clothes, while for dress occasions they are much more trimmed than they have been for several years. This is a very sensible movement. We like to have our children feel free and untrammeled to romp and play, but there are times when the garments that are intended for such rough wear are not those which would set off the childish beauty we are all so proud of in our own youngsters. So now, fond mothers, you can beruffle your boy to your hearts' content and sew as many yards of fancy braiding as you like on his little suits, and you can make your mite of a girl into a thing of ruffs, tuckers and flounces, for fashion says so. MATE LEROY.

The Biblical Captain.

The word captain, so often used in the Bible, simply means officer.

A Cyclone Tale.

"Cyclones is funny things," said the man with the ginger beard.

"Yes," assented the grocer as he lifted the cat out of the dried apple barrel. "I guess you are about right. I've read"—

"I don't know just what you might have read, but I can tell you of things I have seed. I see a little town out in Kansas wiped exactly half out by a cyclone, while the other half wa'n't even touched. Place was cut in two jist as if it had been done with a knife. Funny thing. The mayor of the place was a-standin in the middle of the street when old Cy came along. Now, this here feller he had the finest pair of side whiskers I ever see. In fact, that is how it come that he was mayor—the women voto out there, you see. Well, as I was sayin, he was a-standin in the middle of the street when the twister come along. An what does it do but jist barely reach out to where he was and pull one of them side whiskers clean off, while the other side of his face wa'n't touched. That shows what a clean and narrer path one of them cyclones takes. So never you mind what you have read about cyclones in the lyin newspaper. No man knows nothing about them when he didn't seen one."—Indianapolis Journal.

Just the Thing.

A German girl who recently came to America to marry a man who had been here for some years, and who had made himself so indispensable to his employers that he could not even be spared long enough to go to Germany to fetch his bride, tells some amusing experiences in her new home.

"The thing which vexed me most," she said after relating all sorts of queer mistakes which she naturally made, "was about my sheets. I had a beautiful set, all linen and all embroidered and worked with initials by my own hands. When I got here, the American beds were all so big that not one of my sheets could be used."

"What a shame!" exclaimed her sympathetic listener. "What did you do?"

"Well, you see," the bride answered with a smile, "of course they were as much too large for handkerchiefs as they were too small for sheets, and so I took them for towels. And everybody thinks they are lovely."—Youth's Companion.

Made an Impression.

City Girl—Lord Nabobb must have made quite an impression in this section, didn't he?

Country Girl—Yes, indeed. We took him to a picnic, and he sat on a pie.—New York Weekly.

CURIOSITY SHOP.

FOLKLORE OF THE LILLEY OF THE VALLEY.

Account of the Sassafras Tree—Cheating the Gods—Tunnel Through the Rockies—Fish Culture.

This is one of the plants long held in estimation by common people before the present methods of forcing them for use as winter flowers. The name of the plant, convallaria, comes from a Latin word meaning growing in the valley. The plant called Solomon's Seal, a native of our woods, belongs to the same family, and gets its English name, Solomon's Seal, on account of its fleshy roots being full of knots, which when cut obliquely are figured with veins, having somewhat the appearance of a seal; others say on account of the seallike mark left where the shoot grows out from the stem after it has died away.

While the normal color of the lily of the valley is white, it has been known to come red. There are also kinds with double flowers. With such old favorites folklore is certain to be associated. Thus in the forest of St. Leonard, Sussex, a legend runs that the plant sprung up from the blood of St. Leonard, who once encountered a mighty worm, or "fire drake," in the forest, engaging with it for three successive days. Eventually, of course, the saint came off victorious, but not without being seriously wounded, and wherever his blood was shed there sprang up lilies of the valley in profusion.

Old Culpepper says in his time it was called conval lily, male lily and lily constancy. It was under the dominion of Mercury, and therefore it strengthened the brain, recruited the memory and made it strong again. The distilled water, dropped into the eyes, helped infirmity there, as also that infirmity which they call a pin and web. "Gerrard saith that if the flowers are close topped up in a glass, put into an ant hill, and taken away again a month after, ye shall find a liquor in the glass, which, being outwardly applied, helps the gout."

Such, as summed up by The Prairie Farmer, is the history of this little plant which once cut quite a figure in the simples of a ruder age.

Sassafras Trees.

Almost every country has one or more species of this tree, all said to differ in some characteristic from ours, but all, according to Science, having the same odor and similar aromatic, sweetish taste. But one country has larger trees. Those of New Zealand grow to a height of 100 to 150 feet. This tree appears in every clime and is described as having "a large head of horizontal branches." The fruit is a small black drupe, which is not palatable, but is eaten by birds. The sassafras oil of commerce is made from these seeds and the buds. The leaves of our species are very dark green, rather thick, broad, oblong and elliptical.

In Italy it is more like the American species than any other and is known as sassafrasso. The word comes from the Latin saxum, a stone, and frango, I brake, so named because it was believed that the use of the tea made from it would dissolve the gall stones of the bladder and prevent their formation.

In the southern states sassafras grows to the size of trees, generally small, but very abundant. The air is said to be more pregnant with its aroma than farther north, and it can be detected a great distance at sea. The bark seems to be more fragrant, too, when steeped.

They Cheat the Gods.

From The North China Herald comes an item about a curious industry carried on in China. It is the manufacture of "cheat money," to be buried with corpses. From time immemorial it has been the pious custom of the Chinese to bury with their departed friends a considerable sum of money, that they might not find themselves paupers in the other world. This custom they have found rather costly, and having no very high opinion of the shrewdness of spiritual shopkeepers they have taken to manufacturing a very cheap counterfeit of the Mexican dollar to pass off in the other world. It is simply a bit of pasteboard with tinfoil surfaces stamped with a die. A hundred of these dollars in a box retails for 34 cash.

A Great Tunnel Through the Rockies.

The great Ivanhoe tunnel, which pierces the backbone of the Rocky mountain, 12 miles west of Leadville, has been opened. It is 9,400 feet long, being the third longest in the United States. The Hoosac tunnel, in Massachusetts, and the Bowlder tunnel, in Montana, alone exceed it. Its construction will do away with nine miles of the most dangerous part of the road over the great divide. The tunnel runs straight from Busk, on the eastern slope, to Ivanhoe, on the western side. It enters the mountain at the altitude of 10,800 feet, being 21 feet high and 15 feet wide. Three years and a half have been required to cut it through, says The Industrial World, authority for these facts.

Fish Culture.

From statistics of the Russian Association of Pisiculture and Fisheries it appears that the 80 fish hatcheries in North America (66 in the United States and 14 in Canada and Newfoundland) produced in the year of their last report 1,616,027,192 fish hatched and 416 hatcheries in Europe, 277,973,016 young fish. The North American hatcheries are all governmental. Most of those in Europe are in private hands. The average production of one hatchery is 663,000 in Europe and 13,400,000 in North America.

How Indians Make Their Bows.

The California Indian's bow is made from the white sap of wood of the cedar, the outside of the tree being the outer side of the bow, says American Cultivator. The stick is scraped and polished with pieces of obsidian. Then it is roasted in ashes and bent into shape. Their arrows are made of button willow, twigs of the buckeye and canes.

A Tree With an Ancient Record.

Within the city limits of Dijon, France, stands a tree bearing a label which informs the sightseer that it is the oldest poplar in France. The town council has a record tracing the history of the tree since the year 723 A. D. It is 122 feet in height and 45 feet in circumference at the base.

From the Arabic.

Algebra, almanac, cipher, zenith, zero, talisman, alcohol, alkali, amber, camphor, cotton, crimson, jar, laudanum, lute, mattress, sugar, amulet, arsenal, magazine, are all said to be derived from the Arabic.

Nerve and Muscle.

Scientists are about to test a new theory by means of experiments—i. e., that strength depends less upon the size of the muscles of the human body than upon the strength of the nerves.

Method In Her Madness.

Clarissa—Why, you silly thing! What are you putting your damp hands out on the window sill for? You'll get them all rough and red!

Annabel—Yes, I know. But Mr. de Million thinks that every woman ought to do all sorts of housework, and I'm getting my hands ready to show off tonight.—New York World.

WALL STREET SUPERSTITIONS.

Brokers Who Have Their Mascots—The Number 13 Feared and Respected.

Luck does not rule Wall street so completely as the uninitiated suppose. Nevertheless it exercises considerable influence, and consequently many brokers and speculators have all the superstitions that mark the gambler. It would be difficult to find among them a man who has not something unpleasant to say about Fridays. Even financiers who are pillars of the church hesitate about beginning big operations on that day, and they will frequently suffer inconvenience, if not actual loss, rather than do so. Men who can look at the tape as it runs out of the ticker and see fortunes slipping out of their grasp without a change of expression will turn pale when they remember that they forgot to tip a beggar before entering the exchange. There are others who will not sit down to luncheon without first walking around their chair.

There is a hatter in New York who has a block that was made for a certain Wall street man many years ago. It is still in use. Styles have changed a hundred times since it was made, but the man who ordered it has paid no attention to them. In other respects he carefully follows the mandates of fashion, but this antique headgear he wears through winters and summers. He is a wealthy banker and broker, a man of practical mind, unhampered by theories on any other subject but this, yet not for $1,000 could he be induced to walk upon the floor of the exchange wearing a hat of any other style or make.

Nearly every dabbler in stocks has a mascot of some kind which is priceless. I remember meeting a well known speculator up town during one of the exciting days of the panic. "Why, what are you doing here?" I asked. "Why are you not in the street?"

"I am on my way home," he replied. "I forgot my mascot, and I won't touch anything in the street until I get it. I'm going for it now and am in a great hurry. Goodby."

I have met another operator, a man of very practical and unromantic mind, who sets great store by a peculiar scarfpin. He admits that it is merely a superstition, but he would not dare to enter into speculation on a day when he did not wear it.

The fear of Friday is, however, the most universal superstition of the street. The great panic of 1869, when scores of wealthy men were ruined in a day, has been known in Wall street ever since as Black Friday. A broker who is a partner in one of the biggest houses in the street once declared: "There are two things that I am superstitious about—one is Friday and the other is the number 13. Some months ago I came down to my office on Friday and tore the leaf off my calendar. To my horror the figure 13 stared me in the face. It was Friday and the 13th of the month. 'Great heavens!' I thought to myself, 'now I'll catch it sure!' Within two hours I received word that a Brooklyn elevator had burned, and that 50,000 bushels of grain, which we had stored there, had gone up in smoke. Then some stocks in which we were heavily interested went down three points."—Munsey's Magazine.

A Snail's Formidable Mouth.

"It's a fortunate thing for man and the rest of the animal kingdom," said the naturalist, "that no large wild animal has a mouth constructed with the devouring apparatus built on the plan of the insignificant looking snail's mouth, for that animal could outdevour anything that lives. The snail itself is such an entirely unpleasant, not to say loathsome, creature to handle that few amateur naturalists care to bother with it, but by neglecting the snail they miss studying one of the most interesting objects that come under their observation.

"Any one who has noticed a snail feeding on a leaf must have wondered how such a soft, flabby, slimy animal can make such a sharp and clean cut incision in the leaf, leaving an edge as smooth and straight as if it had been cut with a knife. That is due to the peculiar and formidable mouth he has. The snail eats with his tongue and the roof of his mouth. The tongue is a ribbon which the snail keeps in a coil in his mouth. The tongue is in reality a band saw, with the teeth on the surface instead of on the edge. The teeth are so small that as many as 30,000 of them have been found on one snail's tongue. He can uncoil as much of this as he chooses, and the uncoiled part he brings into service. The roof of his mouth is as hard as bone. He grasps the leaf between his tongue and that hard substance, and rasping away with his tongue saws through the toughest leaf with ease, always leaving the edge very smooth and straight."—New York Journal.

Early Rising.

The old idea of attributing special morality to early rising is a bygone, out of date maxim.

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise,

is a rhyme which has had its day. A certain medical man once discovered—with much statistical search—that he never found a case of extreme longevity unaccompanied by the habit of early rising, from which one might infer that they who rise late die early. But this would fail to take into account one well known fact—the fact that most elderly people are early risers because they cannot sleep o' mornings. It is putting the cart before the horse, a reversal of cause and effect, to infer that people live to be old because they do not sleep late. Arranged in logical sequence, the conclusion is that they do not sleep late because they are old, and it is folly for human beings to regulate their movements on ornithological principles.—Philadelphia Press.

Where to Put the Moral.

A preacher says that one time while addressing about 3,000 children and entertaining them with a variety of stories he thought it might be well to point the moral of one of them. He had hardly, however, begun to say, "Now, this teaches," when a little ragamuffin on the front bench cried out: "Never mind what it teaches. Give's another story." "I learned from the little rascal," he said, "to wrap the moral well in the heart of the story, not to put it as a sting into the tail."—Ram's Horn.

Must Be Very Good.

Jenny—Papa, cook must be very good.

Papa—Why, my dear?

Jenny—Because in my lesson last Sunday it said that the wicked shall not live out half their days, and cook says she has lived out all her life.—Harper's Young People.

Her View of It.

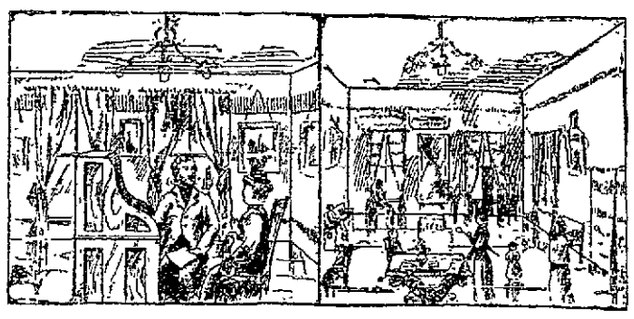
Old Maid—Is he hurt much, doctor?

Doctor—Not much, but pretty well shaken up.

Old Maid (eagerly)—Then he's ready to be taken, ain't he, doctor?—Atlanta Constitution.

It is estimated that the cost of supporting such an establishment as would be expected of a married man in society in New York city would not be less than $50,000 a year and would be more apt to reach $100,000.

Why are buttons on men's clothing on the right hand side and on women's clothing on the left hand side? This is curious, but true. It would be interesting to know the reason.



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AS A SPECIALIST he excels in consumption, Nervous Prostration, Seminal Debility, Errors of Youth, Chronic Complicated Diseases, Brain Exhaustion, Loss of Memory, Blood Diseases, Female Troubles peculiar to the Sex, by a method strictly his own, speedy and safe, Fits or Epilepsy (that most painful affliction), all kinds of malformations; also Spinal Troubles, Kidney Disease, Skin Disease, Removes Superfluous Hair FREE FROM PAIN, producing a Clear Skin

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A WORD TO MOTHERS, A CHILD SAVED.

This certifies that DR. WILSON has restored my child to perfect health after all other doctors had failed. Some said it was suffering from its teeth, others said it could not live. It was failing all the time and was restless. No one knew what ailed the child, but said it could not be cured. At length one of Dr. Wilson's patients advised me to consult him. He understood and explained every ailment. With his peculiar method of diagnosing nothing is hid. He saw the child was suffering from a combination of difficulties, torpidity of the liver, chronic constipation and general phthisis. He said he could cure it, and he has been as good as his word. The child is now in the best of health. I would advise all mothers to take their children to DR. WILSON if they wish to save them. His skill has proved to be second to none.

With a mother's gratitude and many thanks to DR. WILSON,

MRS. LIZZIE'S ARUNDEL, 433 Broadway, Lowell, Mass.

Dec. 23, 1893.

Dr. W. Wilson's Dispensary

Late 14, New No. 26 Central Street, Swan's Building.

A. G. Pollard & Co.,

Merrimack, Palmer and Middle Sts.

—0—

347 pieces of one kind of goods is a big purchase, but that is what we closed from the mills of LADIES' CLOTH SUITINGS, which are slightly imperfect, but the imperfections are hardly noticeable and are mostly near the selvage, which you will not mind, as they are full double width and full strength and the price is but 39c. PER YARD.

You have a great variety from which to make your selection: Black, Blue, Dark Grey, Light Grey, Dark Brown, Light Brown, Red, Dark Green, Light Green, Slate, Plum, Brown Mixture, Tan, Garnet.

☞PALMER STREET, RIGHT.

When you are down town don't miss taking a walk through our Basement Department as you will find the purchasing power of a dollar equal to almost double its regular worth.

☞BASEMENT, MERRIMACK STREET.

Odds and ends in our Blanket Stock have had their prices reduced to get them where they belong—in the consumers' hands. Some are slightly soiled, caused by being handled; no harm to the wearing qualities, but they will not sell for perfect, so the prices have undergone a change.

☞MERRIMACK STREET, BASEMENT.

Newest effects in Veilings are being received daily at our store. Some are the extreme of Fashion.

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A. G. POLLARD & CO.,

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Not Only Offer Immense Bargains in All Kinds of Woolen Hosiery, Underwear, etc., for Ladies and Children,

But today show a stock of nearly 100 dozen Little Children's, Misses' and School Girls' Made-up Cotton Dresses, ranging in price from 15c. up to $1 each. Some of them ranging from 50c. to $1 each are made from Flannelette, and are suitable for immediate use.

We also show today a lot of Misses' and School Girl's Woolen Dresses, sizes 8 to 14, which we wish to close out at once, and are willing to take a loss of about 50c on a dollar to do so.

Here is the bargain of the town---50 dozen Ladies' Perfect Fitting Shirt Waists, 32 to 44 bust measure, at 31c for choice. These are made from real Indigo and Fast Red best Prints, Nearly all Polka Dots, of different sizes and small figures, have 4 flaits back and front, belt. turn down collar, ruffled front, high sleeves, with cuffs and good buttons and button holes, well worked. Don't fail to see this 50c Shirt Waist at only 31c.

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LESTER'S
SCHOOL - OF - DANCING.

Advanced Class, Wednesday Ev'gs, 8 to 10.30
Intermediate, Thursday " 8 to 10.
Beginners' - - Friday " 8 to 10.

Children's Classes, 2nd term, Saturday, Jan. 27. BEGINNERS' at 2 p. m. | ADVANCED at 3 p. m.

The new German Court Dance, the Gavotte Lancers or Dance Aristocratic, which is meeting with such great favor all over the country, will be taught in advanced classes, also the Chautauqua Square, Minuet Quadrille, the Adrienne and the Two Step.

D. C. LESTER,

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Fifth Annual Reception occurs at Huntington Hall, Tuesday, March 27th

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Sure cure for all Summer Complaints: Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc.

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Mate Leroy Describes Attractive Silks For Spring Wear.

The Princess Form of Evening Dress Growing In Favor—New Fancies In Light Wool Fabrics—Tea Gowns Meet With Renowned Favor—Magenta and Solferino Reds.

(COPYRIGHTED.)

STYLISH NEW BODICES.

The upper bodice is of hair line cheviot trimmed with velvet ribbon and fine embroidery picked out with jet beads. That on the right is of mauve crepon and heliotrope silk, trimmed with borders of peacock flues. That on the left is of shalliis and faille, with trimming of quilted satin ribbon in dark blue, the rest being light. That at the bottom is of black faille, with a shirred yoke and sleeves. The bertha is trimmed with narrow black silk soutache.

There are quite a number of novelties this week, but as is generally the case at this intermediate season they are mostly confined to the designs of gowns for different requirements. Next summer's goods have all been picked over and the choicest chosen by those who can command ready money. The rest remain for those who have to "save up" for whatever they want or who were not forehanded enough to buy each season's goods ahead of time.

I saw in one place, however, some handsome silks which will be the fashionable ones for the late spring and summer. Taffetas and lustrings will have a place they have not enjoyed as dress fabrics for at least two generations. These are seen mostly in very narrow stripes and clouded or mottled effect, and the coloring is not as brilliant as it was last season. There will be very little if any changeable silk worn by grown persons, though the children will fairly revel in the iridescent beauties of the dove and the rainbow.

HOME AND PARTY GOWNS.

There is an immense line of cheney silk, with soft, shadowy patterns that look as though seen through a hazy mist. The delicate beauty of these silks as well as their rich, firm quality has made them prime favorites for certainly over a hundred years. There are two styles of these—one having medium sized patterns on dark or dull grounds for day dresses, and the other having enormous floral designs on light grounds for evening wear. Some of these are made up into one entire dress, while others have combinations of plain silk—such as faille or benguline or even satin and velvet. To have the front breadth made of plain silk, richly embroidered with silk or chenille, with metal threads, and in some cases imitation jewels or jet beads to add to the effect, is a favorite manner of making them.

The princess form for evening dresses grows in favor, and the effect is always heightened by having the front open over a breadth of something else always more or less ornamented. The rich cheney silks may be and frequently are cut so as to have the front breadth open, and also to have a couple of breadths of velvet or other plain fabric set in with very deep plaits, so that they form a fan shaped train. Some of the fronts are made of lace, either in a succession of flounces or in one deep fall. Beaded lace for this purpose is very fashionable. Some black lace has a deep palm leaf pattern worked upon it with floss silks and pearl, black or colored beads. This is an exceptionally handsome decoration.

One modiste told me that she had received orders for eight light taffeta frocks, and every one was to have 12 three inch pinked ruffles on the skirt overlapping each other. Two of them were to have white lace laid over each ruffle. One very pretty though sober pattern of taffeta had a snuff brown ground, with clouded or mottled pattern in black. The taffeta silk is the kind that rustles so delightfully, though the quality is fine and close rather than heavy and rich. The taffetas are also very glossy silks. The lustrings are thinner and have little or no rustle.

A very pleasing home gown of striped black and dark green taffeta had a plain gathered skirt, with a straight band of dark green rep. There was a draped upper skirt, which also had a band of the rep. The upper portion of the sleeves, the jockeys, and the yoke, and the draped belt were all of the rep. The waist was laid in Norfolk plaits from the yoke down to the belt. A little fancy plent braid edged the yoke and jockeys, and altogether this made a neat and youthful gown. I might have mentioned when speaking of the taffeta that it will wash if the colors are not too delicate.

I saw a pretty party dress of pale blue taffeta, with a puffed overskirt of black dotted net, for a young lady. I might perhaps have called it a festooned skirt, for at equal distances all around the lace was gathered up, and over the gathers there were velvet ribbons ending in a bunch of loops. The corsage was draped surplice style and was made of dark blue velvet, and there was a full crushed puff of the same all round the bottom. Fur is to be used as a bordering to many of these taffetas, though until they are seen together it is difficult to imagine them as suitable for each other.

NEW MODES FOR EARLY SPRING.

There are several new fancies in light wool fabrics for late spring. One is called Shetland cloth and is, I think, of Scotch origin. It is of light color, or as nearly of no definable color as it is possible to get a material. It is soft and drapes easily and blends with almost everything. A gown was made of it over a jupon of bottle green velutina bordered with gray fox fur. The overskirt of the wool was plaited and made to hang peplum fashion, with five deep points. The corsage was round and open—peasant style—over a full waist of mastic surah. The corsage was edged with fur, as were the wrists. There were caps to the gigot sleeves of the velutina.

Overskirts, double skirts and polonaise draperies are surely returning, and so are modest little bustles. Some figures can dispense with them, but more really require a judicious pad of horsehair to hold the skirts up a trifle in the back. Where there really is no overskirt many gowns are trimmed so as to simulate one. A hairline chevrot was made with a plain skirt, and down both sides of the front breadth were sewed velvet ribbons 2 inches wide to about four inches from the bottom, and from there it extended all around the skirt, simulating an open overdress.

The corsage to this was extremely dainty and quite new. The front was pointed at the waist line, and the back was perfectly straight, and the edge was finished with a piping. The velvet ribbon was placed along the sides, meeting that of the skirt exactly, and that portion lying between the velvet was laid in close plaits. There was a velvet pelerine collar, edged with large jet beads, and between the points formed by the collar a strip of velvet ribbon added to the effect. The sleeves were double puffed, with a band of velvet between the puffs, and another reached around each wrist and up the arm to the first puff. The chief value of this gown is that it is very simple, while having a dressy effect.

Some dressmakers feel that the proper way to make a dress is to cut the material into little bits and sew them together again in some unheard of manner, but the wise woman will have her gown, if it is one of good material, made of large straight pieces as far as it can be done. In a season or two it can be cut up and joined in with something else with benefit, whereas if it is cut up in the first place nothing can ever be done with it after the first style has changed. Some of the wealthiest ladies in New York have their gowns made over sometimes twice and are proud of it.

Skirts can be worn with long tea jackets or with blouse waists long after the original corsage has been forgotten. The jackets are beautiful now and made of the pretty new colored crepons, with much lace and many dainty ribbon bows. They are certainly among the most attractive articles of a woman's attire. The newest fancy is to have the tea cap of the same color or material as the tea jacket or tea gown.

There has been much talk against tea gowns in general, and for a time it did seem as if the fashion had received its deathblow, but this season shows a revival of the craze, and tea gowns surpass themselves in color, grace of form and outline and beauty of material. I saw one in a large show window made of magenta surah, trimmed with masses of black and white lace, so mingled that it was difficult to separate them. The gown was lined with cream colored brocade, and there must have been 100 yards of velvet ribbon in tiny but very full rosettes set down the sides like a double row of buttons.

There was another tea gown of ivory brocade, with a puffing of emerald green velvet all around the long skirt and up the fronts, which opened over an inner dress draped Greek style, with a loose gold girdle. The inner dress was of shell pink china crape. The sleeves were immense bishops of green velvet bordered with ermine. Another had the outer part nearly the same, but had a border of coon down fur, and the under part was of heavily beaded green crape studded and fringed with mock pearls. The whole front from the neck to the feet was almost covered with these pearls, which showed up exquisitely on the soft green crape.

FOR THE YOUNGSTERS.

Magenta and solferino in all their raw shades are to be the favorite reds of the coming season, and one may see them in every line of goods. Few flowers have those hideous colors, and so we may be spared some agony. The aniline dies have produced the two shades in fast colors on many cotton fabrics, among them some zephyr ginghams and sateens. The most of the ginghams, however, are very delicate and dainty, notably the striped ones. These last are so silky and soft that it will be a delight to possess three or four of them. I noticed among the new percales and ginghams that at last apple green is made a fast color. This shade of green is so delicate and combines so well with almost every color and with white and looks so cool and fresh on a sultry day that it is a matter for rejoicing to know that it will not fade out with the first washing.

Percale and pique are to be worn as dress goods this season, though they have been relegated to the children for many years. They will be made quite simply, with French yoke or surplice waists.

Speaking of children reminds me of the new suits for wee laddies of 6 and 8. One was a suit all in one piece of plaid, shetland brown and white, cut on the bias. The suit was cut like a loose sack, quite flaring at the bottom. It was belted with a leather belt. The collar and cuffs were of brown cloth, feather stitched with white. The other was a sailor, of dark blue storm serge, with long trousers, not nearly as wide as usual. The blouse gathered around the waist with an elastic. The V shaped piece was of thick ribbed flannel.

I notice among the new garments for children, both boys and girls, a simplicity as great as can be achieved for all ordinary clothes, while for dress occasions they are much more trimmed than they have been for several years. This is a very sensible movement. We like to have our children feel free and untrammeled to romp and play, but there are times when the garments that are intended for such rough wear are not those which would set off the childish beauty we are all so proud of in our own youngsters. So now, fond mothers, you can ruffle your boy to your hearts' content and sew as many yards of fancy braiding as you like on his little suits, and you can make your mite of a girl into a thing of ruffs, tuckers and flounces, for fashion says so. MATE LEROY.

The Biblical Captain.

The word captain, so often used in the Bible, simply means officer.

A Cyclone Tale.

"Cyclones is funny things," said the man with the ginger beard.

"Yes," assented the grocer as he lifted the cat out of the dried apple barrel. "I guess you are about right. I've read"—

"I don't know just what you might have read, but I can tell you of things I have seed. I see a little town out in Kansas wiped exactly half out by a cyclone, while the other half wasn't even touched. Place was cut in two jist as if it had been done with a knife. Funny thing. The mayor of the place was a-standin in the middle of the street when old Cy came along. Now, this here feller he had the finest pair of side whiskers I ever see. In fact, that is how it come that he was mayor—the women vote out there, you see. Well, as I was sayin, he was a-standin in the middle of the street when the twister come along. An what does it do but jist barely reach out to where he was and pull one of them side whiskers clean off, while the other side of his face wa'n't touched. That shows what a clean and narrer path one of them cyclones takes. So never you mind what you have read about cyclones in the lyin newspaper. No man knows nothing about them when he didn't seen one."—Indianapolis Journal.

Just the Thing.

A German girl who recently came to America to marry a man who had been here for some years, and who had made himself so indispensable to his employers that he could not even be spared long enough to go to Germany to fetch his bride, tells some amusing experiences in her new home.

"The thing which vexed me most," she said after relating all sorts of queer mistakes which she naturally made, "was about my sheets. I had a beautiful set, all linen and all embroidered and worked with initials by my own hands. When I got here, the American beds were all so big that not one of my sheets could be used."

"What a shame!" exclaimed her sympathetic listener. "What did you do?"

"Well, you see," the bride answered with a smile, "of course they were as much too large for handkerchiefs as they were too small for sheets, and so I took them for towels. And everybody thinks they are lovely."—Youth's Companion.

Made an Impression.

City Girl—Lord Nabobb must have made quite an impression in this section, didn't he?

Country Girl—Yes, indeed. We took him to a picnic, and he set on a pie.—New York Weekly.

CURIOSITY SHOP.

FOLKLORE OF THE LILLEY OF THE VALLEY.

Account of the Sassafras Tree—Cheating the Gods—Tunnel Through the Rockies—Fish Culture.

This is one of the plants long held in estimation by common people before the present methods of forcing them for use as winter flowers. The name of the plant, convallaria, comes from a Latin word meaning growing in the valley. The plant called Solomon's Seal, a native of our woods, belongs to the same family, and gets its English name, Solomon's Seal, on account of its fleshy roots being full of knots, which when cut obliquely are figured with veins, having somewhat the appearance of a seal; others say on account of the sealllike mark left where the shoot grows out from the stem after it has died away.

While the normal color of the lily of the valley is white, it has been known to come red. There are also kinds with double flowers. With such old favorites folklore is certain to be associated. Thus in the forest of St. Leonard, Sussex, a legend runs that the plant sprung up from the blood of St. Leonard, who once encountered a mighty worm, or "fire drake," in the forest, engaging with it for three successive days. Eventually, of course, the saint came off victorious, but not without being seriously wounded, and wherever his blood was shed there sprang up lilies of the valley in profusion.

Old Culpepper says in his time it was called conval lily, male lily and lily constancy. It was under the dominion of Mercury, and therefore it strengthened the brain, recruited the memory and made it strong again. The distilled water, dropped into the eyes, helped infirmity there, as also that infirmity which they call a pin and web. "Gerrard saith that if the flowers are close topped up in a glass, put into an ant hill, and taken away again a month after, ye shall find a liquor in the glass, which, being outwardly applied, helps the gout."

Such, as summed up by The Prairie Farmer, is the history of this little plant which once cut quite a figure in the simples of a ruder age.

Sassafras Trees.

Almost every country has one or more species of this tree, all said to differ in some characteristic from ours, but all, according to Science, having the same odor and similar aromatic, sweetish taste. But one country has larger trees. Those of New Zealand grow to a height of 100 to 150 feet. This tree appears in every clime and is described as having "a large head of horizontal branches." The fruit is a small black drupe, which is not palatable, but is eaten by birds. The sassafras oil of commerce is made from these seeds and the buds. The leaves of our species are very dark green, rather thick, broad, oblong and elliptical.

In Italy it is more like the American species than any other and is known as sassafrasso. The word comes from the Latin saxum, a stone, and frange, I brake, so named because it was believed that the use of the tea made from it would dissolve the gall stones of the bladder and prevent their formation.

In the southern states sassafras grows to the size of trees, generally small, but very abundant. The air is said to be more pregnant with its aroma than farther north, and it can be detected a great distance at sea. The bark seems to be more fragrant, too, when steeped.

They Cheat the Gods.

From The North China Herald comes an item about a curious industry carried on in China. It is the manufacture of "cheat money," to be buried with corpses. From time immemorial it has been the pious custom of the Chinese to bury with their departed friends a considerable sum of money, that they might not find themselves paupers in the other world. This custom they have found rather costly, and having no very high opinion of the shrewdness of spiritual shopkeepers they have taken to manufacturing a very cheap counterfeit of the Mexican dollar to pass off in the other world. It is simply a bit of pasteboard with tinfoil surfaces stamped with a die. A hundred of these dollars in a box retails for 34 cash.

A Great Tunnel Through the Rockies.

The great Ivanhoe tunnel, which pierces the backbone of the Rocky mountain, 12 miles west of Leadville, has been opened. It is 9,400 feet long, being the third longest in the United States. The Hoosac tunnel, in Massachusetts, and the Bowldur tunnel, in Montana, alone exceed it. Its construction will do away with nine miles of the most dangerous part of the road over the great divide. The tunnel runs straight from Busk, on the eastern slope, to Ivanhoe, on the western side. It enters the mountain at the altitude of 10,800 feet, being 21 feet high and 15 feet wide. Three years and a half have been required to cut it through, says The Industrial World, authority for these facts.

Fish Culture.

From statistics of the Russian Association of Pisiculture and Fisheries it appears that the 80 fish hatcheries in North America (66 in the United States and 14 in Canada and Newfoundland) produced in the year of their last report 1,616,027,102 fish hatched and 416 hatcheries in Europe, 277,973,016 young fish. The North American hatcheries are all governmental. Most of those in Europe are in private hands. The average production of one hatchery is 668,600 in Europe and 18,400,000 in North America.

How Indians Make Their Bows.

The California Indian's bow is made from the white sap of wood of the cedar, the outside of the tree being the outer side of the bow, says American Cultivator. The stick is scraped and polished with pieces of obsidian. Then it is roasted in ashes and bent into shape. Their arrows are made of button willow, twigs of the buckeye and canes.

A Tree With an Ancient Record.

Within the city limits of Dijon, France, stands a tree bearing a label which informs the sightseer that it is the oldest poplar in France. The town council has a record tracing the history of the tree since the year 799 A. D. It is 152 feet in height and 45 feet in circumference at the base.

From the Arabic.

Algebra, almanac, cipher, zenith, zero, talisman, alcohol, alkali, amber, camphor, cotton, crimson, jar, laudanum, lute, mattress, sugar, amulet, arsenal, magazine, are all said to be derived from the Arabic.

Nerve and Muscle.

Scientists are about to test a new theory by means of experiments—i. e., that strength depends less upon the size of the muscles of the human body than upon the strength of the nerves.

Method In Her Madness.

Clarissa—Why, you silly thing! What are you putting your damp hands out on the window sill for? You'll get them all rough and red!

Annabel—Yes, I know. But Mr. de Million thinks that every woman ought to do all sorts of housework, and I'm getting my hands ready to show off tonight.—New York World.

WALL STREET SUPERSTITIONS.

Brokers Who Have Their Mascots—The Number 13 Feared and Respected.

Luck does not rule Wall street so completely as the uninitiated suppose. Nevertheless it exercises considerable influence, and consequently many brokers and speculators have all the superstitions that mark the gambler. It would be difficult to find among them a man who has not something unpleasant to say about Fridays. Even financiers who are pillars of the church hesitate about beginning big operations on that day, and they will frequently suffer inconvenience, if not actual loss, rather than do so. Men who can look at the tape as it runs out of the ticker and see fortunes slipping out of their grasp without a change of expression will turn pale when they remember that they forgot to tip a beggar before entering the exchange. There are others who will not sit down to luncheon without first walking around their chair.

There is a batter in New York who has a block that was made for a certain Wall street man many years ago. It is still in use. Styles have changed a hundred times since it was made, but the man who ordered it has paid no attention to them. In other respects he carefully follows the mandates of fashion, but this antique headgear he wears through winters and summers. He is a wealthy banker and broker, a man of practical mind, unhampered by theories on any other subject but this, yet not for $1,000 could he be induced to walk upon the floor of the exchange wearing a hat of any other style or make.

Nearly every dabbler in stocks has a mascot of some kind which is priceless. I remember meeting a well known speculator up town during one of the exciting days of the panic. "Why, what are you doing here?" I asked. "Why are you not in the street?"

"I am on my way home," he replied. "I forgot my mascot, and I won't touch anything in the street until I get it. I'm going for it now and am in a great hurry. Goodby."

I have met another operator, a man of very practical and unromantic mind, who sets great store by a peculiar scarfpin. He admits that it is merely a superstition, but he would not dare to enter into speculation on a day when he did not wear it.

The fear of Friday is, however, the most universal superstition of the street. The great panic of 1869, when scores of wealthy men were ruined in a day, has been known in Wall street ever since as Black Friday. A broker who is a partner in one of the biggest houses in the street once declared: "There are two things that I am superstitious about—one is Friday and the other is the number 13. Some months ago I came down to my office on Friday and tore the leaf off my calendar. To my horror the figure 13 stared me in the face. It was Friday and the 13th of the month. 'Great heavens!' I thought to myself, 'now I'll catch it sure!' Within two hours I received word that a Brooklyn elevator had burned, and that 50,000 bushels of grain, which we had stored there, had gone up in smoke. Then some stocks in which we were heavily interested went down three points."—Munsey's Magazine.

A Snail's Formidable Mouth.

"It's a fortunate thing for man and the rest of the animal kingdom," said the naturalist, "that no large wild animal has a mouth constructed with the devouring apparatus built on the plan of the insignificant looking snail's mouth, for that animal could outdevour anything that lives. The snail itself is such an entirely unpleasant, not to say loathsome, creature to handle that few amateur naturalists care to bother with it, but by neglecting the snail they miss studying one of the most interesting objects that come under their observation.

"Any one who has noticed a snail feeding on a leaf must have wondered how such a soft, flabby, slimy animal can make such a sharp and clean cut incision in the leaf, leaving an edge as smooth and straight as if it had been cut with a knife. That is due to the peculiar and formidable mouth he has. The snail eats with his tongue and the roof of his mouth. The tongue is a ribbon which the snail keeps in a coil in his mouth. The tongue is in reality a band saw, with the teeth on the surface instead of on the edge. The teeth are so small that as many as 30,000 of them have been found on one snail's tongue. He can uncoil as much of this as he chooses, and the uncoiled part he brings into service. The roof of his mouth is as hard as bone. He grasps the leaf between his tongue and that hard substance, and rasping away with his tongue saws through the toughest leaf with ease, always leaving the edge very smooth and straight."—New York Journal.

Early Rising.

The old idea of attributing special morality to early rising is a bygone, out of date maxim.

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise;

is a rhyme which has had its day. A certain medical man once discovered—with much statistical search—that he never found a case of extreme longevity unaccompanied by the habit of early rising, from which one might infer that they who rise late die early. But this would fail to take into account one well known fact—the fact that most elderly people are early risers because they cannot sleep o' mornings. It is putting the cart before the horse, a reversal of cause and effect, to infer that people live to be old because they do not sleep late. Arranged in logical sequence, the conclusion is that they do not sleep late because they are old, and it is folly for human beings to regulate their movements on ornithological principles.—Philadelphia Press.

Where to Put the Moral.

A preacher says that one time while addressing about 3,000 children and entertaining them with a variety of stories he thought it might be well to point the moral of one of them. He had hardly, however, begun to say, "Now, this teaches," when a little ragamuffin on the front bench cried out: "Never mind what it teaches. Give's another story." "I learned from the little rascal," he said, "to wrap the moral well in the heart of the story, not to put it as a sting into the tail."—Ram's Horn.

Must Be Very Good.

Jenny—Papa, cook must be very good.

Papa—Why, my dear?

Jenny—Because in my lesson last Sunday it said that the wicked shall not live out half their days, and cook says she has lived out all her life.—Harper's Young People.

Her View of It.

Old Maid—Is he hurt much, doctor?

Doctor—Not much, but pretty well shaken up.

Old Maid (eagerly)—Then he's ready to be taken, ain't he, doctor?—Atlanta Constitution.

It is estimated that the cost of supporting such an establishment as would be expected of a married man in society in New York city would not be less than $50,000 a year and would be more apt to reach $100,000.

Why are buttons on men's clothing on the right hand side and on women's clothing on the left hand side? This is curious, but true. It would be interesting to know the reason.

DR. W. WILSON

Can be Consulted Free of Charge.

HE IS MAKING MORE CURES THAN ANY PHYSICIAN IN LOWELL.

AS A SPECIALIST he excels in consumption, Nervous Prostration, Seminal Debility, Errors of Youth, Chronic Complicated Diseases, Brain Exhaustion, Loss of Memory, Blood Diseases, Female Troubles peculiar to the Sex, by a method strictly his own, speedy and safe, Fits or Epilepsy (that most painful affliction), all kinds of malformations; also Spinal Troubles, Kidney Disease, Skin Disease, Removes Superfluous Hair FREE FROM PAIN, producing a Clear Skin

Free Examinations from 9 A. M to 8½ P. M. Sunday Excepted.

A WORD TO MOTHERS, A CHILD SAVED.

This certifies that DR. WILSON has restored my child to perfect health after all other doctors had failed. Some said it was suffering from its teeth, others said it could not live. It was failing all the time and was restless. No one knew what ailed the child, but said it could not be cured. At length one of Dr. Wilson's patients advised me to consult him. He understood and explained every ailment. With his peculiar method of diagnosing nothing is hid. He saw the child was suffering from a combination of difficulties, torpidity of the liver, chronic constipation and general phthisis. He said he could cure it, and he has been as good as his word. The child is now in the best of health. I would advise all mothers to take their children to DR. WILSON if they wish to save them. His skill has proved to be second to none.

With a mother's gratitude and many thanks to DR. WILSON,

MRS. LIZZIE'S ARUNDEL, 433 Broadway, Lowell, Mass.

Dec. 23, 1893.

Dr. W. Wilson's Dispensary

Late 14, New No. 26 Central Street, Swan's Building.

A. G. Pollard & Co.,

Merrimack, Palmer and Middle Sts.

347 pieces of one kind of goods is a big purchase, but that is what we closed from the mills of **LADIES' CLOTH SUITINGS,** which are slightly imperfect, but the imperfections are hardly noticeable and are mostly near the selvage, which you will not mind, as they are full double width and full strength and the price is but **39c. PER YARD.**

You have a great variety from which to make your selection: Black, Blue, Dark Grey, Light Grey, Dark Brown, Light Brown, Red, Dark Green, Light Green, Slate, Plum, Brown Mixture, Tan, Garnet.

☞PALMER STREET, RIGHT.

When you are down town don't miss taking a walk through our Basement Department as you will find the purchasing power of a dollar equal to almost double its regular worth.

☞BASEMENT, MERRIMACK STREET.

Odds and ends in our Blanket Stock have had their prices reduced to get them where they belong—in the consumers' hands. Some are slightly soiled, caused by being handled; no harm to the wearing qualities, but they will not sell for perfect, so the prices have undergone a change.

☞MERRIMACK STREET, BASEMENT.

Newest effects in Veilings are being received daily at our store. Some are the extreme of Fashion.

☞MERRIMACK STREET, REAR.

A. G. POLLARD & CO.,

Merrimack, Palmer, and Middle Streets.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235, and 237 Central Street.

Not Only Offer Immense Bargains in All Kinds of Woolen Hosiery, Underwear, etc., for Ladies and Children,

But today show a stock of nearly 100 dozen Little Children's, Misses' and School Girls' Made-up Cotton Dresses, ranging in price from 15c. up to $1 each. Some of them ranging from 50c. to $1 each are made from Flannelette, and are suitable for immediate use.

We also show today a lot of Misses' and School Girl's Woolen Dresses, sizes 8 to 14, which we wish to close out at once, and are willing to take a loss of about 50c on a dollar to do so.

Here is the bargain of the town---50 dozen Ladies' Perfect Fitting Shirt Waists, 32 to 44 bust measure, at 31c for choice. These are made from real Indigo and Fast Red best Prints, Nearly all Polka Dots, of different sizes and small figures, have 4 flaits back and front, belt, turn down collar, ruffled front, high sleeves, with cuffs and good buttons and button holes, well worked. Don't fail to see this 50c Shirt Waist at only 31c.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235 and 237 Central Street.

LESTER'S SCHOOL - OF - DANCING.

Advanced Class, Wednesday Ev'gs, 8 to 10.30
Intermediate, Thursday " 8 to 10.
Beginners' " Friday " 8 to 10.

Children's Classes, 2nd term, Saturday, Jan. 27. BEGINNERS' at 2 p. m. | ADVANCED at 3 p. m.

The new German Court Dance, the Gavotte Lancers or Dance Aristocratic, which is meeting with such great favor all over the country, will be taught in advanced classes, also the Chautauqua Square, Minuet Quadrille, the Adrienne and the Two Step.

D. C. LESTER.

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Fifth Annual Reception occurs at Huntington Hall, Tuesday, March 27th.

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LOOK!!!

Vaseline 5c. Bottle, 25c. lb.
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MOORS' DIARRHŒA CORDIAL.

Sure cure for all Summer Complaints: Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc.

PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

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BEST USES OF POETRY.

A GREAT ENGLISH LAWYER TELLS US WHAT THER ARE.

Poetry a Friend to Memory—Advantages of Classic Verses When Memorized—Comments on Some English Poets—Good Books the Best Companions.

Speaking as an old lawyer, I may say that few things compare in usefulness with a retentive, accurate memory. It is in youth that this faculty is formed and trained, and one of the best methods of strengthening it is the habit of learning by heart passages we admire from authors, both in verse and prose. What we learn in youth we are apt to remember well. Mental impressions at that period of life do not easily fade, and although they are easily received they are indelibly retained, and if they are impressions of noble thoughts clothed in noble language we are laying up a store of intellectual pleasure at one end of life for enjoyment at the other. Many of us live to grow old. If we do, our minds, if not ourselves, grow lonely. The interests of the world fade away, and the fashion of the beauty of it vanisheth, and a time comes when we feel that

'Tis meet that we should pause awhile
Ere we put off this mortal cell,
And in the stillness of old age
Muse on our earthly pilgrimage.

At such time the recollection of great thoughts, of lovely images, of musical words, comes to us with a comfort, with an innocent pleasure which it is difficult to exaggerate. And what should you learn? Speaking generally, the safest rule to follow is to learn that which pleases you best. I assume that it is not bad. But as to what is best taste is very varied, and that which commends itself to one man perhaps repels another. My own taste you must take just for what it is worth. But leaving out for obvious reasons all Greek and Latin writers, before and above every one, including them, I should myself place Shakespeare, an inexhaustible storehouse of wisdom, instruction and exquisite diction, indispensable to any one who has anything to do with speaking or writing. Next Shakespeare I for one should put Milton. Have any of you not heard the magnificent eloquence of John Bright? He told me himself that he was built on Milton, and if you heard him—nay, even if you read him—you can see that he is steeped in the spirit of this great poet, and that, though he does not imitate Milton, he speaks after Milton. And next for use—yes, for daily use—read Wordsworth. Much of Wordsworth has passed into the language, the poet of nature and of lofty spiritual thought, whose verse makes bright things brighter and happy men happier, the man of whose song Matthew Arnold says that when he spoke

Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
Our youth returned, for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furled,
The freshness of the early world.

There is one man in English literature—perhaps there are two—who wrote too little. Gray is one. Every word he wrote is precious. He has the perfection of diction and of melody. Every line contains a thought or a picture complete in itself, and you cannot change a word without marring its perfection. The other perhaps is Wolfe. Every one knows his lines on the "Burial of Sir John Moore," of which, in my judgment, no higher praise is possible than to say they are worthy of their subject. But he wrote also "Go, Forget Me," and "If I Had Known Thou Couldst Have Died," two poems now but little known, but of which, if it is too much to say they are as fine as the one on Sir John Moore, it is not too much to say that they are worthy of the poet who wrote it. The time would fail me if I were to speak at length of Shelley, of Keats, of Scott, of Ben Jonson, of Ford, of Massinger, of Dryden, Pope and Young, not to mention more recent authors. Coleridge I omit, of course. Tennyson I omit, because I know that any estimate which places him, as I should place him, in an order of men far below Shakespeare is at present the mark of a Philistine.

Browning I omit, because, though I have admired him since I was a boy at school, I have not been so fortunate as always to understand him. He once rebuked me in a way which I relate for the comfort of those small striving souls who watch his flights and try to follow his course in vain, till he disappears from them in clouds. He was so kind as to give me many of his volumes, and he knew I honestly read them. Soon after one had thus been given me he asked me how I liked it. I replied that what I could understand I heartily admired, and that parts of it, I thought, ought to be immortal, but that as to much of it I really could not tell whether I admired it or no, as I could not understand it. "Ah, well," he said, "if a reader of your caliber understands 10 per cent of what I write, I think he ought to be content."

Whether for present or future comfort I cannot too earnestly recommend your acquainting yourselves with good books. They are the best of companions. In sickness, in misfortune, in sorrow, in sleepless nights and days of pain, you will find your recollection of great and wholesome literature a constant solace and refreshment. And as a man is known by the company he keeps, still more truly is he known by the books he reads and the authors he loves. Read only the best books and never read bad ones. Good books will nerve you for the work—the serious and earnest work, which is the lot of all true and good men. For, to quote a great writer, Dr. Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts," not from that book, however, but from his "Satires," a book much less known:

This is the scene of combat, not of rest.
Man's is laborious happiness at best.
On this side death his labors never cease.
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

—Lord Coleridge in Contemporary Review.

A Princess In Slavery.

"An African princess was owned before the war by a family in Scott county, Va.," said E. L. Dement. "She lived to a great age and never lost sight of the fact that she was of royal blood. She was the daughter of one of the most powerful kings in Africa and had wandered away with a retinue of servants when the party was captured by a slave trader. Her fine physique caused her to bring a high price, and she could only be trained to work by teaching the other slaves to do deference to her, which they readily did."—Chicago Tribune.

Tea Taking the Place of Beer.

Tea, the beverage of the higher classes in Germany, though more consumed in the north, is rapidly winning favor also with the middle classes in the south. Everywhere the tea table is growing popular, and Germany will probably at no distant period become a large consumer of tea.—Philadelphia Press.

Government Cats.

Several hundred cats are maintained by the United States government, and the cost of their support is a regular item on the accounts of the postoffice department. They are distributed among the postoffices in the chief cities, where they perform their duty of keeping rats and mice from destroying postal matter and mail sacks.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE JUDGMENT.

A Negro Preacher's Description of What Will Happen on the Last Day.

"The most wonderful sermon I ever heard," said a business man, "was delivered by a colored preacher in South Carolina in a slave pen which was being utilized as a church shortly after the war. I happened to drop into this gathering of colored people one night and was informed that a new preacher was about to be tried.

"The minister arose back of a pulpit that had been improvised from a barrel turned bottom upward, on which was a lighted candle stuck in a bottle. He began to read the Bible, but stumbled at every word, spelling some throughout before pronouncing them. A man in the rear said, 'Go ahead with your sermon.' And the preacher ceased reading. He stood up at full length, and in the dim, flickering light of the lone candle looked more like an apparition than a man.

"His subject was 'The Judgment.' Here came in that wonderful imaginative quality for which the colored race is noted. In going about during the war he had become imbued with the military spirit, so he began by giving a vivid word picture of the hosts of heaven lying in their tents asleep the night before the judgment day. Then he worked up to a point where the bugle sounded to prepare for the descent upon the sinful world. He pictured the heavenly hosts hurriedly running out of their tents to form in line of battle, with the Great Commander in front. Then he described the stillness that reigned when all was ready, awaiting the command to advance.

"By this time the whole congregation, including myself, were sitting with nerves strained, excited in the extreme, and as the preacher described the tramp, tramp, tramp of the mighty host approaching the earth I saw several members, terrified, get down under the benches. He then followed a courier coming from the distance, who reported 'Death on a white horse' as having appeared far away. When the preacher described the Commander detailing a squad of his soldiers to 'go capture Death,' a terrified moan came from the audience.

"Finally he brought the army of heaven down to earth just before daybreak and had them resting on their arms awaiting Gabriel's trumpet. He pictured at length how quiet everything was; then, putting his hand to his mouth, he imitated the bugle call, which so terrified and completely unstrung his audience that the greater portion of it arose hurriedly and rushed out of the building. In all my life I have never heard a sermon that had such a startling effect upon a congregation."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Made Her Comfortable For Life.

"There are more ways than one to make a living," said a demure little woman with flashing black eyes who came down town in a School street car. "I know a woman who was left penniless in New York. She was riding on the elevated road one day when she was struck with the sameness of the advertisements that are posted up in the cars. She thought that she could write good advertisements, and she thought out a lot of little four line rhymes for a certain article. She submitted them to the advertising manager of that firm, and they were accepted, and now she is making a lot of money every year with her verses extolling various wares."

"Pshaw," said the blond who sat next to the demure little woman, "I know of a case right here in Buffalo that discounts that."

"I don't believe it," said the demure little woman.

"Well, I do, and I'll tell you about it to prove it. A friend of mine who had been doing some newspaper work got the craze for writing advertisements, and she went around to a lot of stores, only to find that they were well supplied with people to look after that branch of their business. She did find one firm that was willing to let her try her hand, and she began work. In less than a year she was comfortably off for the rest of her life."

"Did she invent some new style of writing or something of that kind?" asked the demure little woman.

"No," replied the blond, "but she married the senior partner."—Philadelphia Times.

Cut Sheet Rubber.

A large quantity of what is termed "cut sheet" india rubber is used by English manufacturers in that line, the material being the pure gum which has been massed upon a mixing mill and afterward put into a rectangular iron box and pressed into a solid cake, this box being fitted with a traveling arrangement something like that of a planer, so that the cake of rubber can be slowly fed out of one end against a small revolving knife, which cuts it into the thinnest possible sheets. These sheets are used in making balloons, tobacco pouches and articles of that kind, no little skill, however, being required to insure success in producing such goods from the vulcanized material. Thus to make a perfect sphere it is a matter of common knowledge among balloon makers that no number of pieces less than seven can be used. The pattern cutters, it is said, use 9, 11, 13 or 15 pieces, always going on the odd number, it being alleged that a balloon made of 8, 10 or 12 pieces would not expand evenly. Goods made of this cut sheet are usually cured by the cold process or by the vapor cure, and in some cases no vulcanization is resorted to at all. Formerly india rubber thread was made of gum treated in much the same manner as the cut sheet, and a great deal of skill was attained in its manipulation.—New York Sun.

His Left Foot.

Speaking of the innate superstitions of man, a member of the Penn club said: "One of the cleverest lawyers at the Philadelphia bar, yet one of the most matter of fact kind, now some years dead, was so superstitious that he begun the day by putting his left foot out of the bed first, his left foot first out of his house and his left foot first in his office. If going any distance, he always walked on the left side of the street.

"His peculiarity was so well known that once after a jury had been impaneled and he was about to open a case I guessed what had happened when he asked to be excused for a few minutes. I watched him go out, and going to the window saw him turn about and re-enter the building with his left foot first. He lost that case and attributed his ill luck to forgetfulness in not putting his left foot first when he first entered the court."—Philadelphia Record.

His Comparison.

The huckster was yelling "Strawberries!" and the lady of the house hailed him.

"Will you let me have three quarts for 50 cents?" she asked.

"Yes, lady," he said, handing her out three boxes.

"There aren't three quarts in them," she said doubtfully as she gave him the half dollar.

"And there ain't 50 cents in this half dollar either," he retorted, "but it passes for that just the same," and he drove on.—Exchange.

A landlord at Lynn, Mass., in order to get rid of an objectionable tenant, stopped up the chimney, filling the house full of smoke. The occupants soon departed.

There are 11 American cities that spread over more territory than Paris, while Berlin is exceeded in area by 17 of our cities.

Fate.

She paints daily pictures on plates
And embroiders for hours and hours,
Writes verses imploring the fates
To sprinkle ambition with showers.

She always is up with the lark
And is seen with her cheeks rosy red
Walking rapidly down through the park
With her nose pointed straightway ahead.

She lectures on mummies and things
That survived in the long ago hence;
She's a corker on solarized rings;
As a linguist she's counted immense.

Adroitly she pulls at an oar.
Can she act on a stage? Well, she can.
She has gained all her wants and some more,
But she never has collared a man.

—H. S. Keller in St. Paul Globe.

"Between You and I."

What in the world is to be done with those otherwise good people who persist in conversation in using "I" and "he" in the objective? Most of these people know better, though some of them are college graduates, but they go on saying, "Will you go with Dick and I to the symphony?" and even, "It was between he and I," though they would never, of course, say, "Will you go with I?" The number of people who use this solecism is apparently increasing. Public school teachers use it, and the sound of it is not altogether unfamiliar in what is called good society, though "me and him did it" is not a whit more ungrammatical than "between you and I." Evidently some people use the phrase without knowing that they do it, but why should they? Still other people, who have been taught that "me and him went" is not correct, ignorantly suppose that "between you and me" is also ungrammatical. In this case, of course, the mistake is due to pure ignorance, and no one can complain of it, because ignorance is generally a misfortune rather than a fault. But when people who have been to school use the nominative case in the objective and say "between you and I," or "I will let you and he know" one feels like projecting some convenient article of furniture at them. Perhaps some form of violence will have to be resorted to in order to break up the practice.—Boston Transcript.

The Bite of the Tsetse Fly.

Singular indeed is the effect of the bite, or as the Boers call it, the "stick," of the tsetse fly, for the carcass, when examined, is found to be almost bloodless. The cellular tissue under the skin is distended with air, resembling a number of soap bubbles, the fat is yellowish green and oily, the heart so soft that the fingers can be made to meet through it, the lungs and liver are diseased, the stomach and bowels are pale and empty and the gall bladder is distended with bile. Yet, as Livingstone says, wild animals nearly akin to the horse and ox, such as the buffalo and zebra, suffer no harm. Neither do pigs, goats and wild antelopes, but dogs suffer as severely as horses and oxen.

The skin of an animal which has died from the tsetse shows all the punctures on the inside, with a ring of yellow mucus on the flesh beneath each puncture as large as the palm of the hand and resembling the appearance of a snake bite. No certain remedy is known for the puncture of this terrible fly.—Chambers' Journal.

Photographing the Sea Bottom.

Experiments have been made in France which promise considerable success in submarine photography. A specially constructed camera was carried down by a diver to a depth of 22 or 29 feet, and with an exposure of half an hour negatives were obtained which, although showing a lack of depth, were fairly satisfactory.

It was found that the best results were obtained by placing a blue glass in front of the lens. It is intended to have lenses specially constructed for under water work.

Instantaneous photographs of the sea bottom during a storm have been obtained with the aid of a flash light. This light was furnished by an alcohol lamp fed from a reservoir of oxygen. Magnesium powder was projected into the flame through a tube from the shore. It is thought that such flashlight photographs may be made at any depth to which a diver can go down.—Youth's Companion.

His Test.

"I can't live without her," he said to a friendly adviser, "and I am sure that away down in her heart she has a little feeling for me. I am going to test her." He pulled out a pistol, saying: "I am going to her with this and say, 'Here, shoot me down. I cannot live without you!'"

"You had better not," said the friend. "She might pull the trigger."

"I don't care for that," replied the heartbroken lover. "I don't care for that. I have filled the weapon with blank cartridges."—London Tit-Bits.

Red Hair and Sunstroke.

Nobody ever heard of a redheaded man being sunstruck. Why a red head should afford any protection from the rays of the sun or give its owner immunity from one of the most singular affections that humanity is heir to is one of those mysteries that even the doctors cannot fathom, but the fact remains that men with red hair can stand almost any amount of exertion in or out of doors during the hottest weather and never feel any serious results from it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Royalties at St. Helena.

Napoleon Bonaparte has two royal successors on the island of St. Helena. They are Dinizulu, the son and heir of Cetewayo, the Zulu king, and Undabuko, brother of the same monarch. The climate of St. Helena obliges them to wear a blanket or some heavy covering much of the time. It is doubtful whether they will ever leave their island prison alive.—Paris Herald.

The jade mines in upper Burmah promise to become a more regular source of national prosperity than the ruby mines themselves. Jade is going up in value, owing to the large demand from China, where cups and various vessels are made of the precious material, besides ornaments.

He Forgot.

On the World's fair grounds the other day an electric launch was approaching the landing at the Woman's building.

"The next landing will be the Wimmen's building—the Wimmen's building."

It was the guard who said this, and his pronunciation was exasperating.

"Guard," said a middle aged woman, "I have a favor to ask of you."

"Yes, marm," said the guard.

"You will have to say that same thing more than a million times this summer, and I suppose you would rather be a million times right than a million times wrong, hadn't you?"

"Yes, marm."

"Then will you please say 'Woman's building?' Now, don't forget, 'Woman's building!'"

"Yes, marm."

At the Woman's building landing the middle aged woman got out. Just before the boat reached the next landing a passenger said to the guard:

"Ah, guard, what is this landing ahead of us?"

"The Transportation building."

"I see. And that one that we just left?"

"The Wimmin's building. Eh—er—I should say—the Woman's building."

Then the passengers laughed, and the guard's face was as red as the building he was approaching.—Chicago News.

BOSTON BABIES.

The Heirs of the Wealthy as They Appear on Commonwealth Avenue.

The Commonwealth avenue baby is a pattern of propriety, a paragon of excellence, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Its papa does not walk the floor with it at night, and its mother does not drag it through the shopping district by day. A whole freight car of infant food and hobby horses is at the command of its pleasure, and copies of Browning are within easy reach. When it grows up, it can join the Algonquin club or marry a man able to provide a beautiful home and Parisian modes.

Attention, therefore, that the Commonwealth avenue baby may be studied both on its native heath and apart from its daily environment; that it may be compared with other babies and its status in public life definitely determined; that it may know the great interest taken in its welfare by all classes in the community; that it may learn to comport itself so as to be a model of elegance for all the world—the cosmopolitan Beau Brummel of all infants.

Commonwealth avenue from the Public garden to West Chester park is nine-tenths of a mile in length. In this stretch of ward 11's best territory the baby is pushed in its perambulator. Beyond West Chester park the avenue swings out into a lovely country, through which the baby is drawn in a carriage. This article deals only with those Commonwealth avenue babies that are pushed.

If the casual visitor to Boston reaches the avenue at 2 o'clock on a mild, sunshiny afternoon, he will find the sidewalks and the promenades in the park dotted with baby carriages. The street is 240 feet wide from house to house, or 200 feet from curb to curb. Fully one-quarter of this is available for promenade. This gives an area of 240,000 square feet available to be dotted by baby carriages. If the babies travel 10 feet apart, which is a fair estimate, the size of each dot will be 100 square feet. This will allow for the presence of 2,400 babies.

Think of it! Twenty-four hundred infants out for an afternoon's airing! Twenty-four hundred pairs of tiny feet, 2,400 pairs of bright eyes, 2,400 frocks with appropriate monograms, 2,400 little mouths lisping "Thank you" and "I beg pardon," 2,400 nursegirls at a weekly salary of $4, total $9,600. Can New York or Philadelphia or Chicago produce Commonwealth avenue's equal in this respect? No; there is nothing like it anywhere.

Figures may lie, and circumstances may alter the number and position of the dots, but the fact remains that a sunny day brings out infants on the great Back Bay avenue in a way to beat all records. The procession from West Chester park to Arlington street is wide and continuous. The investigator from other cities is appalled by the exhibit. All doubts as to the productiveness of the Back Bay family are set at rest. The future custodians of ward 11's $146,480,500 worth of property are already on the ground. The cruel slander that the modern rich American family has no children here meets an emphatic refutation.—Boston Herald.

The Engineer's Day.

Where there are no regular runs and the men run "first in first out," it is almost impossible to always have just work enough to go around. The men are as much to blame as the management for the overwork of engineers. They are paid on mountain roads $4 per day. Days are not measured by hours, but by miles. Forty-four mountain or 85 valley miles is a day on freight. On passenger service 105 valley miles is a day's work. The point between valley and mountain mileage is passed when the grade exceeds 200 feet to the mile. Men have made 60 days in a month on these mountains, and they have earned the $240, but they should not have been allowed to do it.

One young man, Hyatt by name, used to threaten to put himself into a receiver's hands when he made less than 40 days a month. Fifty days was fair business, but 60 suited him better. He kept it up for three years, collapsed and had to be hurried out of the country. I don't know that he ever wholly recovered. He was a fine fellow physically, sober and strong, or he would have collapsed sooner. I am afraid the older engineers are a little selfish. When the management proposes to employ more men or promote some firemen, there is usually a protest from the older runners.—McClure's Magazine.

Rev. Mather Byles.

The Rev. Mather Byles of Boston, who preached there in 1776, one fast day effected an exchange with a country clergyman, and each went on horseback to the appointed place. They met by the way, and Dr. Byles no sooner saw his friend approaching than he put spurs to his horse and passed him at full gallop. "What is the matter?" cried the other in astonishment. "Why so fast, Brother Byles?" Brother Byles shouted over his shoulder, without slackening speed, "It is fast day!" One day when he was busy in nailing some list upon his doors to exclude the cold a parishioner called to him, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, Dr. Byles!" "Yes, sir," replied the doctor, "and man listeth where the wind bloweth." He was once arrested as a Tory, tried, convicted and sentenced to confinement on board a guardship to be sent to England with his family in 40 days. A sentinel was placed over him. He was removed, replaced and again removed. "I have been guarded, regarded and disregarded," said the doctor. He spoke humorously of his sentinel as his "observe-a-Tory."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Cobwebs and Cuts.

The cry of modern surgery is for chemical cleanliness, and the deluded man or woman who binds a small poultice of microbes, otherwise cobwebs, over a fresh cut as a healing agency is a candidate for Bloomingdale. Pressure will stop the bleeding, if it is not arterial, and will help that. Whether an artery has been tampered with or not is shown by the way the cut bleeds. A pumping flow or a steady spouting stream indicates that it has. Press firmly while the nearest physician is summoned. For ordinary cuts, even those which bleed profusely, firm pressure right upon them will soon check the flow. Then wash them thoroughly in clear hot water, draw the edges together and put strips of court or surgeon's plaster across. Strips should be used instead of a single piece to afford vent for any pus that should gather. The washing is especially necessary when the cut is made by glass or tin, lest any bit of foreign material remain in the wound to fester.—New York Times.

Cremation.

Cremation is now generally preferred to burial by the more intelligent portion of the community, and the day is not far distant when a crematory will be as necessary an adjunct to a cemetery as a grave-digger.—St. Paul Globe.

Help Wanted.

Bank Cashier—I have ventured to call on you, sir, to state that you have a very small balance in the bank, and in the hope that you may be able to make a rousing deposit.

Senior Partner—Well, what if we have. The account is not overdrawn, is it?

Cashier—Oh, no. But I am going on my summer vacation tomorrow.—Clothier and Furnisher.

TOLD BY A RETIRED BURGLAR.

A Robbery In Which He Was Caught With the Goods In His Possession.

"I spent one term in prison that never disturbed me in the least," said a retired burglar, "for the proof against me was of such a nature that there couldn't be any possibility of mistake about it, and then, distressing as it was to me, I couldn't help admiring the manner in which I was caught.

"I had found my way in a house to the principal occupied chamber and had surveyed the room as well as I could by the dim light that was burning without using my own lamp. It was a handsomely furnished room, and it gave one a comfortable feeling just to look into it.

"I got over to the bureau and set my lamp down on top of it and got to work. The key had been left in the top drawer. That seemed a little careless, but it made my work just so much easier. I turned that key as though it had been in velvet. The drawer, like the drawers in all well constructed bureaus, opened smooth and true.

"I reached in at the right hand corner, where people generally keep their pocketbooks, and almost the first thing my hand touched was a silver purse, one of the kind that people used to carry more than they do now, wallet shaped, opening on a hinge, with accordionlike compartments inside and shutting with a snap. This pocketbook was carved or embossed on the sides, and it was beautiful, I knew, and I like pretty things, and I sort of held onto it, with my hand still in the drawer, at the same time running my other hand along toward the other corner. With that hand a moment later I picked up a slender silver bottle, and I never regretted anything so much in my life, for that bottle was the other handle of an electric battery, and I couldn't let go.

"I cried out—I couldn't help it—but that didn't do any harm, for the instant I touched the bottle a bell began to ring loud enough to wake anybody up, even if I hadn't made a sound myself. Then a man sat up in bed, turned up a light and looked at me and said:

"'Hello, there!'

"And I said, 'Hello!' though it was pretty hard work for me to talk.

"All this time he was getting out of bed, and when his feet touched the floor he leaned over and pulled something on the wall. Of course that was simple enough—a police signal. Then he looked over at me again.

"'Think you can stand it?' he said.

"And of course I said I could, though I was lying on the floor now and had about all I could do to keep from twisting and squirming. I had the pocketbook in one hand, you understand, and the silver bottle in the other, and I could see now the wires running from them up into the bureau drawer. All this time the man was keeping on dressing. In two or three minutes more I heard somebody at the street door of the house—the police. A minute later two of them had collared me, and the man shut off the current.

"As I said, this thing never disturbed me in the least, but after I got out as long as I remained in active life I made it a point never to pick up two things at once in the dark."—New York Sun.

Unfortunately For Him, the Boy Saw the Wrong Woman.

"Boy," said the middle aged man with a cane to a lad he met on Fourth street, "I presume you have no objections to earning a dime this morning?"

"No, sir."

"It won't take you over three minutes to do so. Did you ever hear of Enoch Arden?"

"No, sir."

"Probably not, owing to your youth. Enoch left home and was gone a number of years. When he returned, it was to find his wife married to another man. I am not exactly an Enoch Arden. I only left home last night, and I don't anticipate that my wife has rushed matters. That's where I live—on the corner of the alley. I'd like you to walk down and look up at the sitting room windows. You will probably see my wife. I want you to come back and tell me whether she is smiling or weeping—whether she looks red in the face or is pale and solemn. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Owing to your youth I can't explain matters more fully. Whatever you report will be my cue as to how to act. You will know all about it after you grow up and get married. Run along now."

In seven or eight minutes the lad returned and reported that a women, who was very pale and had tears in her eyes, was looking from one of the side windows.

"That signifies that she has repented—wants me to forgive her—and that I'm all right," replied the man as he handed over the dime. "That's all, my son. I'll brace in by the front door and surprise her."

He settled his hat on his head, produced his latchkey and ascended the steps, while the boy waited to see how things would shape. The key had scarcely entered the lock when the door was pulled open, and a woman about 50 years old, with her jaws hard set and three feet of broom handle in her right hand, sprang out. The man was so taken by surprise that he received five or six whacks before he could leap over the railing and make off, while the boy took after him to escape a similar infliction. He caught up with the man about two blocks away and said:

"Mr. Arden, that wasn't the palefaced, tearful lady who sat by the window!"

"No, my son, it was not!" solemnly replied the man. "It was the palefaced, tearful lady's maternal relative, and durn my buttons if I hadn't clean forgotten that I had a mother-in-law in the shanty to deal with! That's where Enoch had the advantage of me, but perhaps I can figure it out some way. That's all you can do for me now, sonny, and you may go home while I wander around and think up some plan to get even with the game."—Detroit Free Press.

The Confederate Cent.

There was only one complete die made for the purpose of coining money by the Confederate States of America—that for a 1 cent piece, which was made by Lovett, the Philadelphia engraver, in 1861. After he had finished the dies Mr. Lovett found that he was unable to send them to the persons that had ordered the work done, and becoming alarmed he "struck off" 12 nickel cents and then carefully secreted both coins and dies. For 12 long years the engraver kept his secret, which was finally revealed through an accident. One day in 1873 he went to the hiding place of the rare coins and selected one for a pocket piece and within the month passed it out unknowingly to Hazeltine, the Philadelphia restaurant keeper. This man, knowing the piece to be Lovett's work, sent it to J. C. Randall, the coin collector. After some little trouble Hazeltine and Randall succeeded in buying the die, and from it they struck 55 copper pieces, 12 in silver and 7 in gold. This accomplished, they mutilated the die, and coin dealers now hold Confederate cents at a very high figure.—St. Louis Republic.

Directions Not Quite Correct.

"Did you deliver that telegram?" a clerk asked his messenger boy.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "Only the man does not live in Abingdon square, but in Charlton street, and not on the ground floor, but up three flights of stairs, and not in the front room, but in the back yard; besides his name isn't Johnson, but Thomson, and he isn't a man, but a woman, and she isn't a wood turner; she's a trained nurse."—New York Mercury.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

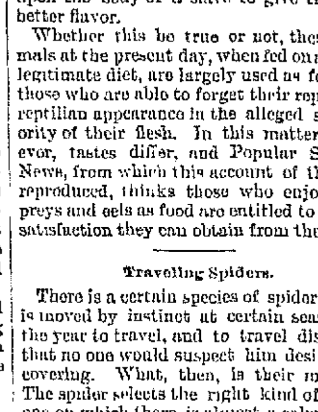
THE LAMPREY A STRANGE PARASITIC ANIMAL.

The Lamprey Belongs to the Lowest Order of Animals and Most Resembles Eel While Approaching Vertebrates.

A curious and repulsive looking animal belonging to the family of lampreys is known to naturalists as the Geotria allporti. It is about 1½ feet in length, is a native of Tasmania and is distinguished by a pouch placed behind its mouth, in which is retained the blood sucked from its victims for future use.

Lampreys belong to a very low order of animals, even lower than the eels, which they most resemble, and closely approach the invertebrates.

The lamprey is a parasitic animal and possesses a soft, circular mouth, which acts as a sucker, and by which it attaches itself to other fish or to rocks in the streams. It has no jaws, properly speaking, but the mouth has numerous small teeth on the interior, besides two larger and stronger teeth on the palate. This apparatus renders it a very formidable enemy to the fish which it attacks and enables it to obtain a luxurious living without effort, like similar parasites of the human species.



A SINGULAR LAMPREY.

Lampreys are found both in the ocean and in rivers, the former species ascending the rivers to deposit their eggs. Very little is known of their methods of reproduction, although some little wormlike fishes which are found in the sandy bottoms of rivers have recently been proved to be the young of the lamprey. The Romans were exceedingly fond of the flesh of this animal, which they kept in ponds constructed for the purpose, and, it is said, occasionally fed them upon the body of a slave to give them a better flavor.

Whether this be true or not, these animals at the present day, when fed on a more legitimate diet, are largely used as food by those who are able to forget their repulsive reptilian appearance in the alleged superiority of their flesh. In this matter, however, tastes differ, and Popular Science News, from which this account of them is reproduced, thinks those who enjoy lampreys and eels as food are entitled to all the satisfaction they can obtain from them.

Travelling Spiders.

There is a certain species of spider which is moved by instinct at certain seasons of the year to travel, and to travel distances that no one would suspect him desirous of covering. What, then, is their method? The spider selects the right kind of a day, one on which there is almost a calm in the air, or rather one when there is just the slightest breeze. He crawls up a tree or a flagstaff or a bulrush or anything that will give him a free position. He then begins to emit the free end of a web from his filament bag, and this is so light and fresh that it floats away in the air and is carried along by the light breeze. He may emit 100 or 200 yards, and every now and then he tries whether there is enough out and floating to buoy him if he lets go his grip on the tree or other elevation. By a nice system of calculation he ascertains just what will buoy him, and then, letting go his hold, the filament is borne off by the wind, and he himself at the end of it, and in this way he can travel miles and miles, according to an exchange.

Exit Paper.

It has been predicted that the year 1900 will usher in the century of aluminium, and a French writer goes still further and says that, while the older metals have one advantage or other over aluminium for special uses and will hold their ground, paper is doomed. Already aluminium can be rolled in sheets of one-tenth of a millimeter in thickness (.004 inch), and in this form the metal weighs less than cardboard and even less than certain papers. The Frenchman promises that the thickness shall be reduced by half very shortly, and then, as he puts it, fini du papier! Books and their covers, letter paper of every description, public and private documents, will be printed or written on the metal, which will not oxide, which is fire and waterproof and which the stoutest worm can make no impression upon.

Use of Windmills In Electric Lighting.

It may be of interest to those who live in districts remote from electric light and power plants to know that the windmill is coming into fashion for the generation of electricity, remarks The Industrial World. It was first used for this purpose by a well known American pioneer in the electric lighting field, but it is now being adopted in Europe for the lighting of country houses. In an installation of this nature at the residence of a gentleman in St. Lunaire, France, the windmill is placed on a masonry tower at a height of 33 feet from the ground, and the power is transmitted by gearing and belt to a dynamo, which charges a number of storage battery cells. In this way current is provided for the lighting of the whole house and for other domestic purposes.

Peculiarities In Moon Photographs.

Late photographs of the moon developed by the astronomer photographer of the Pesth academy are said to exhibit some unaccountable peculiarities. The plate shows hundreds of ..lls or embankments seemingly about .. feet high and from 125 to 200 yards in width on top. They run parallel to each other and appear to be from 1,000 to 1,300 yards apart.

Mexican Jumping Beans.

A most curious vegetable product is that of the Mexican tree Carpocapsa saltitans. When laid on a flat surface, the beans jump and roll over or slide forward at short intervals without apparent reason.

He Wasn't Particular.

Baroness—To tell the truth, Lieutenant Muller, you are the first officer I have ever danced with who did not belong to the nobility.

Lieutenant Muller—I can't imagine why my brother officers who belong to the nobility should shun you that way and refuse to dance with you, but perhaps they are too proud and don't care to dance with everybody. It does not make any difference to me whom I dance with.

The baroness did not again refer to the subject.—New York Mercury.

Ikey's Lesson.

"Ikey," exclaimed Abram Einstein as he glanced over his son's copybook, "who wrote dat gopy, 'Nothink sugseeds like sugsess'?"

"Mein teacher," replied Ikey.

"Dot vos all wrong, Ikey. Nothink sugseeds like failures and blenty of dem. Don't you forget to remember dot."—Stonington Bulletin.

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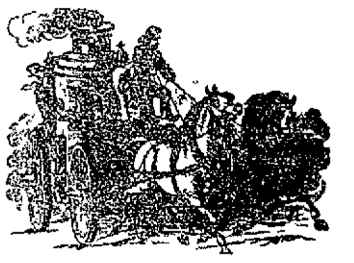

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Poetry a Friend to Memory—Advantages of Classic Verses When Memorized—Comments on Some English Poets—Good Books the Best Companions.

Speaking as an old lawyer, I may say that few things compare in usefulness with a retentive, accurate memory. It is in youth that this faculty is formed and trained, and one of the best methods of strengthening it is the habit of learning by heart passages we admire from authors, both in verse and prose. What we learn in youth we are apt to remember well. Mental impressions at that period of life do not easily fade, and although they are easily received they are indelibly retained, and if they are impressions of noble thoughts clothed in noble language we are laying up a store of intellectual pleasure at one end of life for enjoyment at the other. Many of us live to grow old. If we do, our minds, if not ourselves, grow lonely. The interests of the world fade away, and the fashion of the beauty of it vanisheth, and a time comes when we feel that

"'Tis meet that we should pause awhile
Ere we put off this mortal coil,
And in the stillness of old age
Muse on our earthly pilgrimage.

At such time the recollection of great thoughts, of lovely images, of musical words, comes to us with a comfort, with an innocent pleasure which it is difficult to exaggerate. And what should you learn? Speaking generally, the safest rule to follow is to learn that which pleases you best. I assume that it is not bad. But as to what is best taste is very varied, and that which commends itself to one man perhaps repels another. My own taste you must take just for what it is worth. But leaving out for obvious reasons all Greek and Latin writers, before and above every one, including them, I should myself place Shakespeare, an inexhaustible storehouse of wisdom, instruction and exquisite diction, indispensable to any one who has anything to do with speaking or writing. Next Shakespeare I for one should put Milton. Have any of you not heard the magnificent eloquence of John Bright? He told me himself that he was built on Milton, and if you heard him—nay, even if you read him—you can see that he is steeped in the spirit of this great poet, and that, though he does not imitate Milton, he speaks after Milton. And next for use—yes, for daily use—read Wordsworth. Much of Wordsworth has passed into the language, the poet of nature and of lofty spiritual thought, whose verse makes bright things brighter and happy men happier, the man of whose song Matthew Arnold says that when he spoke

Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
Our youth returned, for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furled,
The freshness of the early world.

There is one man in English literature—perhaps there are two—who wrote too little. Gray is one. Every word he wrote is precious. He has the perfection of diction and of melody. Every line contains a thought or a picture complete in itself, and you cannot change a word without marring its perfection. The other perhaps is Wolfe. Every one knows his lines on the "Burial of Sir John Moore," of which, in my judgment, no higher praise is possible than to say they are worthy of their subject. But he wrote also "Go, Forget Me," and "If I Find Known Thou Couldst Have Died," two poems now but little known, but of which, if it is too much to say they are as fine as the one on Sir John Moore, it is not too much to say that they are worthy of the poet who wrote it. The time would fail me if I were to speak at length of Shelley, of Keats, of Scott, of Ben Jonson, of Ford, of Massinger, of Dryden, Pope and Young, not to mention more recent authors. Coleridge I omit, of course. Tennyson I omit, because I know that any estimate which places him, as I should place him, in an order of men far below Shakespeare is at present the mark of a Philistine.

Browning I omit, because, though I have admired him since I was a boy at school, I have not been so fortunate as always to understand him. He once rebuked me in a way which I relate for the comfort of those small striving souls who watch his flights and try to follow his course in vain, till he disappears from them in clouds. He was so kind as to give me many of his volumes, and he knew I honestly read them. Soon after one had thus been given me he asked me how I liked it. I replied that what I could understand I heartily admired, and that parts of it, I thought, ought to be immortal, but that as to much of it I really could not tell whether I admired it or no, as I could not understand it. "Ah, well," he said, "if a reader of your caliber understands 10 per cent of what I write, I think he ought to be content."

Whether for present or future comfort I cannot too earnestly recommend your acquainting yourselves with good books. They are the best of companions. In sickness, in misfortune, in sorrow, in sleepless nights and days of pain, you will find your recollection of great and wholesome literature a constant solace and refreshment. And as a man is known by the company he keeps, still more truly is he known by the books he reads and the authors he loves. Read only the best books and never read bad ones. Good books will nerve you for the work—the serious and earnest work, which is the lot of all true and good men. For, to quote a great writer, Dr. Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts," not from that book, however, but from his "Satires," a book much less known:

This is the scene of combat, not of rest.
Man's is laborious happiness at best.
On this side death his labors never cease.
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

—Lord Coleridge in Contemporary Review.

A Princess In Slavery.

"An African princess was owned before the war by a family in Scott county, Va.," said E. L. Dement. "She lived to a great age and never lost sight of the fact that she was of royal blood. She was the daughter of one of the most powerful kings in Africa and had wandered away with a retinue of servants when the party was captured by a slave trader. Her fine physique caused her to bring a high price, and she could only be trained to work by teaching the other slaves to do deference to her, which they readily did."—Chicago Tribune.

Tea Taking the Place of Beer.

Tea, the beverage of the higher classes in Germany, though more consumed in the north, is rapidly winning favor also with the middle classes in the south. Everywhere the tea table is growing popular, and Germany will probably at no distant period become a large consumer of tea.—Philadelphia Press.

Government Cats.

Several hundred cats are maintained by the United States government, and the cost of their support is a regular item on the accounts of the postoffice department. They are distributed among the postoffices in the chief cities, where they perform their duty of keeping rats and mice from destroying postal matter and mail sacks.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE JUDGMENT.

A Negro Preacher's Description of What Will Happen on the Last Day.

"The most wonderful sermon I ever heard," said a business man, "was delivered by a colored preacher in South Carolina in a slave pen which was being utilized as a church shortly after the war. I happened to drop into this gathering of colored people one night and was informed that a new preacher was about to be tried.

"The minister arose back of a pulpit that had been improvised from a barrel turned bottom upward, on which was a lighted candle stuck in a bottle. He began to read the Bible, but stumbled at every word, spelling some throughout before pronouncing them. A man in the rear said, 'Go ahead with your sermon.' And the preacher ceased reading. He stood up at full length, and in the dim, flickering light of the lone candle looked more like an apparition than a man.

"His subject was 'The Judgment.' Here came in that wonderful imaginative quality for which the colored race is noted. In going about during the war he had become imbued with the military spirit, so he began by giving a vivid word picture of the hosts of heaven lying in their tents asleep the night before the judgment day. Then he worked up to a point where the bugle sounded to prepare for the descent upon the sinful world. He pictured the heavenly hosts hurriedly running out of their tents to form in line of battle, with the Great Commander in front. Then he described the stillness that reigned when all was ready, awaiting the command to advance.

"By this time the whole congregation, including myself, were sitting with nerves strained, excited in the extreme, and as the preacher described the tramp, tramp, tramp of the mighty host approaching the earth I saw several members, terrified, get down under the benches. He then followed a courier coming from the distance, who reported 'Death on a white horse' as having appeared far away. When the preacher described the Commander detailing a squad of his soldiers to 'go capture Death,' a terrified moan came from the audience.

"Finally he brought the army of heaven down to earth just before daybreak and had them resting on their arms awaiting Gabriel's trumpet. He pictured at length how quiet everything was; then, putting his hand to his mouth, he imitated the bugle call, which so terrified and completely unstrung his audience that the greater portion of it arose hurriedly and rushed out of the building. In all my life I have never heard a sermon that had such a startling effect upon a congregation."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Made Her Comfortable For Life.

"There are more ways than one to make a living," said a demure little woman with flashing black eyes who came down town in a School street car. "I know a woman who was left penniless in New York. She was riding on the elevated road one day when she was struck with the sameness of the advertisements that are posted up in the cars. She thought that she could write good advertisements, and she thought out a lot of little four line rhymes for a certain article. She submitted them to the advertising manager of that firm, and they were accepted, and now she is making a lot of money every year with her verses extolling various wares."

"Pshaw," said the blond who sat next to the demure little woman, "I know of a case right here in Buffalo that discounts that."

"I don't believe it," said the demure little woman.

"Well, I do, and I'll tell you about it to prove it. A friend of mine who had been doing some newspaper work got the craze for writing advertisements, and she went around to a lot of stores, only to find that they were well supplied with people to look after that branch of their business. She did find one firm that was willing to let her try her hand, and she began work. In less than a year she was comfortably off for the rest of her life."

"Did she invent some new style of writing or something of that kind?" asked the demure little woman.

"No," replied the blond, "but she married the senior partner."—Philadelphia Times.

Cut Sheet Rubber.

A large quantity of what is termed "cut sheet" india rubber is used by English manufacturers in that line, the material being the pure gum which has been massed upon a mixing mill and afterward put into a rectangular iron box and pressed into a solid cake, this box being fitted with a traveling arrangement something like that of a planer, so that the cake of rubber can be slowly fed out of one end against a small revolving knife, which cuts it into the thinnest possible sheets. These sheets are used in making balloons, tobacco pouches and articles of that kind, no little skill, however, being required to insure success in producing such goods from the vulcanized material. Thus to make a perfect sphere it is a matter of common knowledge among balloon makers that no number of pieces less than seven can be used. The pattern cutters, it is said, use 9, 11, 13 or 15 pieces, always going on the odd number, it being alleged that a balloon made of 8, 10 or 12 pieces would not expand evenly. Goods made of this cut sheet are usually cured by the cold process or by the vapor cure, and in some cases no vulcanization is resorted to at all. Formerly india rubber thread was made of gum treated in much the same manner as the cut sheet, and a great deal of skill was attained in its manipulation.—New York Sun.

His Left Foot.

Speaking of the innate superstitions of man, a member of the Penn club said: "One of the cleverest lawyers at the Philadelphia bar, yet one of the most matter of fact kind, now some years dead, was so superstitious that he began the day by putting his left foot out of the bed first, his left foot first out of his house and his left foot first in his office. If going any distance, he always walked on the left side of the street.

"His peculiarity was so well known that once after a jury had been impanneled and he was about to open a case I guessed what had happened when he asked to be excused for a few minutes. I watched him go out, and going to the window saw him turn about and re-enter the building with his left foot first. He lost that case and attributed his ill luck to forgetfulness in not putting his left foot first when he first entered the court."—Philadelphia Record.

His Comparison.

The huckster was yelling "Strawberries!" and the lady of the house hailed him.

"Will you let me have three quarts for 50 cents?" she asked.

"Yes, lady," he said, handing her out three boxes.

"There aren't three quarts in them," she said doubtfully as she gave him the half dollar.

"And there ain't 50 cents in this half dollar either," he retorted, "but it passes for that just the same," and he drove on.—Exchange.

A landlord at Lynn, Mass., in order to get rid of an objectionable tenant, stopped up the chimney, filling the house full of smoke. The occupants soon departed.

There are 11 American cities that spread over more territory than Paris, while Berlin is exceeded in area by 17 of our cities.

Fate.

She paints daily pictures or plates
And embroiders for hours and hours,
While verses imploring the fates
To sprinkle ambition with showers.

She always is up with the lark
And is seen with her cheeks rosy red
Walking rapidly down through the park
With her nose pointed straightway ahead.

She lectures on mummies and things
That survived in the long ago hence;
She's a corker on solarized rings;
As a linguist she's counted immense.

Adroitly she pulls at an oar.
Can she act on a stage? Well, she can.
She has gained all her wants and some more,
But she never has collared a man.

—H. S. Keller in St. Paul Globe.

"Between You and I."

What in the world is to be done with those otherwise good people who persist in conversation in using "I" and "he" in the objective? Most of these people know better, though some of them are college graduates, but they go on saying, "Will you go with Dick and I to the symphony?" and even, "It was between he and I," though they would never, of course, say, "Will you go with I?" The number of people who use this solecism is apparently increasing. Public school teachers use it, and the sound of it is not altogether unfamiliar in what is called good society, though "me and him did it" is not a whit more ungrammatical than "between you and I." Evidently some people use the phrase without knowing that they do it, but why should they? Still other people, who have been taught that "me and him went" is not correct, ignorantly suppose that "between you and me" is also ungrammatical. In this case, of course, the mistake is due to pure ignorance, and no one can complain of it, because ignorance is generally a misfortune rather than a fault. But when people who have been to school use the nominative case in the objective and say "between you and I," or "I will let you and he know" one feels like projecting some convenient article of furniture at them. Perhaps some form of violence will have to be resorted to in order to break up the practice.—Boston Transcript.

The Bite of the Tsetse Fly.

Singular indeed is the effect of the bite, or as the Boers call it, the "stick," of the tsetse fly, for the carcass, when examined, is found to be almost bloodless. The cellular tissue under the skin is distended with air, resembling a number of soap bubbles, the fat is yellowish green and oily, the heart so soft that the fingers can be made to meet through it, the lungs and liver are diseased, the stomach and bowels are pale and empty and the gall bladder is distended with bile. Yet, as Livingstone says, wild animals nearly akin to the horse and ox, such as the buffalo and zebra, suffer no harm. Neither do pigs, goats and wild antelopes, but dogs suffer as severely as horses and oxen.

The skin of an animal which has died from the tsetse shows all the punctures on the inside, with a ring of yellow mucus on the flesh beneath each puncture as large as the palm of the hand and resembling the appearance of a snake bite. No certain remedy is known for the puncture of this terrible fly.—Chambers' Journal.

Photographing the Sea Bottom.

Experiments have been made in France which promise considerable success in submarine photography. A specially constructed camera was carried down by a diver to a depth of 22 or 26 feet, and with an exposure of half an hour negatives were obtained which, although showing a lack of depth, were fairly satisfactory.

It was found that the best results were obtained by placing a blue glass in front of the lens. It is intended to have lenses specially constructed for under water work.

Instantaneous photographs of the sea bottom during a storm have been obtained with the aid of a flash light. This light was furnished by an alcohol lamp fed from a reservoir of oxygen. Magnesium powder was projected into the flame through a tube from the shore. It is thought that such flashlight photographs may be made at any depth to which a diver can go down.—Youth's Companion.

His Test.

"I can't live without her," he said to a friendly adviser, "and I am sure that away down in her heart she has a little feeling for me. I am going to test her." He pulled out a pistol, saying: "I am going to her with this and say, 'Here, shoot me down. I cannot live without you!'"

"You had better not," said the friend. "She might pull the trigger."

"I don't care for that," replied the heartbroken lover. "I don't care for that. I have filled the weapon with blank cartridges."—London Tit-Bits.

Red Hair and Sunstroke.

Nobody ever heard of a redheaded man being sunstruck. Why a red head should afford any protection from the rays of the sun or give its owner immunity from one of the most singular affections that humanity is heir to is one of those mysteries that even the doctors cannot fathom, but the fact remains that men with red hair can stand almost any amount of exertion in or out of doors during the hottest weather and never feel any serious results from it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Royalties at St. Helena.

Napoleon Bonaparte has two royal successors on the island of St. Helena. They are Dinizulu, the son and heir of Cetewayo, the Zulu king, and Undabuko, brother of the same monarch. The climate of St. Helena obliges them to wear a blanket or some heavy covering much of the time. It is doubtful whether they will ever leave their island prison alive.—Paris Herald.

The jade mines in upper Burmah promise to become a more regular source of national prosperity than the ruby mines themselves. Jade is going up in value, owing to the large demand from China, where cups and various vessels are made of the precious material, besides ornaments.

He Forgot.

On the World's fair grounds the other day an electric launch was approaching the landing at the Woman's building.

"The next landing will be the Wimmen's building—the Wimmen's building."

It was the guard who said this, and his pronunciation was exasperating.

"Guard," said a middle aged woman, "I have a favor to ask of you."

"Yes, marm," said the guard.

"You will have to say that same thing more than a million times this summer, and I suppose you would rather be a million times right than a million times wrong, hadn't you?"

"Yes, marm."

"Then will you please say 'Woman's building?' Now, don't forget, 'Woman's building!'"

"Yes, marm."

At the Woman's building landing the middle aged woman got out. Just before the boat reached the next landing a passenger said to the guard:

"Ah, guard, what is this landing ahead of us?"

"The Transportation building."

"I see. And that one that we just left?"

"The Wimmin's building. Eh—er—I should say—the Woman's building."

Then the passengers laughed, and the guard's face was as red as the building he was approaching.—Chicago News.

BOSTON BABIES.

The Heirs of the Wealthy as They Appear on Commonwealth Avenue.

The Commonwealth avenue baby is a pattern of propriety, a paragon of excellence, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Its papa does not walk the floor with it at night, and its mother does not drag it through the shopping district by day. A whole freight car of infant food and hobby horses is at the command of its pleasure, and copies of Browning are within easy reach. When it grows up, it can join the Algonquin club or marry a man able to provide a beautiful home and Parisian modes.

Attention, therefore, that the Commonwealth avenue baby may be studied both on its native heath and apart from its daily environment; that it may be compared with other babies and its status in public life definitely determined; that it may know the great interest taken in its welfare by all classes in the community; that it may learn to comport itself so as to be a model of elegance for all the world—the cosmopolitan Beau Brummel of all infants.

Commonwealth avenue from the Public garden to West Chester park is nine-tenths of a mile in length. In this stretch of ward 11's best territory the baby is pushed in its perambulator. Beyond West Chester park the avenue swings out into a lovely country, through which the baby is drawn in a carriage. This article deals only with those Commonwealth avenue babies that are pushed.

If the casual visitor to Boston reaches the avenue at 2 o'clock on a mild, sunshiny afternoon, he will find the sidewalks and the promenades in the park dotted with baby carriages. The street is 240 feet wide from house to house, or 200 feet from curb to curb. Fully one-quarter of this is available for promenade. This gives an area of 240,000 square feet available to be dotted by baby carriages. If the babies travel 10 feet apart, which is a fair estimate, the size of each dot will be 100 square feet. This will allow for the presence of 2,400 babies.

Think of it! Twenty-four hundred infants out for an afternoon's airing! Twenty-four hundred pairs of tiny feet, 2,400 pairs of bright eyes, 2,400 frocks with appropriate monograms, 2,400 little mouths lisping "Thank you" and "I beg pardon," 2,400 nursegirls at a weekly salary of $4, total $9,600. Can New York or Philadelphia or Chicago produce Commonwealth avenue's equal in this respect? No; there is nothing like it anywhere.

Figures may lie, and circumstances may alter the number and position of the dots, but the fact remains that a sunny day brings out infants on the great Back Bay avenue in a way to beat all records. The procession from West Chester park to Arlington street is wide and continuous. The investigator from other cities is appalled by the exhibit. All doubts as to the productiveness of the Back Bay family are set at rest. The future custodians of ward 11's $140,180,500 worth of property are already on the ground. The cruel slander that the modern rich American family has no children here meets an emphatic refutation.—Boston Herald.

The Engineer's Day.

Where there are no regular runs and the men run "first in first out," it is almost impossible to always have just work enough to go around. The men are as much to blame as the management for the overwork of engineers. They are paid on mountain roads 84 per day. Days are not measured by hours, but by miles. Forty-four mountain or 85 valley miles is a day on freight. On passenger service 105 valley miles is a day's work. The point between valley and mountain mileage is passed when the grade exceeds 200 feet to the mile. Men have made 30 days in a month on these mountains, and they have earned the $240, but they should not have been allowed to do it.

One young man, Hyatt by name, used to threaten to put himself into a receiver's hands when he made less than 40 days a month. Fifty days was fair business, but 60 suited him better. He kept it up for three years, collapsed and had to be hurried out of the country. I don't know that he ever wholly recovered. He was a fine fellow physically, sober and strong, or he would have collapsed sooner. I am afraid the older engineers are a little selfish. When the management proposes to employ more men or promote some firemen, there is usually a protest from the older runners.—McClure's Magazine.

Rev. Mather Byles.

The Rev. Mather Byles of Boston, who preached there in 1776, one fast day effected an exchange with a country clergyman, and each went on horseback to the appointed place. They met by the way, and Dr. Byles no sooner saw his friend approaching than he put spurs to his horse and passed him at full gallop. "What is the matter?" cried the other in astonishment. "Why so fast, Brother Byles?" Brother Byles shouted over his shoulder, without slackening speed, "It is fast day!" One day when he was busy in nailing some list upon his doors to exclude the cold a parishioner called to him, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, Dr. Byles!" "Yes, sir," replied the doctor, "and man listeth where the wind bloweth." He was once arrested as a Tory, tried, convicted and sentenced to confinement on board a guardship to be sent to England with his family in 40 days. A sentinel was placed over him. He was removed, replaced and again removed. "I have been guarded, regarded and disregarded," said the doctor. He spoke humorously of his sentinel as his "observe-a-Tory."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Cobwebs and Cuts.

The cry of modern surgery is for chemical cleanliness, and the deluded man or woman who binds a small poultice of microbes, otherwise cobwebs, over a fresh cut as a healing agency is a candidate for Bloomingdale. Pressure will stop the bleeding, if it is not arterial, and will help that. Whether an artery has been tampered with or not is shown by the way the cut bleeds. A pumping flow or a steady spouting stream indicates that it has. Press firmly while the nearest physician is summoned. For ordinary cuts, even those which bleed profusely, firm pressure right upon them will soon check the flow. Then wash them thoroughly in clear hot water, draw the edges together and put strips of court or surgeon's plaster across. Strips should be used instead of a single piece to afford vent for any pus that should gather. The washing is especially necessary when the cut is made by glass or tin, lest any bit of foreign material remain in the wound to fester.—New York Times.

Cremation.

Cremation is now generally preferred to burial by the more intelligent portion of the community, and the day is not far distant when a crematory will be as necessary an adjunct to a cemetery as a gravedigger.—St. Paul Globe.

Help Wanted.

Bank Cashier—I have ventured to call on you, sir, to state that you have a very small balance in the bank, and in the hope that you may be able to make a rousing deposit.

Senior Partner—Well, what if we have. The account is not overdrawn, is it?

Cashier—Oh, no. But I am going on my summer vacation tomorrow.—Clothier and Furnisher.

TOLD BY A RETIRED BURGLAR.

A Robbery In Which He Was Caught With the Goods In His Possession.

"I spent one term in prison that never disturbed me in the least," said a retired burglar, "for the proof against me was of such a nature that there couldn't be any possibility of mistake about it, and then, distressing as it was to me, I couldn't help admiring the manner in which I was caught.

"I had found my way in a house to the principal occupied chamber and had surveyed the room as well as I could by the dim light that was burning without using my own lamp. It was a handsomely furnished room, and it gave one a comfortable feeling just to look into it.

"I got over to the bureau and set my lamp down on top of it and got to work. The key had been left in the top drawer. That seemed a little careless, but it made my work just so much easier. I turned that key as though it had been in velvet. The drawer, like the drawers in all well constructed bureaus, opened smooth and true.

"I reached in at the right hand corner, where people generally keep their pocketbooks, and almost the first thing my hand touched was a silver purse, one of the kind that people used to carry more than they do now, wallet shaped, opening on a hinge, with accordeonlike compartments inside and shutting with a snap. This pocketbook was carved or embossed on the sides, and it was beautiful, I knew, and I like pretty things, and I sort of held onto it, with my hand still in the drawer, at the same time running my other hand along toward the other corner. With that hand a moment later I picked up a slender silver bottle, and I never regretted anything so much in my life, for that bottle was the other handle of an electric battery, and I couldn't let go.

"I tried out—I couldn't help it—but that didn't do any harm, for the instant I touched the bottle a bell began to ring loud enough to wake anybody up, even if I hadn't made a sound myself. Then a man sat up in bed, turned up a light and looked at me and said:

"'Hello, there!'

"And I said, 'Hello!' though it was pretty hard work for me to talk.

"All this time he was getting out of bed, and when his feet touched the floor he leaned over and pulled something on the wall. Of course that was simple enough—a police signal. Then he looked over at me again.

"'Think you can stand it?' he said.

"And of course I said I could, though I was lying on the floor now and had about all I could do to keep from twisting and squirming. I had the pocketbook in one hand, you understand, and the silver bottle in the other, and I could see now the wires running from them up into the bureau drawer. All this time the man was keeping on dressing. In two or three minutes more I heard somebody at the street door of the house—the police. A minute later two of them had collared me, and the man shut off the current.

"As I said, this thing never disturbed me in the least, but after I got out as long as I remained in active life I made it a point never to pick up two things at once in the dark."—New York Sun.

Unfortunately For Him, the Boy Saw the Wrong Woman.

"Boy," said the middle aged man with a cane to a lad he met on Fourth street, "I presume you have no objections to earning a dime this morning?"

"No, sir."

"It won't take you over three minutes to do so. Did you ever hear of Enoch Arden?"

"No, sir."

"Probably not, owing to your youth. Enoch left home and was gone a number of years. When he returned, it was to find his wife married to another man. I am not exactly an Enoch Arden. I only left home last night, and I don't anticipate that my wife has rushed matters. That's where I live—on the corner of the alley. I'd like you to walk down and look up at the sitting room windows. You will probably see my wife. I want you to come back and tell me whether she is smiling or weeping—whether she looks red in the face or is pale and solemn. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Owing to your youth I can't explain matters more fully. Whatever you report will be my cue as to how to act. You will know all about it after you grow up and get married. Run along now."

In seven or eight minutes the lad returned and reported that a woman, who was very pale and had tears in her eyes, was looking from one of the side windows.

"That signifies that she has repented—wants me to forgive her—and that I'm all right," replied the man as he handed over the dime. "That's all, my son. I'll brace in by the front door and surprise her."

He settled his hat on his head, produced his latchkey and ascended the steps, while the boy waited to see how things would shape. The key had scarcely entered the lock when the door was pulled open, and a woman about 50 years old, with her jaws hard set and three feet of broom handle in her right hand, sprang out. The man was so taken by surprise that he received five or six whacks before he could leap over the railing and make off, while the boy took after him to escape a similar infliction. He caught up with the man about two blocks away and said:

"Mr. Arden, that wasn't the palefaced, tearful lady who sat by the window!"

"No, my son, it was not!" solemnly replied the man. "It was the palefaced, tearful lady's maternal relative, and darn my buttons if I hadn't clean forgotten that I had a mother-in-law in the shanty to deal with! That's where Enoch had the advantage of me, but perhaps I can figure it out some way. That's all you can do for me now, sonny, and you may go home while I wander around and think up some plan to get even with the game."—Detroit Free Press.

The Confederate Cent.

There was only one complete die made for the purpose of coining money by the Confederate States of America—that for a 1 cent piece, which was made by Lovett, the Philadelphia engraver, in 1861. After he had finished the dies Mr. Lovett found that he was unable to send them to the persons that had ordered the work done, and becoming alarmed he "struck off" 12 nickel cents and then carefully secreted both coins and dies. For 12 long years the engraver kept his secret, which was finally revealed through an accident. One day in 1873 he went to the hiding place of the rare coins and selected one for a pocket piece and within the month passed it out unknowingly to Hazeltine, the Philadelphia restaurant keeper. This man, knowing the piece to be Lovett's work, sent it to J. C. Randall, the coin collector. After some little trouble Hazeltine and Randall succeeded in buying the die, and from it they struck 55 copper pieces, 12 in silver and 7 in gold. This accomplished, they mutilated the die, and coin dealers now hold Confederate cents at a very high figure.—St. Louis Republic.

Directions Not Quite Correct.

"Did you deliver that telegram?" a clerk asked his messenger boy.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "Only the man does not live in Abingdon square, but in Charlton street, and not on the ground floor, but up three flights of stairs, and not in the front room, but in the back yard; besides his name isn't Johnson, but Thompson, and he isn't a man, but a woman, and she isn't a wood turner; she's a trained nurse."—New York Mercury.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

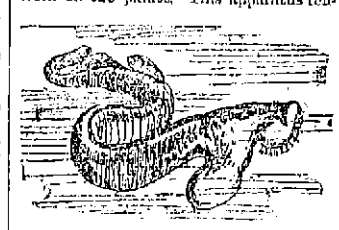
THE LAMPREY A STRANGE PARASITIC ANIMAL.

The Lamprey Belongs to the Lowest Order of Animals and Most Resembles Not Without Approaching Vertebrates.

A curious and repulsive looking animal belonging to the family of lampreys is known to naturalists as the Geotria allporti. It is about 1½ feet in length, is a native of Tasmania and is distinguished by a pouch placed behind its mouth, in which is retained the blood sucked from its victims for future use.

Lampreys belong to a very low order of animals, even lower than the eels, which they most resemble, and closely approach the invertebrates.

The lamprey is a parasitic animal and possesses a soft, circular mouth, which acts as a sucker, and by which it attaches itself to other fish or to rocks in the streams. It has no jaws, properly speaking, but the mouth has numerous small teeth on the interior, besides two larger and stronger teeth on the palate. This apparatus ren-



A SINGULAR LAMPREY.

ders it a very formidable enemy to the fish which it attacks and enables it to obtain a luxurious living without effort, like similar parasites of the human species.

Lampreys are found both in the ocean and in rivers, the former species ascending the rivers to deposit their eggs. Very little is known of their methods of reproduction, although some little wormlike fishes which are found in the sandy bottoms of rivers have recently been proved to be the young of the lamprey. The Romans were exceedingly fond of the flesh of this animal, which they kept in ponds constructed for the purpose, and, it is said, occasionally fed them upon the body of a slave to give them a better flavor.

Whether this be true or not, these animals at the present day, when fed on a more legitimate diet, are largely used as food by those who are able to forget their repulsive reptilian appearance in the alleged superiority of their flesh. In this matter, however, tastes differ, and Popular Science News, from which this account of them is reproduced, thinks those who enjoy lampreys and eels as food are entitled to all the satisfaction they can obtain from them.

Traveling Spiders.

There is a certain species of spider which is moved by instinct at certain seasons of the year to travel, and to travel distances that no one would suspect him desirous of covering. What, then, is their method? The spider selects the right kind of a day, one on which there is almost a calm in the air, or rather one when there is just the slightest breeze. He crawls up a tree or a flagstaff or a bulrush or anything that will give him a free position. He then begins to emit the fine end of a web from his filament bag, and this is so light and fresh that it floats away in the air and is carried along by the light breeze. He may emit 100 or 200 yards, and every now and then he tries whether there is enough out and floating to buoy him if he lets go his grip on the tree or other elevation. By a nice system of calculation he ascertains just what will buoy him, and then, letting go his hold, the filament is borne off by the wind, and he himself at the end of it, and in this way he can travel miles and miles, according to an exchange.

Exit Paper.

It has been predicted that the year 1900 will usher in the century of aluminium, and a French writer goes still further and says that, while the other metals have one advantage or other over aluminium for special uses and will hold their ground, paper is doomed. Already aluminium can be rolled in sheets of one-tenth of a millimeter in thickness (.004 inch), and in this form the metal weighs less than cardboard and even less than certain papers. The Frenchman promises that the thickness shall be reduced by half very shortly, and then, as he puts it, fini du papier! Books and their covers, letter paper of every description, public and private documents, will be printed or written on the metal, which will not oxide, which is fire and waterproof and which the stoutest worm can make no impression upon.

Use of Windmills In Electric Lighting.

It may be of interest to those who live in districts remote from electric light and power plants to know that the windmill is coming into fashion for the generation of electricity, remarks The Industrial World. It was first used for this purpose by a well known American pioneer in the electric lighting field, but it is now being adopted in Europe for the lighting of country houses. In an installation of this nature at the residence of a gentleman in St. Lunaire, France, the windmill is placed on a masonry tower at a height of 33 feet from the ground, and the power is transmitted by gearing and belt to a dynamo, which charges a number of storage battery cells. In this way current is provided for the lighting of the whole house and for other domestic purposes.

Peculiarities In Moon Photographs.

Late photographs of the moon developed by the astronomer photographer of the Pesth academy are said to exhibit some unaccountable peculiarities. The plate shows hundreds of [illegible] hills or embankments seemingly about [illegible] feet high and from 125 to 200 yards in width on top. They run parallel to each other and appear to be from 1,000 to 1,300 yards apart.

Mexican Jumping Beans.

A most curious vegetable product is that of the Mexican tree Carpocapsa saltitans. When laid on a flat surface, the beans jump and roll over or slide forward at short intervals without apparent reason.

He Wasn't Particular.

Baroness—To tell the truth, Lieutenant Muller, you are the first officer I have ever danced with who did not belong to the nobility.

Lieutenant Muller—I can't imagine why my brother officers who belong to the nobility should shun you that way and refuse to dance with you, but perhaps they are too proud and don't care to dance with everybody. It does not make any difference to me whom I dance with.

The baroness did not again refer to the subject.—New York Mercury.

Ikey's Lesson.

"Ikey," exclaimed Abram Einstein as he glanced over his son's copybook, "who wrote dat gopy, 'Nothink succeeds like success?'"

"Mein teacher," replied Ikey.

"Dot vas all wrong, Ikey. Nothink succeeds like failures and blenty of dem. Don't you forget to remember dot."—Stoughton Bulletin.

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Don't ever take BLUE PILLS, or mercury, they are deadly. Put your trust in Sulphur Bitters, the purest and best medicine ever made. Is your TONGUE COATED with a yellow, sticky substance? Is your Breath foul and offensive? Your Stomach is OUT OF ORDER. Use Sulphur Bitters immediately. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use Sulphur Bitters. Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some AT ONCE, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is THE INVALID'S FRIEND.

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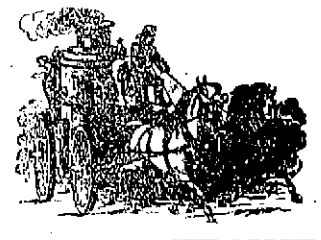

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SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, FEB. 10.

SUN RISES	6 48	MOON SETS	10 22 PM
SUN SETS	5 10	FULL SEA	2 00 AM
LENGTH OF DAY	10 22		2 15 PM

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The storm central Thursday evening over central Illinois has advanced to Lake Michigan. The cold wave has overspread the northwest states. During Sunday the cold wave will overspread the lake regions, the Ohio valley and Tennessee, and snow will fall throughout the lake regions and New England.

Forecast for Maine: Rain or snow; warmer; brisk and high east winds.

New Hampshire and Vermont: Rain or snow; warmer today, colder tonight, southeast winds.

Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut: Rain or snow; warmer during the day; decidedly colder Sunday; southeast winds.

NO SENTIMENT.

There is no sentiment in trade. People buy where they can get the most for their money. Compare each edition of THE SUN with any paper in the city issued at the same hour, and see which gives you the most for your money.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Towers' Corner Cigar.

William James of this city has obtained a pension.

The Woolen Spinners' union will meet in Bay state hall on Monday evening.

Pride of Lowell lodge, I. O. G. T., had an installation last night, and an entertainment.

Miss Lilian Holgate daughter of Mr. W. H. Holgate, read at an entertainment in Lynn on Monday and scored quite a hit.

Mrs. Pinkham of Lee street who reported the loss of a watch on Thursday, found the same article in her pocket yesterday.

Owing to the rough usage received by the Catalonia on her inward voyage she did not sail today. The time is now set for Tuesday next.

Mr Joseph Haworth of the Boston Grand Opera house company will sing at the Immaculate Conception church at the 10.30 mass tomorrow.

Mr. G. F. Stafford of the city and Mr. J. T. Finertin of Cambridge will round the New England circuit on March 1st with their comic sketch entitled "The Music Teacher."

The Putnam Guards' bazaar opens on Monday with the annual ball. For a whole week there will be sufficient attraction to bring out all the company's friends. $1 for a week's ticket is about as reasonable as any one could ask for.

Despite the hard knocks given the garbage cremator the annual report shows that the enormous amount of refuse, swill, offal and annual matter destroyed has accomplished a great deal toward keeping up the excellent sanitary condition of the city.

An innovation which is a step in the right direction and appreciated by every one present was that put into practice at the Madrigal society concert. It was to close the doors during each number. Creaking boots, clumsy feet, rustling garments and deaf people did not mar the beauty of the selections.

The lecture committee of the Lowell Reform club have prepared an excellent programme for the Sunday evening public meeting. There will be addresses by Mr. Robert Lord and Mr. Chas. W. Locke, class leader at the Central M. E. church. Both gentlemen are eloquent temperance speakers. President Bowers will also make a short address. Vocal duets will be given by Messrs. Samuel Scott and Samuel Davis, vocal solo by Mr. R. J. Fullerton. All are welcome. Meeting at 7.30.

Fight was Postponed.

A lively "mill" was expected by local sports Thursday night at a suburban barn but when the time came the police said it had better not take place, and it didn't take place.

A Prosperous Six Months.

The trustees of the Washington Saving bank met yesterday and declared a semi-annual dividend of two per cent. The increase of deposits for the past six months was a substantial one. Since opening for business the bank's deposits have exceed $200,000.

The Lakeview Theatre.

It is reported that Manager John F. Cosgrove of the Opera house will lease or manage the Lakeview theatre the coming summer. In either case the pleasure loving public of the city is ensured of good attractions. The street railway company will increase the seating capacity of the house by 400 seats.

Work of the Church League.

During the month of January the church league disbursed $831.30 for the relief of the poor and $85.90 during the few days that remained in December after the work was taken up. There were 578 applications for assistance, 127 of whom had never previously required aid. In many cases the aid furnished was food, fuel and medicine, and many articles of clothing were also given.

A Farmer's Hard Luck.

A very daring theft was committed Friday noon. A farmer named Wright came to this city early in the morning, carrying a supply of fresh eggs and chickens. About noon he entered a house on Cross street, near School, leaving his rig outside. When he came out he found his horse, sleigh, chickens, eggs and everthing, or rather he didn't find them, for they were all gone. The horse was not at all inclined to do any walking, so the owner concluded that it was stolen. He reported the case to the police.

The horse was black and was attached to a pung. There were four chickens in a bag and there were about five dozen of eggs in a basket. The horse and wagon were found on Merrimack street last evening by Officer Boyle in the possession of a man named James Conners, who claimed to own it. The eggs and chickens had gone. Conners was arrested.

WHAT SMITH SAYS.

Explains His Part in Proposing a License Commission Bill.

James T. Smith, secretary of the board of trade, who introduced a license commission bill in the legislature, is credited with this explanation of his action: He claims authority for drawing up the bill on the strength of endorsement of the board of last year permitting him to make what changes he thought best. He says he has nothing to do with the temperance phase of the matter; he leaves that to others more competent to deal with it.

His object and that of the board, he says, is a business one, to remove the license question from politics—that is from the board of aldermen—so as to get a city government of a business character unhampered by the pressure for and after effects of the liquor licenses. That done, it is not material to him whether the limit is removed from the license law or not. That does not enter into the matter. If a license commission is secured with or without the removal of the limit that is the object desired. He does not believe in commissions.

Dr. Colburn DENTIST 53 MERK'K ST.

BAY STATE LEGISLATURE.

BIG BATCH OF MEASURES SUBMITTED FOR CONSIDERATION.

New Bills for the Regulation of Wires—Massachusetts Nautical Training School—Land for Public Libraries.

BOSTON, Feb. 10.—The volume of new business continues in full force, and those persons who have been talking of a short session have already begun to look dazed. Many important new measures are introduced for consideration, while some are old timers and some are frivolous.

In the senate a resolve was introduced fixing the time of meeting of both branches of the legislature for a period of at least two weeks at 4 o'clock p. m. daily. Passed, under a suspension of the rules.

Bills introduced: Relative to lotteries and policy lotteries, imposing a fine not exceeding $2000 or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both, on any owner or lessee permitting his building or rooms to be used for said lotteries or policy lotteries; forbidding entertainments in theaters, museums or halls on the Lord's day, except sacred concerts under the auspices and for the benefit of any church or religious society. Whoever manages, performs or takes part in any other on that day shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $200, whoever admits to theaters, any minor child under the age of 16, unaccompanied by an adult, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $200.

The order calling on the committee on railroads to investigate certain allegations and charges of discrimination on the part of certain railroads towards express companies and others was adopted without dissent.

The following bills were introduced in the house: For the placing of wires underground in the streets of Boston; to abolish the board of commissioners of prisons and vest the powers of that board in the governor and council; that the keeper of each jail and house of correction shall keep the same in a healthy and cleanly condition, but use no whitewash on the interior of walls or cells; authorizing the consolidation of gaslight companies when agreed to by two-thirds in number and interest of the stockholders of each company, the capital of the consolidated company shall be a sum equal to the value of the property of the constituent corporations, the shares to be of the par value of $100, the market value to be determined by disinterested appraisers, one of whom shall be appointed by the supreme judicial court; striking out the words "on the same street" in the act of 1882, chapter 220, which provides that no license shall be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in any building or place on the same street within 400 feet of any building occupied in whole or in part by a public school; amending an act relative to the establishment of municipal electric light plants; a bill relating to reservoirs, basins and other property held by cities and towns for water supply.

The report of the commissioners of the Massachusetts Nautical Training school for the year 1893 was received. The appropriation for current expenses was $50,000, and $45,320.47 was expended, for office expenses the appropriation was $6000, and the expenditures $4818 70.

The committee on libraries report a bill to authorize the taking of land for public libraries.

A $2,500,000 Contract.

BANGOR, Me., Feb. 10.—John Hurley has received notice to go to Rockland, Monday, where he will help to open up the old Hurricane island granite quarries. Mr. Hurley reports that General Tillson, the owner, has made a contract for $2,500,000 worth of hammered granite.

Dispersed by Police.

VIENNA, Feb. 10—Another meeting of the unemployed, which was attended by about 2000 persons, took place in this city yesterday A number of violent speeches were made. The police dispersed the meeting and prevented any demonstration.

Protecting Trout.

GARDINER, Me, Feb. 10.—Fishwarden Gray seized 53 pounds of Moosehead lake trout at the store of C. M. Day here under the law which prohibits the sale or exposing for sale of trout between the first days of October and the following May.

Carried the War Supplies.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—At the office of Busk & Jevons, agents of the steamer Dalton, which sailed from this port on Dec. 13 last for the river Platte, a report to the effect that the Dalton had on board war supplies when she sailed was emphatically denied.

Two Men Killed by a Train.

ASHLAND, Pa., Feb. 10.—While John Mondock, a Polander, was on his way to work he found the dead bodies of two of his countrymen lying on the Pennsylvania railroad track. The men were probably struck by a passenger train.

Denied by Ingalls.

ATCHISON, Kan., Feb. 10—The story that John J. Ingalls had been converted by Sam Jones is pronounced a canard by Mr. Ingalls He is a member of the church, and not in need of conversion.

Likely to Be Vetoed.

WASHINGTON, Feb 10—Leading opponents of the pending Bland bill, for the coinage of seigniorage, express confidence that President Cleveland will veto the bill if passed by congress.

British Steamer Wrecked.

HARTLEPOOL, Feb. 10.—The British steamship Primrose struck on a rock in a fog and was wrecked. Her crew was saved in small boats.

Still Undecided.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—[illegible] resolution for an investigation of the act of Judge Jenkins in enjoining the employes of the Northern Pacific from striking was discussed by the house judiciary committee, but went over without action.

Death of Vicar-General Casey.

ERIE, Pa., Feb. 10.—Father Thomas A. Casey, vicar-general of the parish of Erie, died last night. He was a man of vast wealth and gave very liberally to all Catholic institutions.

Coughlin Didn't Testify.

CHICAGO, Feb. 10.—The defense in the Coughlin case rested yesterday without putting the prisoner on the stand.

To Be Launched Today.

BATH, Me., Feb 10.—The big steel sailing ship, built by A Sewell & Co. of this city, is ready for launching, and honors the state of Maine by bearing her motto as a name, "Dirigo" She is the first of her class ever built in New England. She is to take her maiden plunge into the Kennebec at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

A Costly Enterprise.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 10.—William F. Shunk, who conducted the survey for the international railroad through Mexico and the South American states, has finished his report. The estimated cost of the roadbed and bridges is $22,000,000. This does not include the road. It will require 10 years to complete the road.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Next time try Old Hundred.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

Fine shoe repairing at Cunningham's, Palmer street.

Miss Helen Olsen of Brookline is visiting friends in this city.

Rev. O. H. Denny of Elmira preaches at the Mt. Vernon church tomorrow.

E. G. Parker, 23 East Merrimack street, will clear his elevator of coal. His prices are what will do it. See ad.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted plants and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

This is the time to buy a stove or range cheap. Call and look over the stock of J. J. Gaynor & Co., 35 Prescott street.

There is a general complaint that there was never a season when the sidewalks were in such a sadly neglected condition.

The greatest favor you can confer on friends is to give them your photo. The place to get photos taken is at Marion's, Barrister's hall.

The Massachusetts Association of Free Baptist churches will hold its February session at the Paige Street Free Baptist church Feb. 21 and 22.

A gang of boodlums disturbed the meeting at Brother Gardner's mission last night, and in the fusilade of snowballs windows were broken.

Mrs. Underhill of Rogers hall school has issued invitations for Monday afternoon when Miss Villa Whitney White of Germany will give one of her delightful recitals of folk songs.

"Without frugality none can be rich" remember this and deposit your money this week at Washington Savings bank. All money deposited now goes on interest at once at four per cent.

The committee on cities yesterday gave a hearing on a bill that debts incurred by municipalities for supplying water shall be payable within 30 years, sewers, 30 years, school-houses and other public buildings 20 years, other debts 10 years. Another bill provides for reinvestment of temporary loans.

Superintendent Bray of public buildings has had his office in the new city hall thoroughly equipped with every convenience necessary to his work. He has had two large tables built where plans can be shown, and also a large case in which to keep keys of all public buildings. A new book case has been added.

A Woman's Paper Throughout.

The Boston Post tomorrow will be written exclusively by women. Miss Nellie O'Brien, president of the Ingrain Weavers' union, writes a letter upon the condition, traits and character of Lowell mill girls.

A Wayward Girl.

A young girl named Mary Stone, 17 years of age, was sent from Malden to the industrial school at Lancaster several months ago. Her behavior was good, and she was let out to work for a Hyde Park family. She ran away from there, and came to this city with a friend whom she met at Hyde Park. Supt. Brackett came to this city Friday, and took the girl back.

A FATAL FALL.

Mrs. Sarah Bulmer Loses Her Life by a Misstep.

Mrs. Sarah Bulmer who lived with her son at 17 Pearl street, fell backward down a flight of stairs at her home late last night, dying a short time after. She had been ill of a fever and had attempted to go upstairs but it is thought her strength either failed or she made a misstep. She was 60 years of age and an old resident of the city. She lived with her son Mr. John E. Bulmer.

Campello, Mass.

Spots on the Eyes

Sight Affected After an Attack of the Measles

Hood's Sarsaparilla Restores Clear Vision and Cures Headache.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"About nine years ago I was sick with the measles, which left my eyes very sore. They would swell so that I could scarcely see, and I could not stand the light. I could hardly sleep at night, because the pain was too great. After a short time white spots came on my eyes, making my sight dim, so that I could hardly distinguish an object held close to the eyes I tried three doctors, but they would only make them better for a short time and then the trouble would be worse than ever. In the spring of 1892

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

I heard about a boy whose eyes had been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. My eyes got much better after I had taken the first bottle and have now been well for over a year. I also used to have severe headaches, but I seldom have a headache now." AMANDA PETERSON, Campello, Mass

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients, 25c.

Esther A. Thissell, widow, of Lowell, has received a pension.

A reliable man can get a job; see want column for advertisement.

Fisher H. Pearson is one of the judges at tonight's big athletic meeting in Boston at the B. A. A.

Ex-Councilman Charles W. Swan entertained a large number of friends at his residence, 45 Methuen street, Thursday.

Call at Farley's Cash Grocery, 140 Gorham street and get a 5 lb. pail of jelly for 35 cents, (all flavors.) See advertisement.

Miss Mary Halley, one of the state inspectors of factories for this district, is recovering from a threatened attack of pneumonia.

Sergt. Bryant has declined an election as lieutenant of Co. D, 2d Corps of Cadets, and it is said George J. Sanborn will be chosen to fill the vacancy.

The anniversary mass at St. Joseph's church which was to have been celebrated Friday morning was postponed until this morning owing to the illness of Rev. Fr. Lamothe.

A grand opportunity for bargains in wall paper. A. L. Kittredge & Co. are now having their annual clearance sale of remnants. They call the attention of close buyers to this opportunity.

Judge Aldrich of the U. S. circuit court has under advisement the case of John Kerry et al of Montreal vs. H. A. Toupin of Lowell. The plaintiff alleges infringment of a trade mark and wants $10,000 damages.

Ex-Councilman W. H. Stafford has severed his connection with the N. Y. & N. H. road and returned to the city, where he has received an appointment. Mr. Stafford's many friends will be pleased to hear that he is back in Lowell again.

To Keep Workmen Busy.

I will make ulsters, overcoats and winter suits at cost. Trousers $4.75 up, perfect fitting garments guaranteed. Louis Alexander, successor to Emerson, tailor, 65 Central St

Elegant Lamp Chimney Free.

We are giving away these finely engraved lamp chimneys with a pound of our choice tea. Dickson Bros., 68 Merrimack street

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. B. Swift, 9 Barristers hall. Telephone 405-4.

J. L. CHALIFOUX.

We Don't Wait For Better Times.

We make them ourselves with better values—values that crowd our large establishment during business hours.

Others May Do the Talking, But Chalifoux Sells the Shoes.

Just as empty vessels sound the loudest, so certain empty shoe stores make the most noise. But, while exaggerated claims may catch the few credulous and unthinking which are to be found in every community, the vast majority prefer something more substantial than fuss and feathers. And this accounts for Chalifoux's Shoe Department being always busy. The shoes and the prices do the talking here, and judging from the large number of purchasers, they talk convincingly. Here are a few samples:

Men's Patent Leather Bal. and Congress Dress Shoes, worth $4, now $2.

Men's new winged tip Bal. and Congress at $1.50.

Ladies' Wax Calf Waukenphast, sewed welts, worth $3.50, now $2.

Ladies' Fine Dongola Button, Opera and Commonsense, sizes A, B, C, D, and E. Former price $3, now at $2.

Ladies' Kid Blucher Polish at $1.23.

Save Your Money by Shoeing Your Children Here.

Boy's Tap Sole Bals., sizes 11 to 2, at 69c.

Misses' Kid Button, patent tip, sizes 11 to 2, at 75c.

J. L. CHALIFOUX

Central and Middle Streets.

BIJOU THEATRE

E. C. BASCOM, Manager.

Week Beginning Monday, February 12.

Matinees, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

THE LONDON SPORTS' BURLESQUE COMPANY

Will Re-open this Theatre

MONDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 12.

30—ARTISTS.—30.

SHAPELY WOMEN,
GOOD SINGERS,
GRACEFUL DANCERS,
FUNNY COMEDIANS,
CLEVER SPECIALTIES.

The programme opens with a Bewildering Burlesque, which is followed by a STRONG AND TAKING OLIO.

This company is One of the Best on the Road, and Plays Only First-class Theatres.

Popular Prices: 10, 20, and 30 cents.

Conant & Company,

338 and 340 Central Street,

KEEP YOUR FEET WARM

—WITH—

THE CARBONITE FOOT WARMER

The Greatest Comfort While Driving in Cold Weather.

LOOK - AT - OUR - $9.00 - HARNESS.

After Inventorying

We find that we have more goods than we want, and less money than we need and must have. We are over stocked with Stoves, and this week we shall put the knife into them to close the most. Below are some of the prices.

Our Elegant Square Parlor Stoves, Draw Center Grate, war'ted,								price $26.00,	now $20.00
"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	19.00, "	14.00
"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	16 00, "	11.00
"	"	Round	"	"		"	"	22.00, "	17.00
"	"	"	"	"		"	"	15.00, "	10.00
"	"	Bedroom Coal Stove					"	5.50, "	4.00
"	"	"	"	"		"	"	6.00, "	4.50
"	"	"	Wood	"		"	"	3.50, "	2.25
"	"	"	"	"		"	"	2.00, "	1.25

Other goods equally low for spot cash.

J. J. GAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 35 Prescott Street.

☞ This store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings at 6 p. m., until further notice.

OPPOSITE CORNER STORE, CITY HALL.

THE MERRIMACK CLOTHING CO. ASSOCIATE BUILDING LOWELL MASS.

A BIG DEAL IN COLLARS.

We have completed what will probably be the biggest purchase of fine grade Collars and Cuffs ever attempted in Lowell.

The "M. & B." BRAND is the best and is sold only by the first-class furnishing goods houses in the United States. The regular prices of these goods are 20c. each for the collars; 33c. a pair for the cuffs. Our prices for this sale will be—

COLLARS 15c. EACH. CUFFS 25c. PAIR.

Our 10c. and 12½c. Collars are equally good values. Our 17c. 4-ply Cuffs are worth 25c. a pair.

O'Sullivan - Brothers.

Annual February Sale -OF- SHOES AND RUBBERS.

In Scope and Magnitude Will This Year Far Surpass Any We Ever Attempted.

Nearly all our leading lines, and chiefly our finest grades, together with our entire stock of Rubber Goods, are included.

See Our Window Display of Bargains.

No fictitious prices, but actual reduction is our style. We invite our patrons and the public to take advantage of our February Sale. The quality of goods is high. Prices are low.

O'SULLIVAN BROS., Op. City Hall.

☞ The Largest Stock of Plumbing and Steam Goods for sale at the Lowest Prices by The H. R. Barker M'fg Co., 158-170 Middle St. ☜

Low Prices

5lb. pail	Raspberry	Jelly	35c.	pail
5lb. "	Strawberry	"	35c.	"
5lb. "	Currant	"	35c.	"
5lb. "	Apple	"	35c.	"
5lb. "	Raspberry	Jam	50c.	"

20 lb tub of Lard, 7½c. lb.

Haxall Flour $4.75 and $5 per Bbl.

FARLEY'S .·. CASH .·. GROCERY,

New No. 140 Corham St.

FRED H. ETHIER,

Undertaker and Funeral Director.

All orders promptly attended to.

Warerooms, 333 Moody Street.
Residence, 411 Moody Street.

Livery Stable, 64 Ford Street.

Once upon a midnight dreary,
I could not sleep—was weak and weary,
I coughed and coughed until my lungs were very sore.
Suddenly there came a rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
'Twas my wife, with Ellingwood's Balsam;
"Take this!" she said, and nothing more.

Nothing else is needed if your lungs ache, or if you have a cough or a sore throat. It is superior in every way to any other in the market, and the sales have doubled every month over last year.

PREPARED BY

Ellingwood & Co.,

PHARMACISTS,

Merrimack Street, opp. Post Office.
109 Central Street, Hamilton Drug Store.

And Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere. Only 25c. for a trial-size bottle.

LOWELL

OPERA HOUSE,

Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9, 10, Saturday Matinee at 2.30.

Boston Grand Opera House Co.

A. H. Dexter, manager, direct from the Grand Opera House, Boston, will present their latest success,

SAPPHO.

An honest, laughing comedy by Wm. A. Mestayer. Be sure and see it! "It's such a joke on John!" The company includes such well known favorites as Joseph Haworth, Wm. Mestayer, Frank J. Keenan, Howard Gould, Mark Price, Misses Annie Clarke, Isabella Evesson, Kate Ryan, Belle Stokes, Helen Dayne. Say, is your name John? If it is you must see Sappho, "It's such a joke on John." Saturday Matinee. Prices 75, 50, 35, 25.

TWO NIGHTS ONLY.

Thursday and Friday, Feb. 15, 16.

Engagement of the Prince of Comedians,

Mr. Henry E. Dixey,

And the Magnificent Organization,

RICE'S Big Burlesque Company.

In the Captivating Burlesque,

NEW MUSIC. NEW SPECIALTIES. ADONIS

Or Ye Statue, Ye Miller, Ye Maiden, and Ye Lordly Villyain.

60 New Faces, New Features, New Ideas, New Joyous Incidents. Everything Up to Date and Replete with Novelty.

PRICES, $1.50, $1.00, 75c., 50c., 35c., 25c. Seats on sale Tuesday.

Music - Hall

Week of February 5th,

The Greatest Melodrama of the Century,

THE LIGHTS O' LONDON

Mr. Meldon, Miss Tucker, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Watson and the entire Stock Company. New Scenery and Effects.

Prices 10, 20, 30. Saturday Matinee 2.30.

EDWARD CAWLEY, Office, 75 Central Street.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Coal of all kinds. Also dealer in Wood, Lime, and Cement. Agent for the celebrated Portland drain and sewer pipe. Elevator, Rogers-Street Bridge

BACHELLER, DUMAS & CO.

Paper Ruling, Book and Pamphlet Binding, Blank Books a Specialty

18 CHURCH STREET.

A discussion which took place the other evening among a number of old smokers was as to the merits of the best Cigar and the honors easily came to

Curfew 10c. Cigar.

MONEY TO LOAN.

If you want money at low rate of interest, call on

JAMES MURPHY & SON.

No. 15 Central Street.

Dealers in Real Estate.

W. P. FOYE,

Flour, Hay and Grain,

No. 113 Market Street.

FISHER H. PEARSON, Room 44 P. O. Block, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

K. H. BANCROFT & CO., Room 1, Shattuck's New Block, Electrical Supplies, Electrical Repairing Of all kinds. Telephone 39-5, Prescott Street, Lowell, Mass.

P. H. HEELON, 247 and 249 Gorham St. Boarding, Hack and Livery Stable.

E. R. DONOVAN, Office: 85 Gorham Street, Constable and Auctioneer.

ROBERT E. WESCOTT, Central Block Photographer.

McCARTIN'S BAKERY, 55 Gorham Street. Domestic Bread, Cake and Pastry. Orders for Wedding Cake promptly filled. Beans received for baking.

FRANCIS W. QUA, No 3 Barristers' Hall, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

COAL DELIVERED IN BAGS.

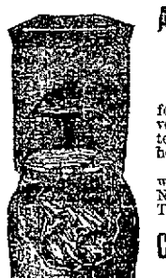
100 lbs. in each Bag.
20 Bags to the Ton.
No Dust.
No Scattering of Coal.

No Noise. No injury to Lawns. Order your Coal Delivered in Bags.

Wm. Kittredge Co.

Office: 38 MIDDLE STREET.
Yard: Foot of POND STREET.

DR. WALKER DENTIST Woman's Exch.



A GOOD INVESTMENT.

Every dollar expended for pure water is an investment on which the interest is paid in good health.

The purest water in the world filtered through our NATURAL STONE FILTERS. Call and see them.

Callahan & Sanborn, HARDWARE, Merrimack - Square, Cor. Bridge St.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, FEB. 10.

SUN RISES..... 7 46 | MOON SETS....10 22 PM
SUN SETS..... 5 10 | FULL SEA { ... 2 00 AM
LENGTH OF DAY..9 22 | { ... 2 15 PM

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The storm central Thursday evening over central Illinois has advanced to Lake Michigan. The cold wave has overspread the northwest states. During Sunday the cold wave will overspread the lake regions, the Ohio valley and Tennessee, and snow will fall throughout the lake regions and New England.

Forecast for Maine: Rain or snow; warmer; brisk and high east winds.

New Hampshire and Vermont: Rain or snow; warmer today, colder tonight; southeast winds.

Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut: Rain or snow; warmer during the day; decidedly colder Sunday; southeast winds.

NO SENTIMENT.

There is no sentiment in trade. People buy where they can get the most for their money. Compare each edition of THE SUN, with any paper in the city issued at the same hour, and see which gives you the most for your money.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Towers' Corner Cigar.

William James of this city has obtained a pension.

The Woolen Spinners' union will meet in Bay state hall on Monday evening.

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A lively "mill" was expected by local sports Thursday night at a suburban barn but when the time came the police said it had better not take place, and it didn't take place.

A Prosperous Six Months.

The trustees of the Washington Saving bank met yesterday and declared a semi-annual dividend of two per cent. The increase of deposits for the past six months was a substantial one. Since opening for business the bank's deposits have exceed $200,000.

The Lakeview Theatre.

It is reported that Manager John F. Cosgrove of the Opera house will lease or manage the Lakeview theatre the coming summer. In either case the pleasure loving public of the city is ensured of good attractions. The street railway company will increase the seating capacity of the house by 400 seats.

Work of the Church League.

During the month of January the church league disbursed $83.30 for the relief of the poor and $85.00 during the few days that remained in December after the work was taken up. There were 378 applications for assistance, 127 of whom had never previously required aid. In many cases the aid furnished was food, fuel and medicine, and many articles of clothing were also given.

A Farmer's Hard Luck.

A very daring theft was committed Friday noon. A farmer named Wright came to this city early in the morning, carrying a supply of fresh eggs and chickens. About noon he entered a house on Cross street, near School, leaving his rig outside. When he came out he found his horse, sleigh, chickens, eggs and everthing, or rather he didn't find them, for they were all gone. The horse was not at all inclined to do any walking, so the owner concluded that it was stolen. He reported the case to the police.

The horse was black and was attached to a pung. There were four chickens in a bag and there were about five dozen of eggs in a basket. The horse and wagon were found on Merrimack street last evening by Officer Boyle in the possession of a man named James Conners, who claimed to own it. The eggs and chickens had gone. Conners was arrested.

WHAT SMITH SAYS.

Explains His Part in Proposing a License Commission Bill.

James T. Smith, secretary of the board of trade, who introduced a license commission bill in the legislature, is credited with this explanation of his action: He claims authority for drawing up the bill on the strength of endorsement of the board of last year permitting him to make what changes he thought best. He says he has nothing to do with the temperance phase of the matter; he leaves that to others more competent to deal with it.

His object and that of the board, he says, is a business one, to remove the license question from politics—that is from the board of aldermen—so as to get a city government of a business character unhampered by the pressure for and after effects of the liquor licenses. That done, it is not material to him whether the limit is removed from the license law or not. That does not enter into the matter. If a license commission is secured with or without the removal of the limit that is the object desired. He does not believe in commissions.

DR. COBURN DENTIST 53 MERK ST.

BAY STATE LEGISLATURE.

BIG BATCH OF MEASURES SUBMITTED FOR CONSIDERATION.

New Bills for the Regulation of Wires—Massachusetts Nautical Training School—Land for Public Libraries.

BOSTON, Feb. 10.—The volume of new business continues in full force, and those persons who have been talking of a short session have already begun to look dazed. Many important new measures are introduced for consideration, while some are old timers and some are frivolous.

In the senate a resolve was introduced fixing the time of meeting of both branches of the legislature for a period of at least two weeks at 4 o'clock p. m. daily. Passed, under a suspension of the rules.

Bills introduced: Relative to lotteries and policy lotteries, imposing a fine not exceeding $2000 or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both, on any owner or lessee permitting his building or rooms to be used for said lotteries or policy lotteries; forbidding entertainments in theaters, museums or halls on the Lord's day, except sacred concerts under the auspices and for the benefit of any church or religious society. Whoever manages, performs or takes part in any other on that day shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $200; whoever admits to theaters, any minor child under the age of 16, unaccompanied by an adult, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $200.

The order calling on the committee on railroads to investigate certain allegations and charges of discrimination on the part of certain railroads towards express companies and others was adopted without dissent.

The following bills were introduced in the house: For the placing of wires underground in the streets of Boston; to abolish the board of commissioners of prisons and vest the powers of that board in the governor and council; that the keeper of each jail and house of correction shall keep the same in a healthy and cleanly condition, but use no whitewash on the interior of walls or cells; authorizing the consolidation of gaslight companies when agreed to by two-thirds in number and interest of the stockholders of each company, the capital of the consolidated company shall be a sum equal to the value of the property of the constituent corporations, the shares to be of the par value of $100, the market value to be determined by disinterested appraisers, one of whom shall be appointed by the supreme judicial court; striking out the words "on the same street" in the act of 1892, chapter 220, which provides that no license shall be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in any building or place on the same street within 400 feet of any building occupied in whole or in part by a public school; amending an act relative to the establishment of municipal electric light plants; a bill relating to reservoirs, basins and other property held by cities and towns for water supply.

The report of the commissioners of the Massachusetts Nautical Training school for the year 1893 was received. The appropriation for current expenses was $50,000, and $45,329.47 was expended; for office expenses the appropriation was $6000, and the expenditures $4818.70.

The committee on libraries report a bill to authorize the taking of land for public libraries.

A $2,500,000 Contract.

BANGOR, Me., Feb. 10.—John Hurley has received notice to go to Rockland, Monday, where he will help to open up the old Hurricane island granite quarries. Mr. Hurley reports that General Tillson, the owner, has made a contract for $2,500,000 worth of hammered granite.

Dispersed by Police.

VIENNA, Feb. 10.—Another meeting of the unemployed, which was attended by about 2000 persons, took place in this city yesterday. A number of violent speeches were made. The police dispersed the meeting and prevented any demonstration.

Protecting Trout.

GARDINER, Me., Feb. 10.—Fishwarden Gray seized 56 pounds of Moosehead lake trout at the store of C. M. Day here under the law which prohibits the sale or exposing for sale of trout between the first days of October and the following May.

Carried the War Supplies.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—At the office of Rusk & Jevons, agents of the steamer Dalton, which sailed from this port on Dec. 13 last for the river Platte, a report to the effect that the Dalton had on board war supplies when she sailed was emphatically denied.

Two Men Killed by a Train.

ASHLAND, Pa., Feb. 10.—While John Memlock, a Polander, was on his way to work he found the dead bodies of two of his countrymen lying on the Pennsylvania railroad track. The men were probably struck by a passenger train.

Denied by Ingalls.

ATCHISON, Kan., Feb. 10.—The story that John J. Ingalls had been converted by Sam Jones is pronounced a canard by Mr. Ingalls. He is a member of the church, and not in need of conversion.

Likely to Be Vetoed.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—Leading opponents of the pending Bland bill, for the coinage of seigniorage, express confidence that President Cleveland will veto the bill if passed by congress.

British Steamer Wrecked.

HARTLEPOOL, Feb. 10.—The British steamship Primrose struck on a rock in a fog and was wrecked. Her crew was saved in small boats.

Still Undecided.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The senate resolution for an investigation of the act of Judge Jenkins in enjoining the employes of the Northern Pacific from striking was discussed by the house judiciary committee, but went over without action.

Death of Vicar-General Casey.

ERIE, Pa., Feb. 10.—Father Thomas A. Casey, vicar-general of the parish of Erie, died last night. He was a man of vast wealth and gave very liberally to all Catholic institutions.

Coughlin Didn't Testify.

CHICAGO, Feb. 10.—The defense in the Coughlin case rested yesterday without putting the prisoner on the stand.

To Be Launched Today.

BATH, Me., Feb. 10.—The big steel sailing ship, built by A. Sewell & Co. of this city, is ready for launching, and honors the state of Maine by bearing her motto as a name, "Dirigo." She is the first of her class ever built in New England. She is to take her maiden plunge into the Kennebec at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

A Costly Enterprise.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 10.—William F. Shunk, who conducted the survey for the international railroad through Mexico and the South American states, has finished his report. The estimated cost of the roadbed and bridges is $22,000,000. This does not include the road. It will require 10 years to complete the road.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Next time try Old Hundred.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

Fine shoe repairing at Cunningham's, Palmer street.

Miss Helen Olsen of Brookline is visiting friends in this city.

Rev. O. H. Denny of Elmira preaches at the Mt. Vernon church tomorrow.

E. G. Parker, 23 East Merrimack street, will clear his elevator of coal. His prices are what will do it. See ad.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted plants and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

This is the time to buy a stove or range cheap. Call and look over the stock of J. J. Gaynor & Co., 35 Prescott street.

There is a general complaint that there was never a season when the sidewalks were in such a sadly neglected condition.

The greatest favor you can confer on friends is to give them your photo. The place to get photos taken is at Marion's, Barrister's hall.

The Massachusetts Association of Free Baptist churches will hold its February session at the Paige Street Free Baptist church Feb. 21 and 22.

A gang of hoodlums disturbed the meeting at Brother Gardner's mission last night, and in the fusillade of snowballs windows were broken.

Mrs. Underhill of Rogers hall school has issued invitations for Monday afternoon when Miss Villa Whitney White of Germany will give one of her delightful recitals of folk songs.

"Without frugality none can be rich" remember this and deposit your money this week at Washington Savings bank. All money deposited now goes on interest at once at four per cent.

The committee on cities yesterday gave a hearing on a bill that debts incurred by municipalities for supplying water shall be payable within 30 years, sewers, 30 years, school-houses and other public buildings 20 years, other debts 10 years. Another bill provides for reinvestment of temporary loans.

Superintendent Bray of public buildings has had his office in the new city hall thoroughly equipped with every convenience necessary to his work. He has had two large tables built where plans can be shown, and also a large case in which to keep keys of all public buildings. A new book case has been added.

A Woman's Paper Throughout.

The Boston Post tomorrow will be written exclusively by women. Miss Nellie O'Brien, president of the Ingrain Weavers' union, writes a letter upon the condition, traits and character of Lowell mill girls.

A Wayward Girl.

A young girl named Mary Stone, 17 years of age, was sent from Malden to the industrial school at Lancaster several months ago. Her behavior was good, and she was let out to work for a Hyde Park family. She ran away from there, and came to this city with a friend whom she met at Hyde Park. Supt. Brackett came to this city Friday, and took the girl back.

A FATAL FALL.

Mrs. Sarah Bulmer Loses Her Life by a Misstep.

Mrs. Sarah Bulmer who lived with her son at 17 Pearl street, fell backward down a flight of stairs at her home late last night, dying a short time after. She had been ill of a fever and had attempted to go upstairs but it is thought her strength either failed or she made a misstep. She was 60 years of age and an old resident of the city. She lived with her son Mr. John E. Bulmer.

Campello, Mass.

Spots on the Eyes

Sight Affected After an Attack of the Measles

Hood's Sarsaparilla Restores Clear Vision and Cures Headache.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"About nine years ago I was sick with the measles, which left my eyes very sore. They would swell so that I could scarcely see, and I could not stand the light. I could hardly sleep at night, because the pain was too great. After a short time white spots came on my eyes, making my sight dim, so that I could hardly distinguish an object held close to the eyes. I tried three doctors, but they would only make them better for a short time and then the trouble would be worse than ever. In the spring of 1892

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

I heard about a boy whose eyes had been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. My eyes got much better after I had taken the first bottle, and have now been well for over a year. I also used to have severe headaches, but I seldom have a headache now." AMANDA PETERSON, Campello, Mass.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients, 25c.

To Keep Workmen Busy.

I will make ulsters, overcoats and winter suits at cost. Trousers $ 4.75 up, perfect fitting garments guaranteed. Louis Alexander, successor to Emerson, tailor, 65 Central St.

Elegant Lamp Chimney Free.

We are giving away these finely engraved lamp chimneys with a pound of our choice tea. Dickson Bros., 68 Merrimack street.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. B. Swift, 9 Barristers hall. Telephone 405-4.

J. L. CHALIFOUX.

We Don't Wait For Better Times.

We make them ourselves with better values—values that crowd our large establishment during business hours.

Others May Do the Talking, But Chalifoux Sells the Shoes.

Just as empty vessels sound the loudest, so certain empty shoe stores make the most noise. But, while exaggerated claims may catch the few credulous and unthinking which are to be found in every community, the vast majority prefer something more substantial than fuss and feathers. And this accounts for Chalifoux's Shoe Department being always busy. The shoes and the prices do the talking here, and judging from the large number of purchasers, they talk convincingly. Here are a few samples:

Men's Patent Leather Bal. and Congress Dress Shoes, worth $4, now $2.

Men's new winged tip Bal. and Congress at $1.50.

Ladies' Wax Calf Waukenphast, sewed welts, worth $3.50, now $2.

Ladies' Fine Dongola Button, Opera and Commonsense, sizes A, B, C, D, and E. Former price $3, now at $2.

Ladies' Kid Blucher Polish at $1.23.

Save Your Money by Shoeing Your Children Here.

Boy's Tap Sole Bals., sizes 11 to 2, at 69c.

Misses' Kid Button, patent tip, sizes 11 to 2, at 75c.

J. L. CHALIFOUX

Central and Middle Streets.

BIJOU THEATRE

E. C. BASCOM, Manager.

Week Beginning Monday, February 12.
Matinees, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

THE LONDON SPORTS' BURLESQUE COMPANY

Will Reopen this Theatre MONDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 12.

30——ARTISTS.——30.

SHAPELY WOMEN,
GOOD SINGERS,
GRACEFUL DANCERS,
FUNNY COMEDIANS,
CLEVER SPECIALTIES.

The programme opens with a Bewildering Burlesque, which is followed by a STRONG AND TAKING OLIO.

This company is One of the Best on the Road, and Plays Only First-class Theatres.

Popular Prices: 10, 20, and 30 cents.

Conant & Company,

338 and 340 Central Street,

KEEP YOUR FEET WARM
—WITH—

THE CARBONITE FOOT WARMER

The Greatest Comfort While Driving in Cold Weather.

LOOK - AT - OUR - $9.00 - HARNESS.

After Inventorying

We find that we have more goods than we want, and less money than we need and must have. We are over stocked with Stoves, and this week we shall put the knife into them to close the most. Below are some of the prices.

Our Elegant Square Parlor Stoves,	Draw Center Grate,	war'ted,	price $20.00,	now $20.00
" " " " "	"	"	19.00,	" 14.00
" " " " "	"	"	16.00,	" 11.00
" " Round " "	"	"	22.00,	" 17.00
" " " "	"	"	15.00,	" 10.00
" " Bedroom Coal Stove		"	5.50,	" 4.00
" " " " "		"	6.00,	" 4.50
" " " Wood "		"	3.50,	" 2.25
" " " " "		"	2.00,	" 1.25

Other goods equally low for spot cash.

J. J. GAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 35 Prescott Street.

☞ This store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings at 6 p. m., until further notice.

OPPOSITE CORNER STORE, CITY HALL.

THE MERRIMACK CLOTHING ASSOCIATE BUILDING LOWELL MASS.

A BIG DEAL IN COLLARS.

We have completed what will probably be the biggest purchase of fine grade Collars and Cuffs ever attempted in Lowell.

The "M. & B." BRAND is the best and is sold only by the first-class furnishing goods houses in the United States. The regular prices of these goods are 20c. each for the collars; 33c. a pair for the cuffs. Our prices for this sale will be—

COLLARS 15c. EACH. CUFFS 25c. PAIR.

Our 10c. and 12½c. Collars are equally good values. Our 17c. 4-ply Cuffs are worth 25c. a pair.

O'Sullivan - Brothers.

Annual February Sale -OF- SHOES AND RUBBERS.

In Scope and Magnitude Will This Year Far Surpass Any We Ever Attempted.

Nearly all our leading lines, and chiefly our finest grades, together with our entire stock of Rubber Goods, are included.

See Our Window Display of Bargains.

No fictitious prices, but actual reduction is our style. We invite our patrons and the public to take advantage of our February Sale. The quality of goods is high. Prices are low.

O'SULLIVAN BROS., Op. City Hall.

☞ The Largest Stock of Plumbing and Steam Goods for sale at the Lowest Prices by The H. R. Barker M'fg Co., 158-170 Middle St. ☜

Low Prices

5lb. pail	Raspberry Jelly	35c.	pail.
5lb. "	Strawberry "	35c.	"
5lb. "	Currant "	35c.	"
5lb. "	Apple "	35c.	"
5lb. "	Raspberry Jam	50c.	"

20 lb tub of Lard, 7½c. lb.

Haxall Flour $4.75 and $5 per Bbl.

FARLEY'S .·. CASH .·. GROCERY,

New No. 140 Gorham St.

FRED H. ETHIER,

Undertaker and Funeral Director.

All orders promptly attended to.

Warerooms, 333 Moody Street.
Residence, 411 Moody Street.

Livery Stable, 64 Ford Street.

Once upon a midnight dreary,
I could not sleep—was weak and weary.
I coughed and coughed until my lungs were very sore.
Suddenly there came a rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
'Twas my wife, with Ellingwood's Balsam;
"Take this!" she said, and nothing more.

Nothing else is needed if your lungs ache, or if you have a cough or a sore throat. It is superior in every way to any other in the market, and the sales have doubled every month over last year.

PREPARED BY

Ellingwood & Co.,

PHARMACISTS,

Merrimack Street, opp. Post Office.
109 Central Street, Hamilton Drug Store.

And Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere. Only 25c. for a trial-size bottle.

LOWELL

OPERA HOUSE,

Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9, 10, Saturday Matinee at 2.30.

Boston Grand Opera House Co.

A. H. Dexter, manager, direct from the Grand Opera House, Boston, will present their latest success,

SAPPHO.

An honest, laughing comedy by Wm. A. Mestayer. Be sure and see it! "It's such a joke on John!" The company includes such well known favorites as Joseph Haworth, Wm. Mestayer, Frank J. Keenan, Howard Gould, Mark Price, Misses Annie Clarke, Isabelle Evesson, Kate Ryan, Belle Stokes, Helen Dayne. Say, is your name John? If it is you must see Sappho. "It's such a joke on John." Saturday Matinee. Prices 75, 50, 35, 25.

TWO NIGHTS ONLY.

Thursday and Friday, Feb. 15, 16.

Engagement of the Prince of Comedians,

Mr. Henry E. Dixey,

And the Magnificent Organization,

RICE'S Big Burlesque Company.

In the Captivating Burlesque,

NEW MUSIC. NEW SPECIALTIES. **ADONIS**

Or Ye Statue, Ye Miller, Ye Maiden, and Ye Lordly Villyalu.

60 New Faces, New Features, New Ideas, New Joyous Incidents. Everything Up to Date and Replete with Novelty.

PRICES, $1.50, $1.00, 75c., 50c., 35c., 25c. Seats on sale Tuesday.

Music - Hall

Week of February 5th.

The Greatest Melodrama of the Century,

THE LIGHTS O' LONDON

Mr. Meldon, Miss Tucker, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Watson and the entire Stock Company. New Scenery and Effects.

Prices 10, 20, 30. Saturday Matinee 2.30.

EDWARD CAWLEY, Office, 75 Central Street.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Coal of all kinds. Also dealer in Wood, Lime, and Cement. Agent for the celebrated Portland drain and sewer pipe. Elevator, Rogers-Street Bridge.

BACHELLER, DUMAS & CO.
Paper Ruling, Book and Pamphlet Binding, Blank Books a Specialty
18 CHURCH STREET.

A discussion which took place the other evening among a number of old smokers was as to the merits of the best Cigar and the honors easily came to

Curfew 10c. Cigar.

MONEY TO LOAN.

If you want money at low rate of interest, call on

JAMES MURPHY & SON.
No. 15 Central Street.
Dealers in Real Estate.

W. P. FOYE,

Flour, Hay and Grain,

No. 113 Market Street.

FISHER H. PEARSON, Room 44 P. O. Block,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

K. H. BANCROFT & CO., Room 1, Shattuck's New Block,
Electrical Supplies, Electrical Repairing
Of all kinds. Telephone 33-5, Prescott Street, Lowell, Mass.

P. H. HEELON, 247 and 249 Gorham St.
Boarding, Hack and Livery Stable.

E. R. DONOVAN, Office: 85 Gorham Street,
Constable and Auctioneer.

ROBERT E. WESCOTT, Central Block
Photographer.

McCARTIN'S BAKERY, 55 Gorham Street.
Domestic Bread, Cake and Pastry.
Orders for Wedding Cake promptly filled. Beans received for baking.

FRANCIS W. QUA, No. 3 Barristers' Hall,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

COAL DELIVERED IN BAGS.

100 lbs. in each Bag.
20 Bags to the Ton.
No Dust.
No Scattering of Coal.

No Noise. No injury to Lawns. Order your Coal Delivered in Bags.

Wm. Kittredge Co.

Office: 38 MIDDLE STREET.
Yard: Foot of POND STREET.

DR. WALKER DENTIST

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

Every dollar expended for pure water is an investment on which the interest is paid in good health.

The purest water in the world filtered through our NATURAL STONE FILTERS. Call and see them.

Callahan & Sanborn,
HARDWARE,
Merrimack - Square,
Cor. Bridge St.